M. Herbert
1779

# The. xv. Bookes

of P. Ouidius Naſo, entytuled Metamorphoſis, tranſlated oute of *Latin into Engliſh meeter, by* Arthur Golding Gentleman,

A worke very pleaſaunt *and delectable.*

With ſkill, heede, and iudgement, this worke muſt be read,
For elſe to the Reader it ſtandes in ſmall ſtead.




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William Seres.

# To the ryght Honorable and his singular good Lord, Robert Erle of Leycester, Baron of Denbygh, knyght of the most noble order of the Garter, &c. Arthur Golding Gent. wisheth continuance of health, with prosperous estate and felicitie.

AT length my chariot wheele about the mark hath found the way,
And at their weery races end, my breathlesse horses stay.
The woork is brought too end by which the author did account
(And rightly) with eternall fame aboue the starres too mount.
For what soeuer hath bene writ of auncient tyme in greeke
By sundry men dispersedly, and in the latin eeke,
Of this same dark Philosophie of turned shapes, the same
Hath Ouid into one whole masse in this booke brought in frame.
Fowre kynd of things in this his woorke the Poet dooth conteyne.
That nothing vnder heauen dooth ay in stedfast state remayne.
And next that nothing perisheth: but that eche substance takes
Another shape than that it had. Of theis twoo points he makes
The proof by shewing through his woorke the wonderfull exchaunge
Of Goddes, men, beasts, and elements, too sundry shapes right straunge,
Beginning with creation of the woorld, and man of slyme,
And so proceeding with the turnes that happened till his tyme.
Then sheweth he the soule of man from dying to be free,
By samples of the noblemen, who for their vertues bee
Accounted and canonized for Goddes by heathen men,
And by the peynes of Lymbo lake, and blyssfull state agen
Of spirits in th'Elysian feelds. And though that of theis three
He make discourse dispersedly: yit specially they bee
Discussed in the latter booke in that oration where
He bringeth in Pythagoras dissuading men from feare
Of death, and preaching abstinence from flesh of liuing thinges.
But as for that opinion which Pythagoras there brings
Of soules remouing out of beasts too men, and out of men
Too birdes and beasts both wyld and tame, both too and fro agen:
It is not too be vnderstand of that same soule whereby
wee are endewd with reason and discretion from on hie:
But of that soule or lyfe the which brute beasts as well as wee
Enioy. Three sortes of lyfe or soule (for so they termed bee)
Are found in things. The first giues powre too thryue, encrease & grow,
And this in senseilesse herbes and trees and shrubs itself dooth show.
The second giueth powre too moue and vse of senses fyue,
And this remaynes in brutish beasts, and keepeth them alyue.
Both theis are mortall, as the which receyued of the aire
By force of Phebus, after death doo thither eft repayre.
The third giues vnderstanding, wit, and reason: and the same
Is it alonly which with vs of soule dooth beare the name.

And as the second dooth conteine the first: euen so the third
Conteyneth both the other twaine. And neyther beast, nor bird,
Nor fish, nor herb, nor tree, nor shrub, nor any earthly wyght
(Saue only man) can of the same partake the heauenly myght.
I graunt that when our breath dooth from our bodies go away,
It dooth eftsoones returne too ayre: and of that ayre there may
Both bird and beast participate, and wee of theirs likewyse.
For whyls wee liue, (the thing itself appereth to our eyes)
Bothe they and wee draw all one breath. But for too deeme or say
Our noble soule (which is diuine and permanent for ay)
Is common too vs with the beasts, I think it nothing lesse
Than for too bee a poynt of him that wisdome dooth professe.
Of this I am ryght well assurde there is no Christen wyghs
That can by fondnesse be so farre seduced from the ryght.
And finally hee dooth proceede in shewing that not all
That beare the name of men (how strong, feerce, stout, bold, hardy, tall,
How wyse, fayre, rych, or hyghly borne, how much renowmd by fame,
So ere they bee, although on earth of Goddes they beare the name)
Are for too be accounted men: but such as vnder awe
Of reasons rule continually doo liue in vertues law:
And that the rest doo differ nought from beasts, but rather bee
Much woorse than beasts, bicause they doo abace theyr owne degree.
To naturall philosophye the foremest three perteyne,
The fowrth too morall: and in all are pithye, apt and playne
Instructions which import the prayse of vertues, and the shame
Of vices, with the due rewardes of eyther of the same.

Out of the first booke. As for example, in the tale of Daphnee turnd too Bay,
A myrror of virginitie appeere vntoo vs may,
which yeelding neyther vntoo feare, nor force, nor flatterye,
Doth purchace euerlasting fame and immortalitye.

Out of the second. In Phaetons fable vntoo syght the Poet dooth expresse
The natures of ambition blynd, and youthfull wilfulnesse.
The end whereof is misirie, and bringeth at the last
Repentance when it is too late that all redresse is past.
And how the weaknesse and the want of wit in magistrats
Confoundeth both his common weale and eeke his owne estate.
This fable also dooth aduyse all parents and all such
As bring vp youth, too take good heede of cockering them too much.
It further dooth commende the meane: and willeth too beware
Of rash and hasty promises which most pernicious are,
And not too bee performed: and in fine it playnly showes
what sorrow too the parents and too all the kinred growes
By disobedience of the child: and in the child is ment
The disobedient subiect that ageinst his prince is bent.
The transformations of the Crow and Rauen doo declare
That Clawbacks and Colcariers ought wysely too beware
Of whom, too whom, and what they speake. For sore against his will
Can any freendly hart abyde too heare reported ill
The partie whom he fauoureth. This tale dooth eeke bewray

The rage of wrath and ielozie too haue no kynd of stay:
And that lyght credit too repoztes in no wyse should be giuen.
Foz feare that men too late too tust repentance should bee dziuen.
The fable of Oeyzoee by all such folk is told
As are in serching things too come too curious and too bold.
A very good example is described in Battus tale
For couetous people which foz gayns doo set theyr toongs too sale.
¶ All such as doo in flattring freaks, and hawks, and houndes delyght, Out of the iij.
And dyce, and cards, and foz too spend the tyme both day and nyght
In foule excesse of chamberroozke, oz too much meate and dzink:
Vppon the piteous stozie of Acteon ought too think.
Foz theis and theyr adherents vse excellme are in deede
The dogs that dayly doo deuour theyr followers on with speede.
Tyresias willes inferiozs in any wyse too shun
Too iudge betweene their betters least in perill they doo run.
Narcissus is of scozneulnesse and pryde a myzoz cleere,
Where beawties fading vanitie most playnly may apperre.
And Echo in the selfsame tale dooth kyndly repzesent
The lewd behauiour of a bawd, and his due punishment.
¶ The pitcous tale of Pyramus and Thisbe doth conteine Out of the iiij.
The headie fozce of frentick loue whose end is woo and payne.
The snares of Mars and Venus shew that tyme will dzing too lyght
The secret sinnes that folk commit in cozners oz by nyght.
Hermaphzodite and Salmacis declare that idlenesse
Is cheefest nurce and cherisher of all voluptrousnesse,
And that voluptuous lyfe bzeedes sin: which linking all toogither
Make men too bee effeminate, vnweeldy, weake and lither.
¶ Rich Piers daughters turnd too Pies doo openly declare, Out of the v.
That none so bold too vaunt themselues as blindest bayardes are.
The Muses playnly doo declare ageine a toother syde,
That whereas cheefest wisdom is, most meeldnesse dooth abyde.
¶ Arachnee may example bee that folk should not contend
Ageinst their betters, noz persist in errog too the end. Out of the vj.
So dooth the tale of Niobes and of her childzen: and
The transfozmation of the Caries that dweit in Lycie land,
Toogither with the flaeing of of piper Marsies skin.
The first doo also shew that long it is ere God begin
Too pay vs foz our faults, and that he summes vs oft before
Too leaue our folly: but at length his vengeance striketh sore.
And therfoze that no wyght should strine with God in wold noz thought
Noz deede. But pzyde and fond desyze of pzayse haue euer wrought
Confusion too the parties which accompt of them doo make.
Foz some of such a nature bee that if they once doo take
Opinion (be it ryght oz wzong) they rather will agree
To dye, than seeme to take a foyle: so obstinate they bee.
The tale of Terens, Philomela, and Pzogne dooth conteyne
That folke are blynd in thyngs that too their moper weale perteyne.
And that the man in whom the fyze of furious lust dooth reigne
Dooth run too mischeefe like a hozse that getteth loose the reyne.

It also shewes the cruell wreake of women in their wrath
And that no hainous mischiefe long delay of vengeance hath.
And lastly that distresse doth drive a man too looke about
And seeke all corners of his wits, what way too wind him out.

Out of the vij. ¶ The good successe of Jason in the land of Colchos, and
The dooings of Medea since, doo giue too vnderstand
That nothing is so hard but peyne and trauell doo it win,
For fortune euer fauoreth such as boldly doo begin:
That women both in helping and in hurting haue no match
When they too eyther bend their wits: and how that for too catch
An honest meener vnder fayre pretence of frendship, is
In easie matter. Also there is warning giuen of this,
That men should neuer hastely giue eare too fugitiues,
Nor into handes of sorcerers commit their state or lyues.
It shewes in fine of stepmoothers the deadly hate in part,
And vengeaunce most vnnaturall that was in moothers hart.
The deedes of Theseus are a spurre too prowesse, and a glasse
How princes sonnes and noblemen their youthfull yeeres should passe.
King Minos shewes that kings in hand no wrongfull wars should take,
And what prouision for the same they should before hand make.
King Eacus giues also there example how that kings
Should keepe their promise and their leages aboue all other thinges.
His graue description of the plage and end thereof, expresse
The wrath of God on man for sin: and how that neretheiesse
He dooth vs spare and multiply ageine for goodmens sakes.
The whole discourse of Cephalus and Procris mention makes
That maried folke should warely shunne the vyce of iealozie
And of suspicion should auoyd all causes vtterly.
Reproouing by the way all such as causelesse doo misdeeme
The chaste and giltlesse for the deedes of those that faultie seeme.

Out of the viij. ¶ The storie of the daughter of king Nisus setteth out
What wicked lust driues folk vntoo too bring their wills about.
And of a rightuous iudge is giuen example in the same,
Who for no meede nor frendship will consent too any blame.
Wee may perceyue in Dedalus how euery man by kynd
Desyres too bee at libertie, and with an earnest mynd
Dooth seeke too see his natiue soyle, and how that streight distresse
Dooth make men wyse, and sharpes their wits to fynd their own redresse.
Wee also lerne by Icarus how good it is too bee
In meane estate and not too clymb too hygh, but too agree
Too wholsome counsell: for the hyre of disobedience is
Repentance when it is too late forthinking things amisse.
And Partrich telles that excellence in any thing procures
Men enuie, euen among those frendes whom nature most assures.
Philemon and his feere are rules of godly patient lyfe,
Of sparing thrift, and mutuall loue betweene the man and wyfe,
Of due obedience, of the feare of God, and of reward
For good or euill vsage shewd too wandring straungers ward.
In Erisicthon dooth appeere a lyuely image both

Of

Of wickednesse and crueltie which any wyght may lothe,
And of the hyre that longs thereto. He sheweth also playne
That whereas prodigalitie and gluttony dooth reigne,
A world of ritches and of goods are euer with the least
Too satisfye the appetite and eye of such a beast
¶ In Hercules and Acheloyes encounters is set out
The nature and behauiour of twoo wooers that be stout.
wherein the Poet couertly taunts such as beeing bace
Doo seeke by forged pedegrees too seeme of noble race.
Who when they doo perceyue no truth vppon their syde too stand,
In stead of reason and of ryght vse force and myght of hand.
This fable also signifies that valiantnesse of hart
Consisteth not in woords, but deedes: and that all slyght and Art
Giue place too prowesse. Furthermore in Nessus wee may see
What breach of promise commeth too, and how that such as bee
Unable for too wreake theyr harmes by force, doo oft deuyse
Too wreake themselues by pollicie in farre more cruell wise.
And Deyanira dooth declare the force of iealozie
Deceyued through too ryght beleef and fond simplicitie.
The processe following penteth out true manlynesse of hart
which yeeldeth neyther vntoo death, too sorrow, greef, nor smart.
And finally it shewes that such as liue in true renowne
Of vertus heere, haue after death an euerlasting crowne
Of glorie. Cawne and Byblis are examples contrarie:
The Mayd of most outrageous lust, the man of chastitie.
¶ The tenth booke chiefly dooth containe one kynd of argument
Reproouing most prodigious lusts of such as haue bene bent
Too incest most vnnaturall. And in the latter end
It sheweth in Hippomenes how greatly folk offend,
That are ingrate for benefits which God or man bestow
Vppon them in the time of nerde. Moreouer it dooth show
That beawty (will they nill they) ape dooth men in danger throw:
And that it is a foolyshnesse too striue ageinst the thing
which God before determineth too passe in tyme too bring.
And last of all Atlantis death dooth shew that manhod stryues
Against forestayling though men see the perill of theyr lyues.
¶ The death of Orphey sheweth Gods iust vengeance on the vyle
And wicked sort which horribly with incest them defyle.
In Midas of a couetous wretch the image wee may see
Whose riches multiply too himself a hellish torment bee,
And of a foole whom neyther proof nor warning can amend,
Untill he feele the shame and smart that folly doth him send.
His Barbour representes all blabs which see the tenth chyld too bee
Untill that they haue bleard abrode the things they heare or see.
In Ceyx and Alcyone appeares most constant loue,
Such as betweene the man and wyfe too bee it dooth behoue.
This Ceyx also is a lyght of princely courtesie
And bountie towards such whom needs compelleth for too flye.
His viage mild dooth declare how hainly men are led,

Too

Out of the ix.

Out of the x.

Out of the xi.

Too vtter perill through fond toyes and fansies in their head.
For Idols doubtfull oracles and soothsayzes prophecies
Doo nothing else but make fooles fayne and blynd their bleared eyes.
Dedaliens daughter warnes too vse the toong with modestee
And not too vaunt with such as are their betters in degree.
Out of the xij. ¶ The seege of Troy, the death of men, the razing of the citie,
And slaughter of king Priams stock without remorse of pitie,
which in the xij. and xiij. bookes bee written, doo declare
How heynous wilfull periurie and filthie whoredome are
In syght of God. The frentick fray betweene the Lapithes and
The Centaures is a note wherby is giuen too vnderstand
Out of the xiij. The beastly rage of drunkennesse. ¶ Vlysses dooth expresse
The image of discretion, wit, and great aduisednesse.
And Aiax on the other syde doth represent a man
Stout, headie, irefull, hault of mynd, and such a one as can
Abyde too sucker no repulse. And both of them declare
How couetous of glorie and reward mens natures are.
And finally it sheweth playne that wisdome dooth preuayle
In all attempts and purposes when strength of hand dooth fayle.
The death of fayre Polyxena dooth shew a princely mynd
And firme regard of honor rare engraft in woman kynd.
And Polymnestor king of Thrace dooth shew himself to bee
A glasse for wretched couetous folke wherein themselues to see,
This storie further witnesseth that murther crieth ay
For vengeance, and itself one tyme or other dooth bewray.
The tale of Gyant Polyphems doth euidently proue
That nothing is so feerce and wyld, which perisheth not to loue.
And in the person of the self same Gyant is set out
The rude and homely wooing of a country cloyne and lout.
Out of the xiij. ¶ The tale of Apes reproues the vice of wilfull periurie,
And willeth people too beware they vse not for too lye.
Eneas going downe too hell dooth shew that vertue may
In lawfy traucil where it will, and nothing can it stay.
The length of lyfe in Sybill dooth declare it is but payne
Too wish long lyfe, syth length of lyfe is also length of payne.
The grecian Achemenides dooth learne vs how we ought
Bee thankfull for the benefits that any man hath wrought.
And in this Achemenides the Poet dooth expresse
The image of exceeding feare in daunger and distresse.
what else are Circes witchcrafts and enchauntments than the vyle
And filthy pleasures of the flesh which doo our soules defyle?
And what is else herbe Moly than the gift of stayednesse
And temperance which dooth all fowle concupiscence represse?
The tale of Anaxaretes willes dames of hygh degree
Too vse their louers courteously how meane so ere they bee.
And Iphis learnes inferior folkes too fondly not too set
Their loue on such as are too hygh for their estate too get.
Out of the xv. ¶ Nemons soune declares that men should willingly obay
What God commaundes, and not vppon exceptions repine to ney.

For

For he will find the meanes too bring the purpose well about,
And in their most necessities dispatch them saufly out
Of daunger. The oration of Pithagoras implyes
A sum of all the former worke. what person can devyse
A notabler example of true love and godlynesse
Too ones owne natyue countryward than Cippus dooth expresse?
The turning to a blazing starre of Julius Cesar showes,
That fame and immortalitie of vertuous dooing growes.
And lastly by examples of Augustus and a few
Of other noble prynces sonnes the author there dooth shew
That noblemen and gentlemen shoulde stryue too passe the fame
And vertues of their aunceters, or else too match the same.
Theis fables out of every booke I haue interpreted,
Too shew how they and all the rest may stand a man in sted.
Not adding ouer curiously the meening of them all,
For that were labor infinite, and tediousnesse not small
Bothe vntoo your good Lordship and the rest that should them reede
Who well myght think I did the bounds of modestie exceede,
If I this ons epistle should with matters ouercharge
Which scarce a booke of many quyres can well conteyne at large.
And whereas in interpreting theis few I attribute
The things too one, which heathen men to many Gods impute,
Concerning mercy, wrath for sin, and other gifts of grace:
Described for examples sake in proper tyme and place.
Let no man maruell at the same. For though that they as blynd
Through vnbeleefe, and led astray through error euen of kynd,
Knew not the true eternall God, or if they did him know,
yit did they not acknowledge him, but vaynly did bestow
The honor of the maker on the creature: yit it dooth
Behoue all vs (who ryghtly are instructed in the sooth)
Too thinke and say that God alone is he that rules all things
And worketh all in all, as lord of lords and king of kings,
With whom there are none other Gods that any sway may beare,
No fatall law too bynd him by, no fortune for too feare.
For Gods, and fate, and fortune are the termes of heathennesse,
If men vsurp them in the sense that Paynims doo expresse.
But if wee will reduce their sens too ryght of Christian law,
Too signifie three other things theis termes wee well may draw.
By Gods wee vnderstand all such as God hath plaast in cheef
Estate to punish sin, and for the godly folkes releef.
By fate the order which is set and stablished in things
By Gods eternall will and word, which in due season bryngs
All matters too their falling out. which falling out or end
(Bicause our curious reason is too weake too comprehend
The cause and order of the same, and dooth behold it fall
Vnwares too vs) by name of chaunce or fortune wee it call.
If any man will say theis things may better lerned bee
Out of diuine philosophie or scripture, I agree
That nothing may in worthinesse with holy writ compare.

Howbeit so farre forth as things no whit impeachment are
Too vertue and too godlynesse but furtherers of the same,
I trust wee may them lawfly vse without desert of blame.
And yet there are (and those not of the rude and vulgar sort,
But such as haue of godlynesse and lerning good report)
That thinke the Poets tooke their first occasion of their things
From holy writ as from the well from whence all wisdome springs.
What man is he but would suppose the author of this booke
The first foundation of his woorke from Moyses writyngs toobe?
Not only in effect he dooth with Genesis agree,
But also in the order of creation, saue that hee
Makes no distinction of the dayes. For what is elfe at all
That shapelesse, rude, and pestred heape which Chaos he dooth call,
Than euen that vniuersall masse of things which God did make
In one whole lump before that eche their proper place did take.
Of which the Bible saith that in the first beginning God
Made heauen and earth: the earth was waste, and darknesse yit abod
Vppon the deepe: which holy wordes declare vntoo vs playne
That fyre, ayre, water, and the earth did vndistinct remayne
" In one grosse bodie at the first. " For God the father that
" Made all things, framing out the world according too the plat,
" Conceyued euerlastingly in mynd, made first of all
" Both heauen and earth vnreprooall and such as could not fall
" As obiects vnder sense of sight: and also aire lykewyse,
" And emptynesse: and for theis twaine apt termes he did deuyse.
" He called ayer darknesse: for the ayre by kynd is darke.
" And emptynesse by name of depth full aptly he did marke:
" For emptynesse is deepe and waste by nature. Ouermore
" He formed also bodylesse (as other things before)
" The natures both of water and of spirit. And in fyne
" The lyght: which being made too bee a patterne most diuine
" Whereby too forme the fixed starres and wandring planets seuen,
" With all the lyghts that afterward should beawtifie the heauen,
" Was made by God both bodylesse and of so pure a kynd,
" As that it could alonly bee perceyued by the mynd.
To thys effect are Philos wordes. And certainly this same
Is it that Poets in their worke confused Chaos name.
Not that Gods woorkes at any tyme were pact confusedly
Toogither: but bicause no place nor outward shape whereby
To shew them too the feeble sense of mans deceytfull syght
Was yit appointed vntoo things, vntill that by his myght
And wondrous wisdome God in tyme set open too the eye
The things that he before all tyme had euerlastingly
Decreed by his prouidence. But let vs further see
How Ouids scantlings with the whole true patterne doo agree.
The first day by his mighty word (sayth Moyses) God made lyght,
The second day the firmament, which heauen or welkin hyght.
The third day he did part the earth from sea and made it dry,
Commaunding it too beare all kynd of fruites abundantly.

The

The fowrth day he did make the lyghts of heauen to shyne from hye,
And stablished a law in them too rule their courses by.
The fifth day he did make the whales and fishes of the deepe,
with all the birds and fethered fowles that in the aire doo keepe.
The sixth day God made euery beast both wyld and tame, and wormes
That creepe on ground accordyng too their seuerall kynds and formes.
And in the image of himselfe he formed man of clay
Too bee the Lord of all his workes the very selfsame day,
This is the sum of Moyses words. And Ouid (whether it were
By following of the text aright, or that his mynd did beare
Him witnesse that there are no Gods but one) doth playne vphold
That God (although he knew him not) was he that did vnfold
The former Chaos, putting it in forme and facion new,
As may appeere by theis his woordes which vnderneath ensew. }
This strife did God and nature breake and set in order dew. }
The earth from heauen the sea from earth he parted orderly,
And from the thicke and foggie aire he tooke the lyghtsome skye.
In theis few lynes he comprehends the whole effect of that
which God did woork the first three dayes about this noble plat.
And then by distributions he entreateth by and by
More largely of the selfsame things, and paynts them out too eye
with all their bounds and furniture: And whereas wee doo fynd
The terme of nature ioynd with God: (accordyng too the mynd
Of lerned men) by ioynting so, is ment none other thing,
But God the Lord of nature who did all in order bring.
The distributions bering doone right lernedly, anon
Too shew the other three dayes woorkes he thus proceedeth on.
The heauenly soyle too Goddes and starres and planets first he gaue
The waters next both fresh and salt he let the fishes haue.
The suttle ayre to flickering fowles and birds he hath assignd,
The earth too beasts both wyld and tame of sundry sorts and kynd.
Thus partly in the outward phrase, but more in veris deede,
He seemes accordyng too the sense of scripture too proceede.
And when he commes to speake of man, he dooth not damply say
(As sum haue written) that he was before all tyme for ay,
Ne mencioneth mo Gods than one in making him. But thus
He both in sentence and in sense his meenyng dooth discusse.
Howbeit yit of all this whyle the creature wanting was
Farre more diuine, of nobler mynd, which should the reslew passe
In depth of knowledge, reason, wit and hygh capacitee,
And which of all the reslew should the Lord and ruler bee.
Then eyther he that made the world and things in order set,
Of heauenly seede engendred man: or else the earth as yet
Yoong, lusty, fresh, and in her flowre, and parted from the skye
But late before, the seedes thereof as yit hild inwardly.
The which Prometheus tempring strayght with water of the spring,
Did make in likenesse to the Goddes that gouerne euery thing.
What other thing meenes Ouid heere by terme of heauenly seede,
Than mans immortall sowle, which is diuine, and commes in deede

From heauen, and was inspyrde by God, as Moyses sheweth playne:
And whereas of Prometheus he seemes too adde a vayne
Deuyce, as though he ment that he had formed man of clay,
Although it bee a tale put in for pleasure by the way:
Yit by thinterpretation of the name we well may gather,
He did include a misterie and secret meening rather.
This word Prometheus signifies a person sage and wyse,
Of great foresyght, who headily will nothing enterpryse.
It was the name of one that first did images inuent:
Of whom the Poets doo report that hee too heauen vp went,
And there stole fyre, through which he made his images alyue:
And therfore that he formed men the Paynims did contryue.
Now when the Poet red perchaunce that God almyghty by
His prouidence and by his word (which euerlastingly
Is ay his wisdome) made the world, and also man to beare
His image, and too bee the lord of all the things that were
Erst made, and that he shaped him of earth or slymy clay:
Hee tooke occasion in the way of fabling for too say
That wyse Prometheus tempring earth with water of the lyving,
Did forme it lyke the Gods aboue that gouerne euery thing.
Thus may Prometheus seeme too bee theternall word of God,
His wisdom, and his prowdence which formed man of clod.
And where all other things behold the ground with groueling eye:
He gaue too man a stately looke replete with maiesty:
And willd him too behold the heauen with countnance cast on hye,
Too mark and vnderstand what things are in the starrie skye.
In theis same words, both parts of man the Poet dooth expresse
As in a glasse, and giueth vs instruction too addresse
Our selues too know our owne estate: as that wee bee not borne
Too follow lust, or serue the paunch lyke brutish beasts forlorne,
But for too lyft our eyes as well of body as of mynd
Too heauen as too our native soyle from whence wee haue by kynd
Our better part: and by the light therof too learne too know
And knowledge him that dwelleth there: and wholly too bestow
Our care and trauell too the prayse and glorie of his name
who for the sakes of mortall men created first the same.
Moreouer by the golden age what other thing is ment,
Than Adams tyme in Paradyse, who being innocent
Did lead a blist and happy lyfe vntill that thurrough sin
He fell from God? From which tyme forth all sorrow did begin.
The earth accursed for his sake, did neuer after more
Yeeld foode without great toyle. With heate and cold did vexe him sore.
Disease of body, care of mynd, with hunger, thirst and needs,
Feare, hope, ioy, greefe, and trouble, fell on him and on his seede.
And this is termd the siluer age. Next which there did succeede
The brazen age, when malice first in peoples harts did breede,
Which neuer ceased growing till it did so farre outrage,
That nothing but destruction could the heate therof asswage
For why, mens stomackes waxing hard as steele against their God,

With-

Prouoked him from day too day too strike them with his rod.
Prowd Gyants also did aryse that with presumptuous wills
Heapt wrong on wrong, and sin on sin lyke howge and lofty hilles
Whereby they stroue too clymb too heauen and God from thence too draw,
In scorning of his holy woord and breaking natures law.
For which anon ensewd the flood which ouerflowed all
The whole round earth and drowned quyght all creatures great and smal,
Excepting feaw that God did saue as seede whereof should grow
Another offspring. All these things the Poet heere dooth show
In colour, altring both the names of persons, tyme and place.
For where according too the truth of scripture in this case,
The vniuersall flood did fall but sixteene hundred yeres
And sixandfifty after the creation (as appeeres
By reckening of the ages of the fathers) vnder Noy,
With whom seuen other persons mo like sautgard did enioy
Within the arke, which at the end of one whole yeere did stay
Vppon the hilles of Armenie: The Poet following ay
The fables of the glorying Greekes (who shamelesselye did take
The prayse of all things too themselues) in fabling wyse dooth make
It happen in Deucalions tyme, who reignd in Thessaly
Eyght hundred winters since Noyes flood or therevpon well nye,
Bicause that in the reigne of him a myghty flood did fall,
That drownde the greater part of Greece, townes, cattell, folk, and all,
Saue feaw that by the help of boats atteyned vntoo him,
And too the highest of the forke Parnasos top did swim.
And forbycause that hee and his were driuen a whyle to dwell
Among the stonny hilles and rocks vntil the water fell,
The Poets hereupon did take occasion for too feyne,
That he and Pyrrha did repayre mankynd of stones ageyne.
So in the sixth booke afterward Amphions harp is sayd
The first foundation of the walles of Thebee too haue layd,
Bycause that by his eloquence and iustice (which are ment
By trus accord of harmonie and musicall consent)
He gathered intoo Thebee towne, and in due order knit
The people that dispersit and rude in hilles and rocks did sit.
So Orphey in the tenth booke is reported too delyght
The sauage beasts, and for too hold the fleeting birds from flyght,
Too moue the senselesse stones, and stay swift riuers, and too make
The trees too follow after him and for his musick sake
Too yeeld him shadow where he went. By which is signifyde
That in his doctrine such a force and sweetnesse was implyde,
That such as were most wyld, frowze, fierce, hard, wittlesse, rude, and bent
Against good order, were by him perswaded too relent,
And for too bee conformable too liue in reuerent awe
Like neybours in a common weale by iustyce vnder law.
Considring then of things before reherst the whole effect,
I trust there is already shewd sufficient too detect
That Poets tooke the ground of all their cheefest fables out
Of scripture: which they shadowing with their gloses went about

Too turne the truth too tapes and lyes. And of the selfsame rats
Are also theis: Their Phlegeton, their Styx, their blisfull flats
Of spirits in th'Elysian feelds. Of which the former twayne
Seeme counterfetted of the place where damned soules remaine,
Which wee call hell. The third dooth seeme too fetch his pedegree
From Paradyse which scripture shewes a place of blisse too bee.
If Poets then with leesings and with fables shadowed so
The certeine truth, what letteth vs too plucke those visers fro
Their doings, and too bring ageine the darkened truth too lyght,
That all men may behold thereof the cleernesse shining bryght?
The readers therefore earnestly admonisht are too bee
Too seeke a further meening than the letter giues too see.
The trauell tane in that behalf although it haue sum payne
Yit makes it double recompence with pleasure and with gayne.
With pleasure, for varietie and straungenesse of the things,
With gaine, for good instruction which the understanding brings.
And if they happening for too meete with any wanton woord
Or matter lewd, according as the person dooth auoyd
In whom the euill is describde, doo feele their myndes thereby
Prouokte too vyce and wantonnesse, (as nature commonly
Is prone to euill) let them thus imagin in their mynd.
Behold, by sent of reason and by perfect syght I fynd
A Panther heere, whose peinted cote with yellow spots like gold
And pleasant smell allure myne eyes and senses too behold.
But well I know his face is grim and feerce, which he dooth hyde
Too this intent, that whyle I thus stand gazing on his hyde,
He may deuour mee vnbewares. Ne let them more offend
At vices in this present woork in lyuely colours pend,
Than if that in a chrystall glasse fowle images they found,
Resembling folkes fowle visages that stand about it round.
For sure theis fables are not put in wryghting too thentent
Too further or allure too vyce: but rather this is ment,
That men beholding what they bee when vyce dooth reigne in stead
Of vertue, should not let their lewd affections haue the head.
For as there is no creature more diuine than man as long
As reason hath the souereintie and standeth firme and strong:
So is there none more beastly, vyle, and deuilish, than is hee,
If reason giuing ouer, by affection mated bee.
The vse of this same booke therfore is this: that euery man
(Endeuoring for too know himselfe as neerly as he can,)
(As though he in a chariot sate well ordered,) should direct
His mynd by reason in the way of vertue, and correct
His feerce affections with the bit of temprance, least perchaunce
They taking bridle in the teeth lyke wilfull iades doo praunce
Away, and headlong carie him too euery filthy pit
Of vyce, and drinking of the same defyle his soule with it:
Or else doo headlong harrie him vppon the rockes of sin,
And ouerthrowing forcibly the chariot he sits in,
Doo teare him woorse than euer was Hippolytus the sonne

Of

Of Theseus when he went about his fathers wrath too shun.
This worthie worke in which of good examples are so many,
This Orchyard of Alcimous in which there wants not any
Herb, tree, or frute that may mans vse for health or pleasure serue,
This plenteous horne of Achelay which iustly dooth deserue
Too beare the name of treasorie of knowledge, I present
Too your good Lordship once ageine not as a member rent
Or parted from the residew of the body any more:
But fully now accomplished, desiring you therfore
Too let your noble courtesie and fauor counteruayle
My faults where Art or eloquence on my behalf dooth fayle.
For sure the marke whereat I shoote is neyther wreathes of bay,
Nor name of Poet, no nor meede: but cheefly that it may
Bee lyked well of you and all the wise and lerned sort,
And next that euery wyght that shall haue pleasure for to sport
Him in this gardeine, may as well beare wholsome frute away
As only on the pleasant flowres his rechlesse senses stay.
But why seeme I theis doubts too cast, as if that he who tooke
With fauor and with gentlenesse a parcell of the booke
Would not likewyse accept the whole? or euen as if that they
Who doo excell in wisdome and in lerning, would not wey
A wyse and lerned woorke aryght? or else as if that I
Ought ay too haue a speciall care how all men doo apply
My doings too their owne behoof? as of the former twayne
I haue great hope and confidence: so would I also fayne
The other should according too good meaning find successe:
If otherwyse, the fault is theyrs not myne they must confesse.
And therefore breefly too conclude, I turne ageine too thee
O noble Erle of Leycester, whose lyfe God graunt may bee
As long in honor, helth and welth as auncient Nestors was,
Or rather as Tithonuss: that all such students as
Doo trauell too enrich our toong with knowledge heretofore
Not common too our vulgar speech, may dayly more and more
Procede through thy good furtherance and fauor in the same.
Too all mens profit and deyght, and thy eternall fame.
And that (which is a greater thing) our natyue country may
Long tyme enioy thy counsell and thy trauell too her stay.

At Warwicke the. xx. of Aprill. 1567.

Your good L. most humbly too
commaund Arthur Golding.

# Too the Reader.

I Would not with the simple sort offended for to bée,
When in this booke the heathen names of feyned Godds they sée.
The treiue and euerliuing God the Paynims did not knowe:
Which caused them the name of Godds on creatures to bestowe.
For nature beeing once corrupt and knowledge blynded quyght
By Adams fall, those little sieues and sparkes of heauenly lyght
That did as yit remayne in man, endeuering forth to burst
And wanting grace and powre to growe to that they were at furst,
To superstition did decline: and draue the fearefull mynd,
Straunge worshippes of the liuing God in creatures for to fynd.
The which by custome taking rote, and growing so to strength,
Through Sathans help possest the hartes of all the world at length.
Some worshipt al the hoste of heauen: some deadmens ghostes & bones:
Sum wicked fiends: sum wormes & fowles, herbes, fishes, trées & stones.
The fyre, the ayre, the sea, the land, and euery rennning brooke,
Eche queachie grone, eche cragged cliffe the name of Godhead tooke.
The nyght and day, the fleeting howres, the seasons of the yeere,
And euery straunge and monstruous thing, for Godds mistaken weere.
There was no vertue, no nor vice: there was no gift of mynd
Or bodye, but some God therto or Goddesse was assignde.
Of health and sickenesse, lyfe and death, of needinesse and wealth,
Of peace and warre, of loue and hate, of murder, craft and stealth,
Of bread and wyne, of flourishfull sleepe, and of theyr solemne games,
And euery other trifling toy theyr Goddes did beare the names.
And loke how euery man was bent to goodnesse or to ill,
Ye did surmyse his foolish Goddes enclyning to his will.
For God perceyuing mannes peruers and wicked will to sinne
Did giue him ouer to his lust to sinke or swim therin.
By meanes wherof it came to passe (as in this booke ye sée)
That all theyr Goddes with whoredome, theft, or murder blotted bée.
Which argues them to bee no Goddes, but worser in effect
Than they whose open punishment theyr wrongs doth detect.
Who séeing loue whom heathen folke do arme with triple fyre
In shape of Eagle, bull or swan to winne his foule desyre:

Or gryslly Mars they⁊ God of warre intangled in a net
By Venus husband purposely to trappe him warely set:
Who seeing Saturne eating vp the childzen he begate:
Or Venus halping wantonly with euery lustie mate:
Who sering Iuno play the scold: or Phœbus mazne and rew
For lolle of her whom in his rage through tealous mode he slew:
Or elle the suttle Mercurie that beares the charmed rod
Conueying neate and hyding them would take him for a God:
For if theis faultes in mortall men do iustly merit blame,
What greater madnesse can there bee than to impute the same
To Goddes, whose natures ought to bee most perfect, pure and bright,
Most vertuous, holy, chaast, and wyse, most full of grace and lyght:
But as there is no Christen man that can surmyse in mynd
That theis or other such are Goddes which are no Goddes by kynd:
So would to God there were not now of christen men profest,
That worshipt in they⁊ deedes theis Godds whose names they do detest.
Whose lawes wee keepe his thralles wee bee, and he our God indeede.
So long is Christ our God as wee in christen lyle proceede.
But if wee yeld to fleshlye lust, to inere, or to wrath,
Or if that Enuy, Gluttony, or Pryde the maystry hath.
Or any other kynd of sinne the thing the which wee serue,
To bee accounted for our God most iustly doth deserue.
Then must wee thinke the learned men that did theis names frequent,
Some further things and purpoles by those deuises ment.
By Ioue and Iuno vnderstand all states of princely port:
By Ops and Saturne auncient folke that are of elder sort:
By Phœbus yong and lusty bzutes of hand and courage stout:
By Mars the valeant men of warre that loue to feight it out:
By Pallas and the famous troupe of all the Muses nyne,
Such folke as in the sciences and vertuous artes do shyne.
By Mercurie the suttle sort that vse to filch and lye,
With theeues, and Merchants who to gayne they⁊ trauell do applye.
By Bacchus all the meaner trades and handycraftes are ment:
By Venus such as of the flesh to filthie lust are bent.
By Neptune such as keepe the seas: By Phebe maydens chast,
And Pilgrims such as wandzingly they⁊ tyme in trauell waste.

By

By Pluto such as delue in mynes, and Ghostes of persones dead:
By Vulcane smythes and such as worke in yron, tynne or lead.
By Hecat witches, Coniurers, and Necromancers rede:
With all such vayne and deuilish artes as superstition brede.
By Satyres, Syluanes, Nymphes and Faunes with other such beside,
The playne and simple country folke that euery where abyde.
I know theis names to other thinges oft may and must agree
In declaration of the which I will not tedious bee.
But leaue them to the Readers will to take in sundry wyse,
As matter rysing gyueth cause constructions to deuyse.
Now when thou readst of God or man, in stone, in beast, or tree
It is a myrrour for thy self thyne owne estate to see.
For vnder feyned names of Goddes it was the Poets guyse,
The vice and faultes of all estates to taunt in couert wyse.
And likewyse to extoll with prayse such thinges as do deserue.
Obseruing alwayes comlynesse from which they do not swarue.
And as the persone greater is of birth, renowne or fame,
The greater euer is his laud, or fouler is his shame.
For if the States that on the earth the rowme of God supply,
Declyne from vertue vnto vice and liue disorderly,
To Eagles, Tygres, Bulles, and Beares, and other figures straunge
Bothe to theyr people and themselues most hurtfull do they chaunge,
And when the people gyue themselues to filthie life and synne,
What other kinde of shape thereby than filthie can they winne?
So was Licaon made a Wolfe: and Ioue became a Bull;
The tone for byting cruelte, the tother for his trull.
So was Elpenor and his mates transformed into swyne,
For following of theyr filthie lust in women and in wyne.
Not that they lost theyr manly shape as to the outward showe.
But for that in their brutish bestes most beastly lustes did growe.
For why this lumpe of flesh and bones this bodie is not wee.
Wee are a thing which earthly eyes denyed are to see.
Our soule is wee endewd by God with reason from aboue:
Our bodie is but as our house, in which wee worke and moue.
Tone part is common to vs all, with God of heauen himself:
The tother common with the beastes, a vyle and stinking pelf.

The tone bedect with heauenly giftes and endlesse: tother grosse,
Fraylie, filthie, weake, and borne to dye as made of earthly drosse.
Now loke how long this clod of clay to reason doth obey,
So long for men by iust desert account our selues wee may.
But if wee suffer fleshly lustes as lawlesse Lordes to reigne,
Than are we beastes, wee are no men, wee haue our name in vaine.
And if wee be so drowned in vice that feeling once bee gone,
Then may it well of vs bee sayd, wee are a block or stone.
This surely did the Poets meene when in such sundry wyse
The pleasant tales of turned shapes they studyed to deuyse.
There purpose was to profite men, and also to delyght
And so to handle euery thing as best might like the syght.
For as the Image portrayd out in simple whight and blacke
(Though well proportiond, trew and faire) if comly colours lacke,
Delyghteth not the eye so much, nor yet contentes the mynde
So much as that that shadowed is with colours in his kynde:
Euen so a playne and naked tale or storie simply told
(Although the matter bee in deede of valewe more than gold)
Makes not the hearer so attent to print it in his hart,
As when the thing is well declarde, with pleasant termes and art.
All which the Poëts knew right well: and for the greater grace,
As Persian kings did neuer go abrode with open face,
But with some lawne or silken scharf, for reuerence of theyr state:
Euen so they following in their workes the selfsame trade and rate,
Did vnder couert names and termes theyr doctrines so employe,
As that it is ryght darke and hard theyr meening to espye.
But being found it is more sweete and makes the mynd more glad,
Than if a man of tryed gold a treasure gayned had.
For as the body hath his ioy in pleasant smelles and syghts:
Euen so in knowledge and in artes the mynd as much delights.
Wherof abundant hordes and heapes in Poets packed beene
So hid that (sauing vnto fewe) they are not to bee seene.
And therfore whoso doth attempt the Poets workes to rede,
Must bring with him a stayed head and iudgement to procede.
For as there bee most wholsome heskes and precepts to bee found,
So are theyr rockes and shallowe shelues to ronne the ship a ground.

Some

Some naughtie persone séeing vyce shewd lyuely in his hew,
Doth take occasion by and by like vices to ensew,
Another béeing moze seuere than wisdome doth requyze,
Béeholding vice (to outward shewe) exalted in desyze,
Condemneth by and by the booke and him that did it make.
And willes it to be burnd with fyze foz lewd example sake.
These persons ouershote themselues, and other folkes deceyue:
Not able of the authozs mynd the méening to conceyue.
The Authoz purpose is to paint and set befoze our eyes
The lyuely Jmage of the thoughts that in our stomaches ryse.
Eche vice and vertue séemes to speake and argue to our face,
With such perswasions as they haue theyz owinges to embzace.
And if a wicked persone séeme his vices to exalt,
Eſteeme not him that wzate the wozke in such defaultes to halt.
But rather with an vpzyght eye consyder well thy thought:
Sée if cozrupted nature haue the like within thée wzought.
Marke what affection doth perswade in euery kynd of matter.
Judge if that euen in heynous crymes thy fancy do not flatter.
And were it not foz dzead of lawe oz dzead of God aboue,
Most men (J feare) would do the things that fond affections moue.
Then take theis wozkes as fragrant flowers most full of pleasant iuce.
The which the Bée conueying home may put to wholsome vse:
And which the spyder sucking on to poyson may conuert,
Thzough venym spzed in all her limbes and natiue in her hart.
Foz to the pure and Godly mynd, are all things pure and cleane,
And vnto such as are cozrupt the best cozrupted béene:
Lyke as the fynest meates and dzinkes that can bée made by art
In sickly folkes to nourishment of sicknesse do conuert.
And therefoze not regarding such whose dyet is so fyne
That nothing can digest with them onlesse it bée deuine,
Noz such as to theyz proper harme do wzest and wzing alwyze
The thinges that to a good intent are wzitten pleasantly,
Thzough Ouids wozke of tarned shapes J haue with peinfull pace
Past on vntill J had atteynd the end of all my race.
And now J haue him made so well acquainted with our tong
As that he may in English verse as in his owne bée song.

Wherein although for pleasant style, I cannot make account,
To match myne author, who in that all other doth surmount:
Yit (gentle Reader) do I trust my trauell in this cace
May purchace fauour in thy sight my doings to embrace:
Considring what a sea of goodes and Jewelles thou shalt synd,
Not more delyghtfull to the eare than frutefull to the mynd.
For this do lerned persons deeme, of Ouids present worke:
That in no one of all his bookes the which he wrate, do lurke
So darke and secret misteries, so counselles wyse and sage,
So good ensamples, so reprowues of vyce in youth and age,
So syne inuentions to delight, so matters clerkly knit,
No nor more straunge varietie to shew a lerned wit.
The high, the lowe: the riche, the poze: the mayster, and the slaue:
The mayd, the wife: the man, the chyld: the simple and the braue:
The yong, the old: the good, the bad: the warriour strong and stout:
The wyse, the fole: the countrie cloyne: the lerned and the lout:
And euery other liuing wight shall in this mirrour see
His whole estate, thoughtes, wordes and deedes expzesly shewd to bee.
Wherefor if more particular examples thou do craue,
In reading the Epistle through thou shalt thy longing haue.
Moreouer thou mayst synd herein descriptions of the tymes:
With constellacions of the starres and planettes in theyr clymes:
The Sites of Countries, Cities, hilles, seas, foresses, playnes and floods:
The natures both of fowles, beastes, wormes, herbes, mettals, stones & (woods,
And finally what euer thing is straunge and delectable,
The same conueyed shall you synd most featly in some fable.
And euen as in a cheyne eche linke within another wynds,
And both with that that went before and that that followes binds;
So euery tale within this booke doth seeme to take his grounde
Of that that was reherst before, and enters in the bounde
Of that that followes after it: and euery one gines light
To other: so that who so meanes to vnderstand them ryght,
Must haue a care as well to know the thing that went before,
As that the which he presently delyres to see so fore.
Now to thintent that none haue cause hereafter to complaine
Of me as setter out of things that are but light and vaine,

If

If any ſtomacke be ſo weake as that it cannot brooke,
The liuely ſetting forth of things deſcribed in this booke,
I giue him counſell to abſteine vntill he bée more ſtrong,
And for to vſe Vlyſſes feat againſt the Peremayds long.
Or if he néedes will héere and ſée and wilfully agrée
(Through cauſe miſconſtrued) vnto vice allured for to bée,
Then let him alſo marke the peine that doth therof enſue,
And hold himſelf content with that that to his fault is due.

FINIS.

# ¶ The first booke of Ouids Metamorphosis, translated into Englyshe Meter.

IF shapes transmuyde to bodies straunge, I purpose to entreate,
Ye gods vouchsafe (for you are they pimpayre this wondrous feate)
To further this mine enterprise. And from the world begunne,
Graunt that my verse may to my time, his course directly runne.
Before the Sea and Lande were made, and Heauen that all doth hide,
In all the worlde one onely face of nature did abide,
Which Chaos hight, a huge rude heape, and nothing else but euen
A heauie lumpe and clottred clod of sondes together yotuen,
Of things at strife among themselues, for want of order due.
No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the shapelesse world did vew.
No Mone in growing did repayre her hornes with borowed light.
Nor yet the earth amidden the ayre did hang by wondrous slight
Iust peysed by her proper weight. Nor winding in and out
Did Amphitrytee with her armes embrace the earth about.
For where was earth, there sea and ayre, so was the earth instable.
The ayre all darke, the sea likewise to beare a ship vnable.
No kinde of thing had proper shape, but eche confounded other.
For in one selfe same bodie strone, the hote and colde together.
The moyst with drie, the soft with hard, the light with things of weight.
This strife did God and Nature pease, and set in order streight.
The earth from heauen, the sea from earth, he parted orderly,
And from the thicke and foggie ayre, he take the lightsome skie.
Which when he once vnfolded had, and seuered from the blinde
And clodded heape. Be setting eche from other did them binde
In endelesse friendship to agree. The fire most pure and bright,
The substance of the heauen it selfe, because it was so light
Did mount aloft, and set it selfe in highest place of all.
The second roume of right to ayre, for lightnesse did befall.
The earth maze grosse drew downe with it eche weighty kinde of matter,
And set it selfe in lowest place. Againe, the waning water
Did lastly challenge for his place, the vtmost coast and bound,
Of all the compasse of the earth, to close the stedfast ground.
Now when he in this sundrie wise (what God so ere he was)

Had broke and into members put this rude confused masse,
Then first bicause in euery part, the earth should equall bee,
He made it like a mighty ball, in compasse as we see.
And here and there he cast in seas, to whome he gaue a laive:
To swell with euery blast of winde, and euery stormie staiue.
And with their waues continually to beate vpon the shore,
Of all the earth within their boundes enclosde by them afore.
Moreouer, Springs and mighty Riuers and Lakes he did augment,
And sliding streames of crooked bankes in winding bankes he pent.
Of which the earth doth drinke vp some, and some with rollie race,
Do seeke the sea: where finding scope of larger roome and space,
In steade of bankes, they beate on hilles. He did command the plaine
And champion groundes to stretch out wide: and valleys to remaine
Aye vnderneath: and ebe the woods to hide them decently
With tender leaues: and some hilles to lift themselues on hie.
And as two Zones doe cut the Heauen vpon the righter side,
And other twaine vpon the left likewise the same deuide,
The middle in outragious heat exceeding all the rest:
Euen so likewise through ger al foresight to God seemed best,
The earth enclosed in the same should so deuided bee,
As with the number of the Heauen, hir Zones might full agree.
Of which the middle Zone in heate, the vtmost twaine in colde
Exceede so farre, that there to dwell no creature dare be bolde.
Betweene these two so great extremes, tine other Zones are set,
Where temprature of heate and colde indifferently is met.
Now ouer this doth hang the Ayre, which as it surmore sleightie
Than earth or water: so againe than fire it is more weightie.
There hath he placed mist and cloudes, and fur to feare mens mindes,
The thunder and the lightning ebe, with colde and blustring windes.
But yet the maker of the worlde permitteth not alway,
The windes to blo the ayre at will, for at this present day,
Though ech from other placed be in sundry coasts aside:
The violence of their boystrous blasts, things scarsly can abide.
They so turmoyle as though they would the world in pieces rende,
So cruell is those brothers wrath when that they doe contende,
And therefore to the morning graye, the Realme of Nabathie,
To Persis and to other lands and countries that doe lie

Farre

Farre vnderneath the glowing starre, did Eurus take his flight
Likewise the setting of the Sonne, and shutting in of night
Belong to Zephyr. And the blasts of blustring Boreas raigne,
In Scythia and in other landes set vnder Charles his waine.
And vnto Auster doth belong the coast of all the South,
Who beareth showres and rotten mistes, continuall in his mouth.
Aboue all these he set aloft the cleare and lightsome skie,
Without all dregs of earthly filth or grossenesse vtterlie.
The boundes of things were scarsly yet by him thus pointed out,
But that appeared in the heauen, starres glistring all about,
Which in the said confused heape had hidden bene beside,
And to thintent with liuely things eche Region for to store.
The heauenly soyle, to Gods and Starres and Planets first he gaue.
The waters nere both fresh and salt he let the fishes haue.
The suttle ayre to flickring fowles and birdes he hath assigned.
The earth to beasts both wilde and tame of sundrie sort and kinde.
Howbeit yet all this while, the creature wanting was,
Farre more diuine, of nobler minde, which should the residue passe
In depth of knowledge, reason, wit, and high capacitie,
And which of all the residue should the Lord and ruler be.
Then eyther he that made the worlde, and things in order set,
Of heauenly seede engendred Man: or else the earth as yet
Yong, lustie, fresh, and in her flowres, vnlaste from out the skyes
But late before, the seede thereof as yet held in vnsevered ties
The which Prometheus tempring straight with water of the spring,
Did make in likenesse to the Gods that gouernes euery thing.
And where all other beasts behold the ground with groueling sight,
He gaue to Man a stately looke, to rayse his countenance vpright
And willde him see the heauen with ease, and vnto starres to rayse
To marke and vnderstand what things were in the skie alwayes.
And thus the earth which late before was rude and shapelesse lay
Did take the noble shape of man, and was transformed quite.

Then sprang vp first the golden age, which vnto life maintainde,
The truth and right of euery thing, vnforst of lawes and dreade.
There was no feare of punishment, nor threatning lawes to see
In brazen tables nayled vp to bide the lookers eye.
There was no man would presume in fearefull wise to speake
Or with a

They liued safe without a Iudge, in euerie Realme and lande.
The lofte Pynetree was not hewen from mountaines where it stood,
In seeking straunge and forren landes, to rowe vpon the flood.
Men knew none other countries yet, than where themselues did kepe:
There was no towne enclosed yet, with walles and diches depe.
No horne nor trumpet was in vse, no sword nor helmet worne,
The worlde was suche, that souldiers helpe might easly be forborne.
The fertile earth as yet was free, vntoucht of spade or plough,
And yet it yelded of it selfe of euery things inough.
And men themselues contented well with plaine and simple fode,
That on the earth of natures gift without their trauell stode,
Did liue by Raspis, heppes & hawes, by cornelies, plummes and cherries,
By sloes and apples, nuttes and peares, and lothsome brymble berries,
And by the acornes dropt on ground, from Ioues brode tree in fielde.
The Springtime lasted all the yeare, and Zephyr with his mildes
And gentle blast did cherish things that grew of owne accorde,
The ground vntilde, all kinde of fruits did plentesully aworde.
No muche nor tillage was bestowde on leane and barren land,
To make the corne of better head, and rather fur to stand.
The streames ran milke, then streames ran wine, & yellow honny flowde
From ech grene tree whereon the rayes of fyrie Phebus glowde.
But when that into Lymbo vnto Saturnus being thrust,
The rule and charge of all the worlde Ioue vnder loue vntrust,
And that the siluer age came in, more somewhat base than golde,
More precious yet than freckled brasse, immediatly the olde
And auncient Spring did Ioue abridge, and made therof anon,
Foure seasons: Winter, Sommer, Spring, and Autumne of and on.
Then first of all began the ayre with ferment heate to swelt.
Then Icycles hung roping downe: then for the colde was felt
Men gan to shroud themselues in house. their houses were the thickes,
And bushie queaches, hollow caues, or lodges made of stickes.
Then first of all were furrowes drawne, and corne was cast in ground,
The simple Oxe with sore sighes, to beares yoke was bound.
Next after this succeded straight, the thirde and brasen age:
More hard of nature, somewhat bent to cruell warres and rage.
But yet not wholy past all grace. Of yron is the last
In whiche vnkinde and trustles as former ages past

For when that of this wicked Age once opened was the veyne
Therein all mischief rushed forth. then Fayth and Truth were faine
And honest shame to hide their heades: for whom crept slouthly in,
Craft, Treason, Violence, Enuie, Pryde and wicked Lust to win.
The shipman hoyst his sailes to wind, whose names he did not knowe:
And shippes that erst in toppes of hilles and mountaines had ygrowe,
Did leape and daunce on liquish waues: and men began to bound,
With dowles and diches drawen in length the free and fertile ground,
Which was as common as the Ayre and light of Sunne before.
Not onely coyne and other mettes, for sustenance and for store,
Were now eracted of the Earth: but erst they gan to digge,
And in the bowels of the grounde vnfaithfully to rigge.
For Riches coucht and hidden deepe, in places nere to Hell,
The spurres and stirrers vnto vice, and foes to doing well.
Then hurtfull yron came abroade, then came forth yellow golde,
More hurtfull than the yron farre: then came forth battle bolde,
That feighteth both, and shaketh his sword in cruell bloudy hand.
Men live by rauine and by fleish: the wandring guest doth stand
In danger of his host: the host in daunger of his guest:
And fathers of their sonne in lawes: yea seldome time doth rest,
Betweene brother brothers such accord and loue as ought to bee.
The goodman seekes the goodwifes death, and his againe seekes shee.
The stepdames fell their husbandes sonnes, with poyson do assayle.
To see their fathers time so long the children doe bewayle.
All godlynesse lies vnder foote. And Ladie Astrey last
Of heauenly vertues, from this earth in slaughter drowned past.

And to thintent the earth alone thus should not be oppressed,
And heauen aboue in slouthfull ease and careleesse quiet rest,
Men say that Giantes went about the Realme of Heauen to win
To place themselues to raigne as Gods and lawlesse Lordes therein.
And hill on hill they heaped vp aloft vnto the skie,
Till God almighty from the Heauen did let his thunder flie.
The dint whereof the aspre tops of high Olympus brake,
And pressed Pelion violently from vnder Ossa shrake.
When whelmed in their wicked worke those cursed Caitiues lay,
The Earth their mother tooke their bloud yet warme and (as they say)
Did giue it life. And for because some ymages should still remaine

Of that same stocke, she gaue it shape and limmes of men againe.
This offspring eke against the Gods did beare a native spight,
In slaughter and in doing wrong was all their whole delight.
Their deedes declared them of blood engendred for to bee.
The which as sone as Saturns sonne from Heauen aloft did see,
He fetcht a sigh, and therwithall revolving in his thought
The shamefull act which at a feast Lycaon late had wrought,
As yet vnknowne or blowne abrode: He gan thereat to storme
And stomacke like an angry Ioue. And therfore to reforme
Such haynous actes, he sommonde streight his Court of Parliament,
Whereto resorted all the Gods that had their summons sent.
Highe in the Welkin is a way apparant to the sight.
In starrie nights, which of his passing whitenesse milkie hight:
It is the streete that to the Court and Princely Pallace leades,
Of mightie Ioue whose thunderclaps eche liuing creature dreades.
On both the sides of this same waye do stand in stately port
The sumptuous houses of the Peeres. For all the common sort
Dwell scattring here and there abrode: the face of all the skie,
The houses of the chiefe estates and Princes doe supplie.
And sure and if I may be bolde to speake my fancie free
I take this place of all the Heauen the Pallace for to bee.
Now when the Goddes assembled were, and eche had tane his place,
Ioue standing vp aloft and leaning on his yuorie Mace,
Right dreadfully his bushie lockes did thrise or four times shake.
Wherewith he made both Sea and Land & Heauen it self to quake,
And afterward in wrathfull wordes his angrie minde thus brake.

I neuer was in greater care nor more perplexitie,
Now to maintaine my soueraigne state and Princelie royaltie,
When with their hundreth handes a piece the Adversated rout,
Did practise for to conquere Heauen and for to cast vs out.
For though it were a cruell foe: yet did that warre depende
Vpon one ground, and in one stocke it had his finall ende.
But now as farre as any sea about the worlde doth winde,
I must destroy both man and beast and all the mortall kinde.
I sweare by Styxes hideous streames that run within the ground,
All other meanes must first be sought: but when there can be found
No helpe to heale a festred sore, it must away be cut,

Least

Least that the partes that yet are sound, in daunger should be put.
We haue a number in the worlde that mans estate surmount,
Of such whom for their priuate Gods the countrie folkes account,
As Satyres, Faunes, and sundry Nymphes, with Siluanes ehe beside,
That in the woods and hilly grounds continually abide.
Whome into Heauen since that as yet we vouch not safe to take,
And of the honour of this place copartners for to make,
Such landes as to inhabite in, we erst to them assignde,
That they should still enioye the same, It is my will and minde:
But can you thinke that they in rest and safetie shall remaine:
When proud Lycaon laye in waite by secret meanes and traine:
To haue confounded me your Lorde, who in my hand doe beare
The dreadfull thunder, and of whome euen you doe stand in feare:
The house was moued at his words and earnestly required,
The man that had so traiterously against their Lord conspirde.
Euen so when Rebels did arise to strop the Romane name,
By shedding of our Cesars blood, the horror of the same,
Did pierce the heartes of all mankinde, and made the world to quake.
Whose feruent zeale in thy behalfe (O Augustus) thou did take,
As thankfully as Ioue both beare the louing care of his.
Who beckning to them with his hand, forbiddeth them to hisse.
And therewithall through all the house attentiue silence is.
Assone as that his maiestie all murmring had alayde,
He brake the silence once againe, and thus vnto them sayde.
Let passe this carefull thought of yours; for he that did offende,
Hath dearely bought the wicked Act, the which he did entende.
Yet shall you heare what was his fault and vengeance for the same.
A foule report and infamie vnto our hearing came,
Of mischiefe vsed in those times: which withing all vntrew
I did descend in shape of man, th'infamed Earth to vew.
It were a procrastr ouerlong to tell you of the sinne,
That did abound in euery place where as I entred in.
The brute was lesser than the truth, and partiall in report.
The dreadfull dennes of Menalus where sauage beastes resort
And Cyllen had I ouerpast, with all the Pynetrées hie,
Of cold Lyceus, and from thence I entred by and by
The herborough leslie and cruell house of late Th'arcadian king,

Such time as twilight on the Earth dim darkneſſe gan to bring.
I gaue a ſigne that God was come, and ſtreight the common ſort
Deuoutly prayde, whereat Lycaon firſt did make a ſport
And after ſaid by open proufe, ere long I minde to ſee,
If that this wight a mighty God or mortall creature bee.
The truth ſhall trie it ſelfe: he ment (the ſequele did declare)
To ſteale vpon me in the night, and kyll me vnbeware.
And yet he was not ſo content: but went and cut the throte,
Of one that laye in hoſtage there, which was an Epyrote:
And part of him he did to roſt, and part he did to ſeethe.
Which when it came vpon the boyde, forthwith I ouerthrew,
The houſe with iuſt reuenging fire vpon the owners hed.
Who ſeeing that, ſtipt out at dores amazde for feare, and fled
Into the wilde and deſert woods, where being all alone,
As he endeuored (but in vaine) to ſpeake and make his mone,
He fell a howling: wherewithall for verie rage and mode
He ran me quite out of his wits and waxed furious foode.
Still practiſing his wonted luſt of ſlaughter on the poore
And ſelie cattle, thirſting ſtill for blood as heretofore.
His garments turnde to ſhaggie haire, his armes to rugged pawes:
So is he made a rauening Wolfe: whoſe ſhape expreſſely drawes
To that the which he was before: his ſkinne in hoare grape,
His looke ſtill grim with glaring eyes, and euery kinde of wape,
His cruell heart in outward ſhape doth well it ſelfe bewraye.
Thus was one houſe deſtroyed quite. but that one houſe alone
Deſerueth not to be deſtroyde, in all the Earth is none,
But that ſuch vice doth raigne therein, as that ye would beleue,
That all had ſworne and ſolde themſelues to miſchiefe vs to greue.
And therefore as they all offende: ſo am I fully bent,
That all forthwith (as they deſerue) ſhall haue due puniſhment.
These wordes of Ioue ſome of the Gods did openly approue,
And with their ſayings more to wrath his angry courage moue.
And ſome did giue aſſent by ſignes. Yet did it grieue them all
That ſuch deſtruction vtterly on all mankinde ſhould fall.
Demaunding what he purpoſed with all the Earth to doe,
When that he had all mortall men ſo cleane deſtroyde, and whoe
On holie Altars afterward ſhould offer frankinſence,

And

And whether that he were in minde to leaue the Earth for thence
To sauage beastes to waste and spoyle, because of mans offence.
The king of Gods bade cease their thought & questions in that case,
And cast the care thereof on him. within a little space,
He promist for to frame a newe, an other kinde of men
By wondrous meanes, vnlike the first to fill the world agen.
And now his lightning had he thought on all the earth to throwe,
But that he feared least the flames perhaps so hie should growe
As for to set the Heauen on fire, and burne vp all the skie.
He did remember furthermore how that by destinie,
A certaine time should one day come, wherein both Sea and Lond
And Heauen it selfe should feele the force of Vulcans scorching hond.
So that the huge and goodly worke of all the worlde so wide
Should go to wracke, for doubt whereof forthwith he laide aside
His weapons that the Cyclops made, intending to correct,
Spans trespasse by a punishment contrary in effect.
And namely with incessant showres from heauen powred downe,
He did determine with himselfe, the mortall kinde to drowne.
In Aeolus prison by and by he shuts Boreas fell,
With al such winds as chase & cleanse or driues the lumpy skie away,
And set at large the Southerne winde: who straight with weary wings
And dreadfull face as blacke as pitch, forth out of prison flings.
His beard hung full of hideous storms, all dankish hong his head,
With water streaming downe his hairs that on his shoulders spread.
His dgly forehead wrinkled was with foggie mistes full thicke,
And on his feathers and his breast a trickling dew did sticke.
Assone as he betweene his hands the hanging clouddes had crusht,
With rating noyse abroade from heauen the rayne full fiercely gushe.
The Messenger to Iunos mistresse clad in sundrie hue,
To maintaine moysture in the clouddes, great waters thither drue:
The corne was beaten to the ground, the Husmans hope of gaine,
For which he toyled all the yeare, lay drowned in the raine.
Ioues indignation and his wrath began to grow so por.
That for to quench the rage thereof, his Heauen sufficed not.
His brother Neptune with his helpe was faine to doe him aide:
Who straight assembling all the stremmes, that fall into the seas,
Said to them standing in his house: Sirs get you home apace,

You

(You muſt not looke to haue me liſe, long preaching in this caſe.)
Poure out your force (for ſo is neede) your heads ech one vnſende,
And from your open ſpringes, your ſtreames with flowing waters lende.
He had no ſoner ſaid the word, but that returning backe,
Eche one of them vnloſde his ſpring, and let his waters ſlacke.
And to the Seas with flowing ſtreames ſwolne aboue their bankes,
One rolling in anothers necke, they rushed forth by rankes.
Himſelfe with his threetyned Mace, did lende the earth a blow,
That made it ſhake and open wayes for waters forth to flow.
The flouds at random where they liſt, through all the fields did ſtray,
Men, beaſtes, trees, corne, & with their gods, were Churches waſht away.
If any houſe were built ſo ſtrong, againſt their force to ſtande.
Yet did the water hide the top: and turrets in that ponde
Were ouerwhelmde: no difference was betweene the ſea and ground,
For all was ſea: there was no ſhore nor landing to be found.
Some climbed vp to tops of hils, and ſome rowde to and fro
In Boates, where they not long before, to plough and Cart did go,
One ouer corne and tops of townes, whome waues did ouerwhelme,
Doth faile in ſhip, an other ſittes a fiſhing in an Elme.
In meddowes greene were Anchors caſt (ſo fortune did prouide)
And croked ſhips did ſhade by bynes, the which the flood did hide.
And where but late her day before did feede the hungry Cote,
The vgly Seales and Porkepiſces now to and fro did flote.
The Nearimphes wondred vnder waues the townes and groues to ſee,
And Dolphines playd among the tops and boughes of euery tree.
The grim and greedy Wolfe did ſwim among the ſielly ſhepe,
The Lion and the Tyger fierce were borne vpon the deepe.
It boted not the foming Boare his crooked tuſkes to whet,
The running Hart coulde in the ſtreame by ſwiftneſſe nothing get.
The reſting fowles long hauing fought for land to reſt vpon,
Into the Sea with weerie wings were driuen to fall anon.
Th'outragious ſwelling of the Sea the leſſer hilleckes ouerlonde,
Vnwonted waues on higheſt tops of mountaines did redounde.
The greateſt part of men were drowned, and ſuch as ſcapte the flode,
For lorne with faſting ouerlong did die for want of fode.
Againſt the fieldes of Aonie and Attick lies a lande,
That Phocis hight, a fertile ground while that it was a lande:

But

But at that time a part of Ilion, and euen a champion fielde,
Of sodaine waters which the flood by fuzed rage did yielde.
Where as a hill with forked top the which Parnassus hyght,
Doth pierce the cloudes and to the starres doth raise his head vpright.
When at this hill (for yet the Sea had whelmed all beside)
Deucalion and his bedfellow, betweene all other guide,
Arriued in a little Barke immediatly they went,
And to the Nymphes of Corycus with full deuout intent
Did honor due, and to the Gods to whome that famous hill
Was sacred, and to Themis she in whose most holie will
Consisted then the Oracles. In all the world so rounde?
A better nor more righteous man could neuer yet be founde
Than was Deucalion, nor againe a woman maybe nor wife,
That feared God so much as she, nor led so good a life.
When Ioue beheld how all the worlde stode lyke a plaine of water,
And of so many thousand men and women left remaining
But one of eche, how both they still alike both seruant,
He brake the Cloudes, and did command that Boreas with his feare
And sturdie blasts should chase the flood; that Earth might so appeare
And Heauen the Earth: the Seas also began immediatly
Their raging furie for to cease. Their ruler laide aside
His dreadfull Mace, and with his words their swelling he did stay,
He called Tryton to him straight his trumpetter, who stode
In purple robe on shoulder cast, aloft vpon the flode,
And bade him take his sounding Trumpe and out of hand to blow
Retreat, that all the streames might heare, and cease from rising so,
He take his Trumpet in his hand, hys Trumpet hath a shell
Of some great Whelke or other fishe, in facion like a Bell
That gathered narrow to the mouth, and as it did dilcende
Did ware more wide and wythen still, downe to the nether ende?
When that this Trumpe amid the Seas was set to Trytons mouth,
He blew so lowde that all the streames both East, and West, and South,
Might easily heare him blow retreate, and all that heard the sounde
Immediatly began to ebbe and draw within their bounde.
Then gan the Sea to haue a shore, and brookes to finde a banke,
And swelling streames of flowing floods within their channels sanke.
Then hils did lose about the bankes that had them all this

And

And as the waters did decrease the ground did seeme to growe.
And after long and tedious time the trees did shewe their tops
All bare, saue that upon the boughes the mud did hang in knops.
The worlde restored was againe, which though Deucalion toyde
Them to beholde: yet forasmuche he saw the earth was voyde
And silent like a wyldernesse, with sad and mourning eyes
And ruthfull voyce he thus did speake to Pyrrha in this wise.
O sister, O my loving spouse, O sole woman left,
As onely remnant of thy sexe that water hath bereft.
Whome Nature first by right of kinde hath linked to me fast
In that we brothers children bene: and secondly the chaste
And stedfast bond of lawfull bed: and lastly now of all,
The present perils of the time that lately did befall.
On all the Earth from East to West where Phebus sheines his face
There is no mo but thou and I of all the mortall race:
The Sea hath swallowed all the rest, and scarcely are we sure,
That our two lyues from deadfull death in safetie shall endure.
For euen as yet the dusky cloudes doe make my heart adrad.
Alas poore wretched sole soule, what heart wouldst thou haue had
To beare these heapes of harmes, if chaunce had let thee scape alone?
Who should haue bene the ofspring then, who should haue reigned the mone?
Now trustest thou (louing wife) had thou as mete bene drenched
I would haue followed after thee and in the sea bene founde.
Would God I could my fathers Arte of clape to facion men
And giue them life, that people might frequent the worlde agen.
But (alas) both enuie now within vs two conflict.
As mouldes fyre vs to facion men, for so the Gods doe lyke.
And with these words the bitter teares did trickle down their chinke.
Untill at length themselues they did agree to seeke
To God by prayer for his grace, and to demaund his ayde
By answere of his Oracle, where they nothing slayde
But to Cephisus fyrste they came, whose streame as at that time
Began to run within his banckes though they were with mudde slime.
Whose sacred lyquor straight they take and sprinkled with the same
Their heades and clothes: and afterward to Themis chappell came,
The roofe whereof with cankie mosse was almost ouergrowne.
For since the time the raging floud, the worlde had ouerflowne.

No creature came within the Churche: so that the Altars stod
Without one sparke of holie fyre or any sticke of wood.
Assone as that this couple came within the chappell doore,
They fell downe flat upon the ground, and trembling kist the floore.
And sayde: if prayer that proceedes from humble heart and minde
May in the presence of the Gods, such grace and fauor finde
As to appease their worthie wrath, then vouch thou safe to tell
(O gentle Themis) how the losse that on our kinde befell,
May now eftsones recouered be, and helpe vs to repaire
The world, which drowned under waues doth lie in great dispaire.
The Goddesse moued with their sute, this answere did them make:
Depart you hence: Go hilde your heads, and let your garmentes slake,
And both of you your Graundames bones behinde your shoulders cast.
They stode amazed at these wordes, tyll Pyrrha at the last,
Refusing to obey the hest the whych the Goddesse gaue,
Brake silence, and with trembling chéere did meekely pardon craue.
For sure she sayde she was afraide hir Graundames ghost to hurt
By taking vp hir buried bones to throw them in the durt.
And with the answere here vpon eftsones in hand they go,
The doubtfull wordes whereof they scan and canuas to and fro.
Which done, Prometheus sonne began by counsell wise and sage
His cousin germanes fearfulnesse thus gently to asswage.
Well, eyther in these doubtfull words is hid some mistherie,
Whereof the Gods permit vs not the meaning to espie,
Or questionlesse and if the sence of inward sentence déeme
Like as the tenour of the words apparantly doe séeme,
It is no breach of godlynesse to doe as God hath bid.
I take our Graundame for the earth, the stones within hir hid
I take for bones, these are the bones the which are meaned here.
Though Titans daughter at this wilde coniecture of hir fere
Were somewhat moued, yet none of both did stedfast credit geue,
So hardly could they in their heartes the heauenly yelles beleue.
But what and if they made a proufe? what harme could cause therby?
They went their waies and vailde their heades, and did their cotes tuttie.
And at their backes did throw the stones by name of bones superstitie.
The stones (who would beleue the thing, but that the time of olde
Reporteth it for a stedfast truth?) of nature tough and harde,

Began to warre both soft and smothe: and shortly afterwarde
To winne therwith a better shape: and as they did encrease,
A mylder nature in them grew, and rudenesse gan to cease.
For at the first their shape was such, as in a certaine sort
Resembled man, but of the right and perfect shape came short.
Euen like to Marble ymages new drawne and roughly wrought,
Before the Caruer by his Arte to purpose hath them brought.
Such partes of them where any iuice or moysture did abound,
Or else were earthie, turned to flesh: and such as were so sound,
And harde as would not bow nor bende did turne to bones: againe
The part that was a veyne before, doth still his name retaine.
Thus by the mightie power of God ere lenger time was past,
The mankinde was restorde by stones, the which a man did cast.
And likewise also by the stones the which a woman threw,
The womankinde repayred was and made againe of new.
Of these are we the crooked ympes, and stonie race in deede,
Bewraying by our toyling life, from whence we doe procede.
The lustie earth all owne accorde sone after forth did bring,
According to their sundrie shapes eche other liuing thing.
Assone as that the moysture once caught heate against the Sunne,
And that the fat and slimie mud in marish groundes begunne,
To swell through warmth of Phebus beames, and that the fruitfull seedes
Of things well cherisht in the fat and lively soyle in deede,
As in their mothers wombe, began in length of time to growe,
To one or other kinde of shape wherein themselues to showe.
Euen so when that seuen mouthed Nile the watrie fieldes forsooke,
And to his auncient chanell eft his bridled streames betooke.
So that the Sunne did heate the mud, the which he left behinde,
The husbandmen that tilde the ground, among the cloddes did finde,
Of sundrie creatures sundrie shapes: of which they spied some
Euen in the instaunt of their birth but newly then begonne to come.
And some imperfect wanting brest or shoulders in such wise,
That in one bodie oftentimes appeared to the eyes
One halfe thereof aliue to be, and all the rest beside
Both voyde of life and lumpish shape, starke earth to still abide.
For when that moysture with the heate is tempred equally,
They doe conceyue, and of them twaine euen nether by and by

All

All kinde of things. For though that fire with water aye debateth
Yet moysture mixt with equall heate all liuing things createth.
And so those discordes in their kinde, one striuing with the other,
In generation doe agree and make one perfect mother.
And therfore when the mirie earth despred with slimie mud,
Brought ouer all but late before by violence of the flud,
Caught heate by warmnesse of the Sunne, and culmenesse of the skie,
Things out of number in the worlde, forthwith it did applie.
Whereof in part the like before in former times had bene,
And some so straunge and ougly shapes as neuer erst were sene.
In that she did such Monsters breede, was greatly to hir woe,
But yet thou ougly Python wert engendred by hir thoe.
A terror to the new made folke, which neuer erst had knowne
So foule a Dragon in their life, so monstrously forgrowne,
So great a ground thy poyson paunch did vnderneath the hide.
The God of shooting who no where before that present tide
Those kinde of weapons put in vre, but at the speckled Deare,
Or at the Roes so wight of foote, a thousand shaftes well neare,
Did on that hideous serpent spende, of which there was not one,
But forced forth the venimd blond along his fles to gone.
So that his quiuer almost voyde, he nailde him to the grounde,
And did him nobly at the last by force of shot confounde.
And least that time might of this worke deface the worthy fame,
He did ordeyne in minde thereof a great and solemne game,
Which of the serpent that he slue of Pythians bare the name.
Where who so could the maistrie winne in feates of strength or sleight
Of hande or foote or rolling wheele, might claime to haue of right,
An Oken garland fresh and braue. There was not any weare
As yet a Bay, by meanes whereof was Phebus fame to weare
The leaues of euery pleasant tree about his golden heare.
Peneian Daphne was the first where Phebus set his loue,
Which not blind chaunce but Cupids fierce & cruel wrath did moue.
The Delian God but late before surpsde with puffing pride:
For killing of the monstrous worme, the God of loue espide,
With bowe in hand already bent and lotting arrowes go:
To whome he sayd, and what hast thou thou wanton baby to
With warlike weapons for to toy? It were a better sight,

To sée this kinde of furniture on our two shoulders bright:
Who when we lust with stedfast hand both man and beast can wound,
Who tother day with arrowes héene, haue nayled to the ground,
The serpent Python so foule swoine, whose filthie woombe did hide
So many acres of the grounde in which he did abide.
Content thy selfe sonne, sayth Ioues to kindle with thy brand,
For these our prayses to attaine thou must not take in hand.
To him quoth Venus sonne againe, well Phebus I agree
Thy bow to shoote at every beast, and so shall mine at thée.
And looke how far that vnder God eche beast is put by kinde,
So much thy glorie lesse than ours in shooting shalt thou finde.
This saide, with dint of fethered wings in broken ayre he flue,
And to the forkt and shadie top of Mount Parnasus drue.
There from hys quiuer full of shafts two arrowes did he take
Of sundrie workes: tone causeth Loue, the tother doth it slake.
That causeth loue, is all of golde with point full sharpe and bright,
That chaseth loue is blunt, whose steele with leaden head is dight.
The God this fired in the Nymph Peneis for the nones
The tother perst Apollos heart and ouerraft his bones.
Immediatly in smoldring heate of Loue the tone did sweit,
Againe the tother in hir heart no sparke nor motion felt.
In woods and forrests is hir ioy, the sauage beasts to chase,
And as the price of all hir paine, to take the fruite and ease.
Vnwedded Phebe doth she haunt and follow as hir guide,
Vnordred doe hir tresses waue scarce in a fillet tide.
Full many a woer sought hir loue, she lothing all the rout,
Impacient and without a man walkes all the woods about.
And as for Hymen, or for loue, and wedlocke often sought
She take no care, they were the furthest end of all hir thought.
Hir father many a time and oft would saye, my daughter dere
Thow owest me a sonneinlaw to be thy lawfull fere.
Hir father many a time and oft would say my daughter dere,
Of Nephewes thou my debtour art, their Graundsires heart to chére.
She hating as a hainous crime the bonde of hiddely bed
Demurely casting downe hir eyes, and blushing somwhat red,
Did folde about hir fathers necke with cunning armes and sed,
Deare father graunt me while I liue my maidenhead for to haue.

As

As to Diana here to forz hir father freely gaue.
Thy father (Daphne) could consent to that thou doest require,
But that thy beautie and thy forme impugne thy chaste desire:
So that thy will and his consent are nothing in this case,
By reason of the beautie bright that shineth in thy face.
Apollo loues and longs to haue this Daphne to his Fere,
And as he longs he hopes, but his forehowes doe fayle him there.
And as light flame when corne is reapt, or hedges burne with brandes,
That passers by when day driues neere throwe loosely fro their handes,
So into flames the God is gone and burneth in his brest
And feedes his vaine and barraine loue in hoping for the best.
Hir haire vnkembd about hir neche downe staring did he se
O Lord and were they trimd (quoth he) how seemely would she bee?
He sees hir eyes as bright as fire the starres to representt,
He sees hir mouth which to haue seene he holdes him not contemt.
Hir lillie armes mid part and more aboue the elbow bare,
Hir handes, hir fingers and hir fingres, him thought of beautie rare.
And sure he thought such other parts as garments then did hyde,
Excelled greatly all the rest the which he had espyed.
But swifter than the whyrling winde shee flees and will not stay,
To giue the hearing to these wordes the which he had to say.
I pray thee Nymph Peneis stay I chase not as a foe:
Stay Nymph: the Lambes so flee the Wolues, the stags the Lions so.
With flittring feathers fleete Doues so from the Goshawke flie,
And euery creature from his foe. Loue is the cause that I
Do followe thee: alas alas how would it grieue my heart,
To see thee fall among the briers, and that the blood should start,
Out of thy tender legges, I wretch the causer of thy smart,
The place is rough to which thou runst, take leysure I thee pray,
Abate thy flight, and I my selfe my running pace will stay.
Yet would I wishe thee take aduise, and wisely for to bicare
What one he is that for thy grace in humble wise doth seeme.
I am not one that dwelles among the hilles and stonie rockes,
I am no shepeheard with a Curre, attending on the flockes:
I am no Carle nor countrie Clowne, nor neathe are taking charge
Of cattle grazing here and there within this Forrest large.
Thou doest not know poore simple soule, God wote thou dost not knowe,

From whome thou fléest. For if thou knew, thou wouldste not flée me so.
In Delphos is my chiefe abode, my Temples also stande
At Glaros and at Patara within the Lycian lande.
And in the Ile of Tenedos the people honour mée.
The king of Gods himselfe is knowne my father for to bée.
By me is knowne that was, that is, and that that shall ensue,
By mée men learne to sundrie tunes to frame sweete ditties true.
In shooting haue I stedfast hand, but surer hand had hée
That made this wounde within my heart that heretofore was trée.
Of Physicke and of Surgerie I found the Artes for néede
The power of euerie herbe and plant doth of my gift procéede.
Woe wo is me that neare an herbe can heale the hurt of loue.
And that the Artes that others helpe their Lord doth helpelesse proue.
As Phœbus would haue spoken more, away Penæis stale
With fearefull steppes, and left him in the midst of all his tale.
And as she ran the mouing windes hir garments backe did blowe,
So that hir naked slender shape and behinde her as the sue,
Hir gaudy yellowe golden haires that hanged lose and slacke,
With euery puffe of ayre did wonne and rolle behinde hir backe.
Hir running made hir seeme more fayre, the youthfull God therefore
Could not abyde to waste his woordes in saiyance any more.
But as his loue adopted him he gan to mende his pace,
And with the better foote before the flieing Nymph to chace.
And euen as when the greedie Greehounde doth course the fielde Hare,
Amiddes the plaine and champion fielde without all couert bare,
Both twaine of them doe straine themselues and lay on lustemanship,
Who may best runne with all his force the tother to outstrip,
The tone for faierie of his life, the tother for his pray,
The Greehounde aye yelpe with open mouth to beare the Hare away,
Thrusts forth his snoute and gydeth out and at hir loynes doth snatch,
As though he would at euerie stride betweene his teeth hir latch:
Againe in doubt of being caught the Hare aye shrinking slips,
Upon the sodaine from his Jawes, and from betweene his lips:
So farde Apollo and the Mayde: hope made Apollo swift,
And feare did make the Mayden fleete deuising how to shift.
Howbeit he that did pursue of both the swiftest went,
As furthered by the feathred wings that Cupid had him lent.

So

So that he would not let hir rest, but preased at hir héele
So néere that through hir scattred haire she might his breathing féele.
But when she sawe hir breath was gone and strength began to fayle,
The colour faded in hir cheekes, and ginning for to quayle,
Shee loked to Penæus streame and sayde nowe Father dere,
And if you streames haue power of Gods then help your daughter here.
O let the earth devour me quicke, on which I seeme to fayre,
Or else this shape which is my harme by chaunging straight appayre.
This piteous prayer scarce sed: hir sinewes waxed starke,
And therewithall about hir breast did growe a tender barke.
Hir haire was turned into leaues, hir armes in boughes did growe,
Hir feete that were ere while so swift, now rooted were as slowe.
Hir crowne became the toppe, and thus of that she earst had beene,
Remayned nothing in the worlde, but beautie fresh and greene.
Which when that Phœbus did beholde (affection did so move)
The trée to which his love was turnde he could no lesse but loue.
And as he softly layde his hande vpon the tender plant,
Within the barke newe overgrowne he felt hir heart yet pant.
And in his armes embracing fast hir boughes and braunches lythe,
He proferde kisses to the trée, the trée did from him writhe.
Well (quoth Apollo) though my Feere and spouse thou can not bee,
Assuredly from this tyme forth yet shalt thou be my trée.
Thou shalt adorne my golden lockes, and eke my pleasant Harpe,
Thou shalt adorne my Quyuer full of shaft, as and arrowes sharpe.
Thou shalt adorne the valiant knyghts and royall Emperours,
When for their noble feates of armes like mightie conquerours,
Triumphantly with stately pompe vp to the Capitoll,
They shall ascende with solemne traine that doe their deedes extoll.
Before Augustus Pallace gate full duely shalt thou warde,
The Oke amid the Palace yarde aye faithfully to garde.
And as my heade is neuer voide nor neuer wants withoute
A seemely bushe of youthfull haire that spreadeth rounde about,
Euen so this honorable tyme I thee continually to haue,
Thy braunches clad from tyme to tyme with leaues both fresh & braue.
Now when that Pean of this talke had fully made an ende,
The Laurell to his will enclined did seeme to condescende,
By bowing of his newe made boughes and tender braunches downe,

and wagging of hir seemely toppe, as if it were hir crowne.
There is a lande in Thessalie enclosd on every syde
With woddie hilles, that Tempe hight, through mid wherof doth
Penæus gushing full of froth from foote of Pindus slyde (glide
Which with his headlong falling downe doth cast up violently,
A mistie steame lyke flakes of smoke, besprinckling all about
The toppes of trees on eyther side, and makes a roaring out
That may be heard a great way off. This is the sted seate,
This is the house and dwelling place and chamber of the greate
And mightie Kyng: here he kites in Court of Pebble stone,
And ministers iustice to the lymmes and to the Nymphes eche one,
That in the Lakes and waters dwell. Now hither did resorte,
(Not knowing if they might reioyce and vnto mirth exhorte
Or comfort him) his Countrie Lakes, Sperchius well beseene,
With sedgie heade and shadie bankes of Poplars fresh and greene.
Enipeus restlesse swift and quicke, olde father Apidane,
Amphrisus with his gentle streame, and Aeas clad with cane:
With others other Kyngs more, which hasting vnto their race,
Into the Sea their wearie waters doe lead with restlesse pace.
From hence the carefull Inachus absentes him selfe alone.
Who in a corner of his caue with balefull teares and mone,
Augments the waters of his streame, bewayling pteously
His daughter lo lately lost. He knewe not certainly
And if he were a live or dead. But for he had hir sought,
And could not finde hir any where, assuredly he thought
She did not liue aboue the molde, ne vnderse the vitall breath:
Pilgrining worser in his minde, if ought be worse than death.
It fortunde on a certaine day that Ioue espide this Mayde
Come running from hir fathers streame aboue: to whome he sayde:
O Damsell worthie Ioue himselfe like one may ly to make
Some happie pestill became thou art vnto thy loo rewake.
I pray the let vs ioynde our selues in hande here together,
Of this or that (he poynted both) it makes no matter whether,
Vntill the whotest of the day and Sonne be ouerpast.
And if for feare of beastes perchaunce thou be agast
To wander in the Woods alone, thou shalt not neede to feare,
A God shall be thy garde to saue thee harmelesse euery where.

And

And not a God of meaner sort, but euen the same that hath
The heauenly scepter in his hande, who in my dreadfull wrath,
Do dart downe thunder wandringly: and therefore make no hast
To runne away. She ranne apace, and had alreadie past
The Fen of Lerna and the field of Lincey set with trées:
When Ioue intending now in vaine no lenger tyme to léese,
Upon the Countrie all about did bring a foggie mist,
And caught the Mayden whome poore soule he vsed as he list.
Queene Iuno looking downe that while vpon the open field,
When in so fayre a day such mistes and darkenesse she beheld,
Dyd marueil much, for well she knewe those mistes ascended not
From any Ryuer, moorishe ground, or other dankishe plot.
She lookt about hir for hir Ioue as one that was acquainted
With such escapes and with the déede had often him attainted.
Whome when she founde not in the heauen, onelesse I gesse amisse,
Some wrong agaynst me (quoth she) now my husbande working is.
And with that worde she left the Heauen, and downe to earth she came,
Commaunding all the mistes away. But Ioue foresées the same,
And to a Cow as white as milke his Leman he conuayes.
She was a goodly Heifar sure: and Iuno did hir prayse,
Although (God wot) she thought it not, and curiously she sought,
Where she was bred, whose Cow she was, who had hir thither brought:
As though she had not knowne the truth. Hir husband by and by
(Because she should not search to neare) deuisde a cleanly lie,
And tolde hir that the Cow was bred euen nowe out of the grounde.
Then Iuno who hir husbands shifts at fingers endes had founde,
Desirde to haue the Cow of gift. What should he doe as tho?
Great cruelnesse it were to yeilde his Louer to hir so.
And not to giue would breede mistrust. As fast as shame prouoked,
So fast agayne a tother side his Loue his minde reuoked.
So much that Loue was at the poynt to put all shame to flight.
But that he feared if he should denie a gift so light,
As was a Cowe to hir that was his sister and his wyfe,
Might make hir thinke it was no Cow, & breede perchaunce some strife.
Now when that Iuno had by gift hir husbands Leman got,
Yet altogether out of feare and carelesse was she not.
She had him in a iealousie and thoughtfull was she still.

For doubt he should inuent some meanes to steale hir from hir: till
To Argus olde Aristors sonne she put hir for to kepe,
This Argus had an hundreth eyes: of which by turne did slepe
Alwayes a couple, and the rest did duely watch and warde,
And of the charge they toke in hande had euer good regarde,
What way so euer Argus stood with face, with backe, or syde,
To lō warde, before his eyes did lō still abide.
All day he let hir graze abroade, the Sunne once vnder ground,
He shut hir vp and by the necke with wrythen With hir bound.
With croppes of trées and bitter weedes now was she dayly fed,
And in the stead of costly couch and good soft featherbed,
She sate a nightes vpon the ground, and on such ground whereas
Was not sometime so much as grasse: and oftentymes she was
Compeld to drinke of muddie pittes: and when she did desire,
To Argus for to lift hir handes in meeke and humble wise,
She sawe she had no handes at all: and when she did assay
To make complaint, she lowed out, which did hir so affray,
That oft she started at the noyse, & would haue runne away.
Unto hir father Inachs banckes she also did resorte,
Where many a tyme and oft before she had béene wont to sporte.
Now when she loked in the streame, and sawe hir horned hed,
She was agast and from hir selfe would all in hast haue fled.
The Nymphes hir sisters knewe hir not nor yet hir owne deare father,
Yet followed she both him and them, and suffred them the rather
To touch and stroke hir where they list, as one that preased still
To set hir selfe to wonder at and gaze vpon their fill.
The good olde Inach pulze vp grasse and to hir straight it beares.
She as she kyst and licht his handes did shed forth pearrie teares.
And had she had hir speach at will to vtter forth hir thought,
She would haue tolde hir name and chaunce and him of helpe besought.
But for bicause she could not speake, she printed in the sande,
Two letters with hir foote, whereby was giuen to vnderstande
The sorrowfull chaunging of hir shape. Which séene straight cryed out
Hir father Inach wo is me, and clasping hir about
Hir white and séemely Neclars necke and chrystal hornes both twaine,
He shricked out full pitcously, Now wo is me again.
Alas art thou my daughter deare, whome throughe the worlde I sought

And

And could not finde? and now by chaunce art to my presence brought?
My sorrow certesse lesser farre a thousande folde had beene
If neuer had I seene thée more, than thus to haue thée seene.
Thou standst as dombe and to my wordes no answere can thou giue,
But from the bottom of thy heart full sore sighes dost driue
As tokens of thine inwarde griefe, and dolefully dost moue
Unto my talke, the onely thing least in thy power to doe.
But I misknowing nothing lesse than this so great mischaunce.
By some great mariage earnestly did seeke thée to aduaunce,
In hope some time ywis to haue seene betweene my sonne and thée.
But now thou must a husband haue among the Heards I se,
And eke thine issue must be such as other cattels bée.
Oh that I were a mortall wight as other creatures are,
For then might death in length of time quite rid mée of this care,
But now bycause I am a God, and fate doth death denie,
There is no helpe but that my griefe must last eternallie.

As Inach made this pitteous mone quicke sighted Argus draue
His daughter into further fieldes to which he could not haue
Accesse, and he himselfe a loft did get him to a hill,
From whence he stirring at his ease beheld euerie way at will.
Now could no lenger Ioue abide his Lemer so sorowne,
And therevpon he cald his sonne that Maia had him borne,
Commaunding Argus should be kild. He made no long abod,
But tyde his feathers to his féete, and toke his charmed rod.
(With which he bringeth things a sléepe, and fetcheth soules from Hell)
And put his Hat vpon his head: and when that all was well
He leaped from his fathers towres, and downe to earth he flue
And there both Hat and winges also he lightly from him threw.
Retayning nothing but his staffe, the which he closely held
Betwéene his elbowe and his syde, and through the common field
Went plodding lyke some good plaine soule that had some flocke to féede.
And as he went he pyped still vpon an Oten réede.
Which Iunos Heiferman farre in loue with this straunge melodie.
Bespake him thus: God fellow mine, I pray thée heartely
Come sit thee downe by me on this hill, for better féede I knowe
Thou shalt not finde in all these fieldes, and (as the thing doth showe)
It is a coole and shadowie plot, for shépeheards verie fitte

Downe by his elbow by and by did Atlas nephew sit.
And for to passe the tyme withall for seeming ouerlong,
He helde him talke of this and that, and now and than among,
He playd vpon his merrie Pipe to cause his watching eyes
To fall a sleepe. Poore Argus did the best he could deuise
To ouercome the pleasant nappes: and though that some did sleepe,
Yet of his eyes the greater part he made their watch to keepe.
And after other talke he askt (for lately was it founde)
Who was the founder of that Pype that did so sweetely sounde.
Then sayde the God, there dwelt sometime a Nymph of noble fame
Among the hilles of Arcadie, that Syrinx had to name.
Of all the Nymphes of Nonacris and Fairie farre and neere,
In beautie and in parsonage thys Ladie had no peere.
Full often had she giuen the slippe both to the Satyrs quicke
And other Gods that dwell in Woods, and in the Forrests thicke,
Or in the fruitfull fieldes abrode. It was hir whole desire
To follow chaste Dianas guise in Maydenhead and attire.
Whome she did counterfaite so nighe, that such as did hir see
Might at a bluish haue taken hir Diana for to bee,
But that the Nymph did in hir hande a bowe of Cornell holde,
Whereas Diana euermore did beare a bowe of golde.
And yet she did deceyue folke so. Vpon a certaine day.
God Pan with garland on his heade of Pinetree, sawe hir stray
From Mount Lyceus all alone, and thus to hir did say.
Vnto a Gods request, O Nymph, vouchsafe thou to agree
That doth desire thy wedded spouse and husband for to bee.
There was yet more behinde to tell: as how that Syrinx fled,
Through wayleste woods and gaue no eare to that that Pan had sed,
Untill she to the gentle streame of sandie Ladon came,
Where, for bicause it was so deepe, she could not passe the same,
She piteously to chaunge hir shape the water Nymphes besought:
And how when Pan betweene his armes, to catch the Nymph had thought,
In steade of hir he caught the Reedes newe growne vpon the brinke,
And as he sighed, with his breath the Reedes he softly shake
Which made a still and mourning noyse, with straungenesse of the which
And sweetenesse of the feeble sounde the God delighted much,
Saide certeine Syrinx for thy sake it is my full intent,

To make my complaynt of these Reedes wherein thou doest lament:
And how that there of sundrie Reedes with wax together knit,
He made the Pipe which of hir name the Greekes call Syrinx yet.
But as Cyllenius would haue tolde this tale, he cast his sight
On Argus, and beholde his eyes had bid him all good night.
There was not one that did not sleepe, and fast he gan to nodde,
Immediately he ceast his talke, and with his charmed rodde,
So stroked all his beaute eyes that earnestly they slept.
Then with his Woodknife by and by he lightly to him stept,
And lent him such a perlous blowe, where as the shoulders grue
Unto the neche, that straight his heade quite from the bodie flue.
Then tombling downe the headlong hill his bloudie coarse he sent,
That all the way by which he rolde was stayned and besprent.
There lyest thou Argus vnder foote, with all thy hundreth lights,
And all the light is cleane extinct that was within those sights.
One endelesse night thy hundred eyes hath nowe bereft for aye,
Yet would not Iuno suffer so hir Peiromans eyes decay:
But in hir painted Peacocks tayle and feathers did them set,
Where they remayne lyke precious stones and glaring eyes as yet.
She toke his death in great dispight and as hir rage did moue,
Determinde for to wreeke hir wrath vpon hir husbandes Loue.
Forthwith she cast before hir eyes right straunge and vgly sightes,
Compelling hir to thinke she sawe some Fiendes or wicked spirightes.
And in hir heart such secret prickes and piercing stings she gaue hir,
As though she wolde from place to place with restlesse sorrow draue hir.
Thou Nylus wert assignd to stay hir paynes and trauelles past,
To which as soone as Iö came with much a doe at last,
With wearie knockles on thy brim she kneeled sadly downe,
And stretching forth hir faire long neche and christall horned crowne,
Such kinde of countnaunce as she had she lifted to the skie,
And there with sighing sobbes and teares and lowing dolefully
Did seeme to make hir mone to Ioue, desiring him to make
Some ende of those hir troublous stormes endured for his sake.
He toke his wife about the neche, and sweetely kissing prayde,
That Iös penance yet at length might by hir graunt be stayde.
Thou shalt not nede to feare (quoth he) that euer she shall grieue thee
From this day forth. And in this case the better to beleue mee,

The

The Stygian waters of my wordes vnparciall witnesse beene.
Assoyne as Iuno was appeasde, immediately was seene
That Iö toke hir native shape in which she first was borne,
And eke became the selfe same thing she which she was before.
For by and by she cast away hir rough and hairie hyde,
In stéde whereof a soft smouth skinne with tender flesshe did byde.
Hir hornes sank down, hir eies and mouth were brought in lesser rowme,
Hir handes, hir shoulders, and hir armes in place againe did come.
Hir cloven Clées to fingers fiue againe reduced were,
On which the nayles lyke pollisht Gemmes did shine full bright & clere.
In fine, no likenesse of a Cow saue whitenesse did remaine
So pure and perfect as no snowe was able it to staine.
She vaunst hir selfe vpon hir féete which then was brought to two.
And though she gladly would haue spoke: yet durst she not so do,
Without good héede, for feare she should haue lowed like a Cow.
And therefore softly with hir selfe she gan to practise how
Distinctly to pronounce hir wordes that intermitted were.
Now as a Goddesse is she had in honour euerie where,
Among the folke that dwell by Nyle ycladd in linnen wéede.
Of her in tyme came Epaphus begotten of the fáde
of myghtie Ioue. This noble ympe nowe ioyntly with his mother,
Through all the Cities of that lande haue temples tone with tother.
There was his match in heart and yeares the luffie Phaëton,
A stalworth stripling strong and stout the golden Phoebus sonne.
Whome making proude and stately vauntes of his so noble race,
And vnto him in that respect in nothing giuing place,
The sonne of Iö couldo not beare: but sayde vnto him thus.
No marueil though thou be so proude and full of wórdes ywus.
For euerie fonde and trifling tale the which thy mother makes
Thy goddie wit and hairebrainde heade forthwith for gospell takes.
Well, vaunt thy selfe of Phoebus still, for when the truth is seene,
Thou shalt perceyue that fathers name a forged thing to beene.
At this reproch did Phaëton wax as red as any fire:
Nowbeit for the present tyme did shame represse his ire.
Vnto his mother Clymen straight he goeth to detect
The spitefull wordes that Epaphus against him did obiect.
Yea mother (quoth he) and which ought your greater griefe to bée,

I who at other tymes of talke was wont to be so free
And stoute, had nere a wordes to say, I was ashamde to take
So fowle a foyle: the more because I could none answere make.
But if I be of heauenly race eracted as ye say,
Then shewe some token of that highe and noble byrth I pray.
And vouche me for to be of heauen. With that he gently cast
His armes about his mothers necke, and clasping hir full fast,
Besought hir as she loude his life, and as she loude the lyfe
Of Merops, and had kept hir selfe as vndefiled wyfe,
And as she wished weithily his sisters to bestowe,
She would some token giue whereby his rightfull Sire to knowe
It is a doubtfull matter whither Clymen moued more
With this hir Phaëtons earnest suite eracting it so sore,
Or with the slaunder of the brute layde to hir charge before,
Did holde vp both hir handes to heauen, and loking on the Sunne,
By right deare childe I safely sweare (quoth she to Phaëton)
That of this starre the which so bright doth glitter in thine eye:
Of this same Sunne that cheares the world with light indifferently
Wert thou begot: and if I fayne, then with my heart I pray,
That neuer may I see him more vnto my dying day.
But if thou haue so great desire thy father for to knowe,
Thou shalt not neede in that behalfe much labour to bestowe.
The place from whence he doth arise adioyneth to our lande.
And if thou thinke thy heart will serue, then go and vnderstande
The truth of him. When Phaëton heard his mother saying so,
He gan to leape and skip for ioye. He fed his fansie tho,
Vpon the heauen and heauenly things: and so with willing minde,
From Aethiop first his native home, and afterwarde through Inde
Set vnderneath the morning starre he went so long, till as
He founde me where his fathers house and dayly riling was.

Finis primi Libri.

The

# THE SECONDE BOOKE
## of Ouids Metamorphosis.

THe Princely Pallace of the Sunne stood gorgeous to beholde
On stately Pillars builded high of yellow burnisht golde,
Beset with sparckling Carbuncles that like to fire did shine.
The roofe was framed curiously of Yuorie pure and fine.
The two dore leaues of siluer cleare a radiant light did cast:
But yet the cunning workemanship of things therein farre past
The stuffe wherof the dores were made. For there a perfect plat,
Had Vulcane drawne of all the worlde: Both of the sourges that
Embrace the earth with winding waues, and of the stedfast ground,
And of the heauen it selfe also that both encloseth round.
And first and formest in the Sea the Gods thereof did stande
Loude sounding Tryton with his shrill & writhen Trumpe in hande:
Vnstable Proteus chaunging aye his figure and his hue,
From shape to shape a thousande shapes as lust him to renue:
Aëgeon leaning boystrously on backes of mightie Whales
And Doris with hir daughters all: of which some cut the wales
With splaied armes, some sate on rockes and dryde their gaudy haire,
And some did ryde vppon the backes of fishes here and theare.
Not one in all poyntes fully lyke an other couldst ye see,
For verie farre vnlike, but such as sisters ought to be.
The Earth had townes, men, beasts & Woods with sundrie trees & rods,
And running Ryuers with their Nymphes and other countrie Gods.
Directly ouer all these same the plat of heauen was pight,
Vpon the two dore leaues, the signes of all the Zodiak bright,
Indifferently set on the left and set vpon the right.
When Clymens sonne had climbed vp at length with weerie pace,
And set his foote within his doubted fathers dwelling place,
Immediately he preased forth to put him selfe in sight,
And stoode aloofe. For nere at hande he could not bide the light.
In purple Robe and royall Throne of Emeraudes freshe and greene
Did Phœbus sitte, and on eche hande stoode swaying well beseene,
Dayes, Monthes, yeares, ages, seasons, times, & eke the equall houres.
There stoode the springtime with a crowne of fresh and fragrant floures.

There

There wayted Summer naked starke all saue a wheaten Hat:
And Autumne serude with treading grapes late at the prelling Fat.
And lastly quaking for the colde, stood Will inter all forlorne,
With rugged heade as white as Doue, and garments all to torne.
Forladen with the Icycles that dangled by and downe
Vppon his gray and hoarie bearde and frostie frozen crowne.
The Sunne thus sitting in the middes did cast his piercing eye,
(With which full lightly when he list he all thinges doth espye)
Vpon his childe that stood aloofe aghast and trembling sore
At sight of such vnwonted things, and thus bespake him there.
O noble impe, O Phaeton which art not such (I se)
Of whome thy father should haue cause ashamed for to be:
Why hast thou traueld to my court? what is thy will with me?
Then answerde he, of all the world O onely perfect light,
O Father Phoebus, (if I may vsurpe that name of right,
And that my mother for to saue hir selfe from worldly shame,
Hyde not hir fault with false pretence and colour of thy name)
Some signe apparant graunt whereby I may be knowne thy sonne,
And let me fling no more in doubt. He had no sooner donne,
But that his father putting off the bright and stately beames
That glistred rounde about his heade like cleare and golden streames,
Commaunded him to drawe him nere, and bide embracing bylde:
To take me for thy rightfull sonne thou neede not be afrayde.
Thy mother Clymen of a truth from all kind slaunder free,
And for to put thee out of doubt aske what thou list of me,
And I will giue thee thy desire, the Lake whereby of olde
We Gods do sweare (the which mine eyes did neuer yet beholde)
Beare witnesse with thee of my graunt: he scarce this tale had tolde,
But that the lustie Phaeton straight for a day did crane
The guyding of his winged steedes, and Chariot for to fame.
Then did his Father by and by forsweare his plee of his oth.
And shaking twentie times his heade, he one that long full lothe,
Bespake him thus: thy wordes haue made me rashly to consent
To that which shortly both of vs (I feare me) shall repent.
Oh that I might retract my graunt, my sonne I doe protest
I would denie thee nothing else saue this thy fond request.
I may beseeme, there lyes herein more griefe than thou doest see:

Anaph.

The

The things the which thou doest desire of great importance beine:
Yoze than thy weakenesse well can wielde, a charge (as well appeares)
Of greater weight, than may agree with these thy tender yeares.
Thy state is mortall, weake and frayle, the thing thou doest desire
Is such, whereto no mortall man is able to aspire.
Yea foolish boy thou doest desire (and all for want of wit)
A greater charge than any God could euer haue as yet.
For were there any of them all so ouersene and blinde.
To take vpon him this my charge, full quickly should he finde
That none but I could sit vpon the fierie Arcitrée.
No not euen he that rules this wast and endlesse space we see
Not he that darts with dreadfull hande the thunder from the skie,
Shall driue this chare. And yet what thing in all the world perdie
Is able to compare with Ioue? Now first the morning bray
Lyes keepe vpright, so that the stedes in coolest of the day
And beeing fresh haue much a doe to climbe against the hyll.
Amidde the heauen the gaskly height augmenteth terror still.
My heart doth waxe as colde as full as any stone and soft
For feare to see the sea and land from that same place aloft.
The Euening way doth fall plumpe downe requiring strength to guide.
That Tethis who doth harborough me within hir lourges wide
Doth stand in feare least from the heauē I headlong downe should slide
Besides all this the Heauen aye swimmes and wheles about full swift
And with his rolling drawes the starres their proper course to shift.
Yet doe I keepe my native course against this drunt so stout,
Not giuing place as others doe: but boldely bearing out
The force and swiftnesse of that heauen that whyrleth so about.
Admit thou had my winged Stedes and Chariot in thine handes:
What couldste thou doe? dost thinke thy selfe well able to withstandes
The swiftnesse of the whyrled Poles: but that their drunt and swaye
(Yea doe the best and worst thou can) shall beare thee quite away
Perchaunce thou dost imagine there some townes of Gods to finde.
With groues and Temples richt with giftes as is among mankinde.
Thou art deceyude vtterly: thou shalt not finde it so.
By blinde byewayes and vgly shapes of monsters must thou go.
And though thou knewe the way so well as that thou could not stray.
Betweene the dreadful bulles sharp hornes yet must thou make thy way.

Against

Agaynſt the cruell Wolue the which the Aemonian archer draiues:
Againſt the ramping Lyon armde with greedie teeth and paiues:
Againſt the Scorpion ſtretching farre his tell and venymd clawes:
And eke the Crab that caſteth forth his crooked clées awrie
Not in ſuch ſort as th'other doth, and yet as dreadfully.
Againe thou neyther haſt the powre nor yet the ſkill I knowe
Thy luſtie courſers for to guide that from their noſetrilles throwe
And from their mouthes the fierie breath that breedeth in their breſt.
For ſcarcely will they ſuffer mé who knowes their nature beſt
When that their cruell courages begin to catch a heate.
That hardely ſhould I deale with them, but that I know the feate.
But leaſt my gift ſhould to thy griefe and vtter perill tend
Thy Sonne beware and (whyle thou mayſt) thy fonde requeſt amend.
Becauſe thou woulde be knowne to bée my childe thou ſéemſt to craue
A certaine ſigne: what ſurer ſigne I pray thée canſt thou haue
Than this my feare ſo fatherly the which I bare of thée?
Whych proueth mée moſt certainly thy father for to bée?
Beholde and marke my countenaunce? O would to God thy ſight
Coulde pierce within my woefull breſt, to ſée the beaute plight,
And heapes of cares within my heart. Looke throughout the worlde ſo rounde
Of all the wealth and goodes therein: if ought there may be found
In Heauen or Earth or in the Sea, aſke what thou lyſteſt beſt,
And ſure it ſhall not be denide. This onely one requeſt
That thou haſt made I heartely beſéech thée to relent,
Which for to terme the thing aright is euen a puniſhment,
And not an honour as thou thinkeſt: my Phaëton thou doſt craue
In ſtead of honour euen a ſcourge and puniſhment for to haue.
Thou fondling thou, what doſt thou meane with fawning armes about
Thy necke thus flatteringly to hang? Thou nedeſt not to dout,
I haue alreadie ſworne by Styx, aſke what thou wilt of mée
And thou ſhalt haue. Yet let thy nerf with ſomewhat wiſer bée.

Thus ended his admertiſment: and yet the wilfull Lad
Withſtood his counſell deſiring ſtill the promiſſe that he had,
Deſiring for to haue the chare as if he had béene mad.
His father hauing made delay as long as he could ſhift,
Did lead him where his Chariot ſtood, which was of Vulcans gift.
The Axeltree was maſſie golde, the Beame was maſſie golde,

The vtmoſt fellies of the wheeles, and where the tré was rolde.
The ſpokes were all of ſyluer bright, the Chryſolites and Gemmes
That ſtod vppon the Collars, Trace, and pounces in their hemmes
Did caſt a ſhéere and glimmering light, as Phoebus ſhone thereon.
Now while the luſtie Phaëton ſtod gazing here vpon,
And wondered at the workemanſhip of euerie thing: beholde
The earely morning in the Eaſt began mé to vnfolde
Hir purple Gates, and ſhewde hir houſe bedeckt with Roſes red.
The twinckling ſtarres withdrew which by the morning ſtar are led:
Who as the Capeaine of that hoſt that hath no péere nor match,
Doth leaue his ſtanding laſt of all within that heauenly watch.
Now when his Father ſawe the worlde thus glitter red and trim,
And that his waning ſiſters hornes began to waxen dim,
He bad the fetherfooted horſes go harneſſe in his horſe.
The Goddeſſes with might and mayne themſelues thereto enforce.
His fierſtooming ſteedes full fed with tuiſes of Ambroſie
They take from Saunger trimly dight: and to their heades doe tie
Strong reyned bits: and to the Charyot doe them well appoint.
Then Phoebus did with heauenly ſalue his Phaëtons heade annoint,
That ſcorching fire couldo nothing hurt: which done, vpon his haire
He put the freſh and golden rayes himſelfe was wont to weare.
And then as one whoſe heart miſgaue the ſorrowes drawing faſt,
With ſorie ſighes he thus beſpake his retcheleſſe ſonne at laſt.
(And if thou canſt) at leaſt yet this thy fathers lore obay:
Sonne, ſpare the whip, & reyne them hard, they run ſo ſwift away
As that thou ſhalt haue much a doe their ſteéring courſe to ſtay
Directly through the Zones all fiue beware thou doe not riue,
A broade byway cut out a thew that bendeth on the ſide,
Contayned within the bondes of three the mideſt Zones doth lie:
Which from the grieſly Northen beare, & Southern Pole doth flie.
Kéepe on this way: my Charyot tracke thou plainely ſhalt eſpie
And to thintent that heauen and earth may well the heate endure,
Driue neyther ouer high nor yet too lowe. Yet be thou ſure,
And if thou mount aboue thy boundes, the ſtarres then burneſt cleane.
Againe beneath thou burnſt the Earth: moſt ſafetie is the meane.
And leaſt perchaunce thou ouerreach the right hand way ſhould take,
And ſo misfortune ſhould thée driue vpon the lefthen ſnake,

Or else by taking ouermuche vpon the lefter hand.
Vnto the Aultar thou be driuen that doth against it stand:
Indifferently betweene them both I wish thée for to ride.
The rest I put to fortunes will, who be thy friendly guide,
And better for thee than thy selfe as in this case prouide.
Whiles that I prattle here with thée, behold the dankish night
Beyond all Spaine hir diuersh bound is passed out of sight.
We may no longer tarriance make: my wonted light is cald,
The Morning with hir countnance cleare the darknesse hath appaid.
Take raine in hand, or if thy minde by counsell altred bée,
Refuse to meddle with my Wayne: and while thou yet art frée,
And dolst at ease within my house in safegarde well remaine,
Of this thine vnaduised wish not féeling yet the paine,
Let me alone with giuing still the world his wonted light,
And thou thereof as heretofore enioy the harmelesse sight.
Thus much in vaine: for Phaeton both yong in yeares and wit,
Into the Chariot lightly lept, and daunceing him in it.
Was not a litle proud that he the bridle gotten had.
He thanckt his father whom it grieude to sée his childe so mad.
While Phebus and his rechelesse sonne were entertalking this,
Aeõus, Aethon, Phlegon, and the fierie Pyrois
The restlesse horses of the Sunne began to ney so hie
With flaming breath, that all the heauen might heare them perfectly.
And with their houes they mainly beate vpon the latticde grate.
The which when Tethis (knowing nought of this hir cousins fate)
Had put aside, and giuen the steedes the free and open scope
Of all the compasse of the Skie within the heauenly Cope:
They girded forth, and cutting through the Cloudes that let their race.
With splayed wings they ouerflew the Easterne winde a pace.
The burthen was so lyght as that the Geneis felt it not.
The wonted weight was from the Waine, the which they well did wot.
For like as ships amids the Seas that scant of ballace haue,
Doe reele and totter with the wynde, and yéld to euery waue:
Euen so the Waine for want of weight it erst was wont to beare,
Did hoyse aloft and scaple and reele, as though it empty were.
Which when the Carriware did perceyue, they left the beaten way
And taking bridle in the teeth began to run astray.

The rider was so sore agast, he knew no vse of Reyne,
Nor yet his way: and though he had, yet had it ben in vayne,
Because he wanted power to rule the horses and the Wayne.
Then first did sweat cold Charles his Wain through force of Phebus rayes
And in the Sea forbidden him to dine in daine alayes.
The Serpent at the frozen Pole both colde and slow by kinde,
Through heat wart wroth, and first about a cooler place to finde.
And thou Bootes though thou be but slow of footemanship,
Yet wert thou faine (as Fame reports) about thy Waine to skip.
Now when vnhappy Phaeton from top of all the Skie
Beheelde the Earth that vnderneath a great way off did lie.
He wared pale for sodaine feare, his ioynts and sinewes quake,
The greatnesse of the glistring light his eyesight from him take.
Now wisht he that he neuer had his fathers horses seene
It irkt him that he thus had sought to learne his pedegree.
It grieude him that he had preuailde in gaining his request.
To haue bene counted Merops sonne he thought it now the best.
Thus thinking was he headlong driuen, as when a ship is borne
By blustring windes, hir sailecloathes rent, hir sterne in pieces torne,
And tacling brust, the which the Pilote trusting all to prayre
Abandons wholy to the Sea and fortune of the ayre.
What should he doe? much of the heauen he passed had behinde
And more he saw before: both whiche he measurde in his minde,
Eft looking forward to the West which to approch as then
Might not betide, and to the East eft looking backe agen.
He wist not what was best to doe, his wittes were rauisht so.
For neither could he hold the Reynes, nor yet durst let them go.
And of his horses names was none that he remembred tho.
Straunge vncouth Monsters did he see dispersed here and there
And dreadfull shapes of vgly beasts that in the Welkin were.
There is a certaine place in which the hidious Scorpion throwes
His armes in compasse far abrode, much like a couple of bowes,
With writhen tayle and clasping cles, whose poyson limmes doe stretch
On euery side, that of two signes they full the roume doe retch,
Whome when the Lad beheld all mopst with blacke and lothly swet,
With sharpe and nedlepointed sting as though he seemde to thret,
He was so sore astraught for feare, he let the bridels slacke.

Which

Which when the horses felt the lose vpon their sweating backe,
At rouers straight throughout the Ayre by wayes vnknowne they ran
Whereas they neuer came before since that the worlde began.
For loke what way their lawlesse rage by chaunce and fortune vpne.
Without controlmint or restraint that way they freely flue
Among the starres that fixed are within the firmament
They snatcht the Chariot here and there. One while they courling went
Vpon the top of all the skie: anon againe full rounde
They troll me downe to lower wayes and nearer to the grounde.
So that the Moone was in a maze to see hir brothers Waine
Run vnder hirs: the singed cloudes began to smoke amaine.
Eche ground the higher that it was and nearer to the skie.
The sooner was it set on fire, and made therewith so drie.
That euery where it gan to chinke. The Medes and Pastures greene
Did seare away: and with the leaues, the trees were burned cleene.
The parched corne did yelde wherewith to worke his owne decaie.
But these are trifles. Eightie townes did perish that same daie.
Whole countries with their folke, beasts and all
Were turnde to ashes with the ayre. Mountains where they stood.
Then Athe, Cilician, Taure and Tmole and Oeta burned bie,
And Ide erst full of flowing springs was then made drier drie.
The learned virgins daily haunt, the sacred Helicon
And Thracian Hemus (not as yet surnamde Oeagrion)
Did smoke both twaine: and Aetna hote of nature aye before,
Encreast by force of Phebus flame now raged ten times more.
The forkt Parnasus, Eryx, Cynth, and Othrys then did swelt
And all the snow of Rhodope did at that present melt.
The like outrage Mount Dindymus, and Mime and Micale felt.
Cytheron borne to sacred vse with Osse, and Pindus bie
And Olymp greater than them both did burne exceedingly.
The pailing colde that Scithie had defended not the same.
But that the barren Caucasus was partner of this flame.
And so were eke the Aerie Alpes and Appennyne beside,
For all the Clowdes continually their snowie tops doe hide.
Then whereseoeuer Phaeton did chaunce to cast his eyen,
The world was all on flaming fire. The breath the which he drew,
Came smoking from his scalding mouth as from a seething pot.

His Chariot also vnder him began to ware red hat.
He could no lenger dure the sparkes and cinder flying out,
Againe the culme and smouldring smoke did wrap him round about.
The pitchie darkenesse of the which so wholy had him hent
As that he wist not where he was nor yet which way he went.
The winged horses forcibly did draw him where they wolde.
The Aethiopians at that time (as men for truth vpholde)
(The blood by force of that same heate drawne to the outer part
And there adusk from that time forth) became so blacke and swart.
The moysture was so dried vp in Lybie land that time
That altogither vnie and scorcht continueth yet that Clyme.
The Nymphes with haire about their eares bewayld their springs & lakes
Beötia for hir Dyrces losse great lamentation makes.
For Amimone Argos wept, and Corinth for the spring
Pyrene, at whose sacred streame the Muses vse to sing.
The Riuers further from the place were not in better case.
For Tanais in his deepest streame did boyle and teeme apace.
Old Peneus and Caycus of Peuce countrie Teuthranie,
And thirst Ismenius in their bankes by like misfortune crie.
Then burnde the Pegasian Lycormanth: and (which should burne agayne)
The Troian Xanthus and Lycormas with his yellow veine.
Meander playing in his bankes aye winding to and fro.
Migdonian Melas with his waues as blacke as any slo.
Eurotas running by the side of Tenare boyled tho.
Then fled Euphrates cutting through the middes of Babilon
Then fled Orontes, and the Scithian swift Thermodoon.
Then Ganges, Colchian Phasis, and the noble Istre
Alpheus and Sperchins bankes with flaming fire did glistre.
The golde that Tagus streams did beare did in the chanell melt.
Amid Cayster of this fire the raging heat was felt.
Among the quieres of singing Swannes that with their pleasant lay
Along the bankes of Lydian brakes from place to place did stray.
And Nyle for feare did run away into the furthest Clyme
Of all the world, and hid his heade, which to this present tyme
Is yet vnfound: his mouthes all seuen cleane voyde of water beene,
Like seuen great valleys where (saue dust) could nothing else be seene.
By like misfortune Hebrus vside and Strymon both of Thrace.

The

The Westerne Riuers Rhine and Rhone and Po were in like case:
And Tyber vnto whome the Goddes a faithfull promise gaue
Of all the world the Monarchie and soueraigne state to haue.
The ground did cranie euerie where and light did pierce to hell
And made afraide the king and Quéene that in that Realme doe dwell.
The Sea did shrinke and where as waues did late before remaine,
Became a Champion field of dust and euen a sandy plaine.
The hilles erst hid farre vnder waues like Ilelandes did appeare
So that the scattred Cyclades for the time augmented were.
The fishes drew them to the deepes: the Dolphines durst not play
About the water as before, the Seales and Porkpis lay
With bellies vpward on the waues starke dead. and same doth go
That Nereus with his wife and daughters all were faine as tho
To dine within the scalding waues. Thrise Neptune did abnaunce
His armes aboue the scalding Sea with sturdy countenaunce:
And thrise for hotenesse of the Ayre, was faine himselfe to hide.
But yet the Earth the Nource of things enclosde on euery side
(Betwéene the waters of the Seas and Springs that now had hidden
Themselues within their Mothers wombe) for all the paine abidden,
Vp to the neche put forth hir head and casting vp hir hand,
Betwéene hir forehead and the sunne as panting she did stand
With dreadfull quaking all that was, she fearfully did shake,
And shrinking somewhat lower downe with sacred voyce thus spake.

O king of Gods and if this be thy will and my desart,
Why dosse thou slay with deadly dint thy thunder downe to dart:
And if that néedes I perish must through force of fiers flame,
Let thy celestiall fire O God I pray thée doe the same.
A comfort shall it be to haue thée Author of my death.
I scarce haue powre to speak these words (the smoke had stopt hir breath)
Behold my singed haire: behold my dim and bleared eye,
Sée how about my scorched face the scalding embers flie.
Is this the guerdon wherewithall ye quite my fruitfulnesse:
Is this the honor that ye gaue me for my plenteousnesse
And dutie done with true intent: for suffring of the plough
To draw déepe woundes vpon my backe and rakes to rend me through:
For that I ouer all the yeare continually am wrought:
For giuing fodder to the beasts and cattell all for nought:

For yelding corne and other foode wherewith to kepe mankinde:
And that to honor you withall sweete frankinsence I finde:
But put the case that my desert destruction duely craue,
What hath thy brother: what the Seas deserued for to haue:
Why doe the Seas his lotted part thus ebbe and fall so low,
Withdrawing from thy Skie to which it ought most neare to grow:
But if thou neyther dooste regarde thy brother, neyther me,
At least haue mercy on thy heauen, looke round about and see
How both the Poles begin to smoke which if the fire appall
To vtter ruine (be thou sure) thy pallace needes must fall.
Behold how Atlas ginnes to faint. his shoulders though full strong,
Unneth are able to vphold the sparkling Ertre long.
If Sea and Land doe go to wracke, and heauen it selfe doe burne
To olde confused Chaos then of force we must returne.
Put to thy helping hand therfore to saue the little left
If ought remaine before that all be quite and cleane bereft.
When ended was this piteous plaint, the Earth did hold hir peace
She could no lenger dure the heate but was compelde to cease.
Into hir bosome by and by she shrunke hir singed heade
More nearer to the Stygnan caues, and ghostes of perfoites deade.
The Sire of Heauen protesting all the Gods and him also
That lent the Chariot to his child, that all of force must go
To hauocke if he helped not, went to the highest part
And top of all the Heauen from whence his custome was to dart,
His thunder and his lightening downe. But neyther did remaine
A Cloude wherewith to shade the Earth, nor yet a shower of raine.
Then with a dreadfull thunderclap vp to his eare he bent
His fist, and at the Wagoner a flash of lightning sent,
Which strake his bodie from the life and threw it ouer whéele
And so with fire he quenched fire. The Steedes did also réele
Upon their knees, and starting vp sprang violently, one here,
And there another, that they brast in pieces all their gere.
They threw the Collars from their neckes, and breaking quite a sunder
The Trace and Harneste flang away: here lay the bridles: ponder
The Ertre plucked from the Naues: and in another place
The sheuered spokes of broken wheeles: and scat euery pace
The pieces of the Chariot toms lay strowed here and there

But

But Phaeton (fire yet blasing still among his yellow haire)
Shot headlong downe, and glid along the Region of the Ayre
Like to starre in Winter nights (the wether cleare and fayre)
Which though it doe not fall in deede, yet falleth to our sight.
Whome almost in another world and from his countrie quite
The River Padus did receyue, and quenche his burning head.
The water Nymphes of Italie did take his carkasse dead
And buried it yet smoking still, with Iones fyre forked flame.
And wrate this Epitaph in the stone that lay vpon the same.
Here lies the lusty Phaeton which take in hand to guide
His fathers Chariot, from the which although he chaunst to slide:
Yet that he gaue a proud attempt it cannot be denide.
With ruthfull cheere and heauie heart his father made great mone.
And would not shew himselfe abrode, but mourned at home alone.
And if it be to be beleeued, as vsed is by fame.
A day did passe without the Sunne. The brightnesse of the flame
Gaue light: and so vnto some kinde of vse that mischiefe came.
But Clymen hauing spoke, as much as mothers vsually,
Are wonted in such wretched case, discomfortablely,
And halfe beside hir selfe for woe, with teyne and scratched brest,
Serche through the vniuersall world, from East to furthest West,
First seeking for hir sonnes dead coarse, and after for his bones.
She found them by a forren streame, entumbled vnder stones.
There fell she groueling on his graue, and reading there his name,
Shed teares thereon, and layd hir breast all bare vpon the same.
The daughters also of the Sunne no lesse than did their mother,
Bewaild in vaine with flouds of teares, the fortune of their brother:
And beating pitcously their breasts, incessantly did call
The buried Phaeton day and night, who heard them not at all.
About whose tumbe they prostrate lay. Foure times the Mone had filde
The Circle of hir ioyned hornes, and yet the sisters vilde
Their custome of lamenting still: (for now continuall vse
had made it custome.) Of the which the eldest Phaetuse
About to kneele vpon the ground, complaynde hir feete were numm.
To whome as fayre Lampetie was rising for to com,
Hir feete were held with sodaine rootes. The third about to teare
Hir ruffled lockes, filde both hir handes with leaues in steade of heare.

One wept to see hir legges made wood: another did repine
To see hir armes become long boughes. And shortly to define,
While thus they wondred at themselues, a tender barke began
To grow about their thighes and loynes, which shortly ouerran
Their bellies, brestes, and shoulders eke, and hands successiuely,
That nothing (saue their mouthes) remainde, aye calling pitiously
Upon the wofull mothers helpe. What could the mother doe?
But runne now here now there, as force of nature driue hir to?
And deale hir kisses while she might: she was not so content:
But tare their tender braunches downe: and from the liuers brent
Red drops of blood as from a wound. The daughter that was rent
Cride spare vs mother spare I pray, for in the shape of tree
The bodies and the fleshy of vs your daughters wounded be.
And now farewell. That word once said, the barke grew ouer all.
Now from these trees flow gummy teares that Amber men doe call.
Which hardened with the heate of sunne as from the boughs they fal.
The trickling Riuer doth receyue, and sendes as tokens of price
To decke the daintie Dames of Rome and make them fine and nice.

Now present at this monstrous hap was Cygnus Steucks son
Who being by the mothers side a kinne to Phaeton
Was in condition more a kinne. He leauing vp his charge.
(For in the land of Ligurie his kingdome stretched large)
Went mourning all alone the bankes and pleasant streame of Po
Among the trees entreated by the liuers late ago.
Annon his voyce became more small and shrill than for a man.
Gray fethers muffled in his face: his necke in length began
Far from his shoulders for to stretche: and furthermore there goes
A fine red string a crosse the toyntes in knitting of his toes:
With fethers cloked are his sides: and on his mouth there grew
A broade blunt bill: and finally was Cygnus made a new
and vncouth fowle that hight a Swan, who neither to the winde,
The Ayre, nor Ioue betakes himselfe, as one that bare in minde
The wrongfull fire sent late against his cousin Phaeton.
In Lakes and Riuers is his ioy: the fire he aye doth shon,
And chooseth him the contrary continually to won.

Forlorne and altogether voyde of that same bodie ghests
Was Phaetons father in that while whiles erth had in hir brest,

Like

Like as he loketh in Thessalye the fieldes the pleasant light,
He hates him selfe, he hates the day, and finds his whole delight
In making sorrow for his sonne, and in his griefe doth frame
And chaufe denying to the worlde his darte to perfourme.
My lot (quoth he) hath had inough of this vnquiet state
From first beginning of the worlde. It vexes me (though too late)
Of restlesse toyles and thankelesse paines. Let who so will for me
Go driue the Chariot in the which the light should caried be,
If none dare take the charge in hand, and all the Gods perfist
As insufficient, he himselfe go driue it if he list.
That at the least by venturing our bodies for to guide
His lightning making childishe feares he once may lay aside.
By that time that he hath allayde the vnappalled fires
That doth remaine and rest within my firiefates hayles,
I trowe he shall by tried proufe be able for to tell
How that he did not merit death that could not rule them well.
The Goddes stode all about the Dame thus storming in his rage
Beseching him in humble wise his sorrowe to assuage.
And that he would not on the worlde continuall burden still lying,
Ioue eke excuse him of the fire the which he thunders to fling.
And with entreatance mingled rewardes as vnto beseems a King.
Then Phebus gathered vp his steedes that yet for feare did run
Like slaighted hendes, and in his mode without respect begun
To beate his whippstocke on their pates and lash them on the sides.
It was no neede to bid him chaste, for euer as he rides
He still vpbrayded them with his sinne, and layes them on the hides.

And Ioue almighty went about the walles of heauen to trie,
If ought were perisht with the fire, which when he vid espie
Continuing in their former state, all strong and safe and sounde,
He went to view the workes of men, and thinges vpon the grounde.
Yet for his land of Arcadie he tooke most care and charge.
The Springes and streames that durst not run he set againe at large.
He clad the earth with grasse, the trees with leaues both fresh and grene
Commaunding woods to spring againe that erst had burned bene.
Now as he often went and came it was his chaunce to light
Vpon a Nymph of Nonacris whose fourme and beautie bright
Did set his heart on flaming fire. She vsed not to spinne

Nor yet to curle hir frisled haire with bodkin or with paine.
A garment with a buckled belt full girded did she weare
And in a white and slender call slight trussed was hir beare.
Sometime a dart sometime a bow she vsed for to beare.
She was a knight of Phebes troupe. There came not at the mount
Of Menalus of whome Diana made so great account,
But labor neuer lasseth long. The Sunne had gone that day
A good way past the poynt of Noone: when weerie of hir way
She drue to shadowe in a wood that neuer had bene cut.
Here off hir shoulder by and by hir quiuer did she put.
And hung hir bow vnbent aside, and couche hir on the ground
Hir quiuer vnderneth hir head. whom when that Ioue had found
Alone and weerie sure (he said) my wife shall neuer know
Of this escape, and if she do, I know the worst I trow.
She can but chide, shall feare of chiding make me to forslow?
He counterfeteth Phebe streight in countnance and aray.
And says O virgine of my troupe, where didst thou hunt to day?
The Damsell started from the ground and said hayle Goddesse deare,
Of greater worth than Ioue (I thinke) though Ioue himselfe did heare.
Ioue heard hir well and smylde thereat, it made his heart reioyce
To heare the Nymph preferre him thus before himselfe in choyce.
He fell to kissing: which was such as out of square might seeme,
And in such sort as that a mayde coulde nothing lesse beseeme.
And as she would haue told what woods she ranged had for game,
He toke hir fast betweene his armes, and not without his shame,
Bewrayed plainly what he was and wherefore that he came
The wench against him stroue as much as any woman could
I would that Iuno had it seene. for then I know thou would
not take the deede so heynously: with all hir might she stroue.
But what poore wench or who alme could banquish mighty Ioue?
Ioue hauing sped flue straight to heauen. She hateth in hir hart
The guiltlesse fields and wood where Ioue had playd that naughty part,
Alwaye she goes in such a griefe as that she had weinie,
Forgot hir quiuer with hir shaftes and bow that hanged by,
Dictynna garded with hir traine and proude of killing Deere,
In raunging ouer Menalus espying cald hir neere.
The Damsell hearing Phebe call did run away amaine,

She feared least in Phebes shape that Ioue had come againe,
But when she saw the troupe of Nymphes that garded hir aboute,
She thought there was no made deceyt, and came among the rout.
Oh Lord how hard a matter ill for guiltie hearts to shift?
And kepe their countnance frō the ground hir eyes scarce durst she lift.
She prankes not by hir mistresse side, she preases not to bee
The foremost of the company, as when she erst was free.
She standeth mute: and by chaunging of hir colour ay,
The treading of hir shape awaie she plainely doth bewray,
Diana might haue founde the fault but that she was a Mayd.
A thousand tokens did appeare apparant to the eye,
By which the Nymphes themselues (they say) hir fault did well espie.
Nine times the Mone full to the worlde had shewde hir hornes face
When fainting through hir brothers flames and panting in the chace,
She found a cole and shadie lawnde through ould whereof the spide
A shallow brooke with trickling streame on grauell bottom glide.
And liking well the pleasant place, vpon the vpper bruim
She dipt hir foote, and finding there the water cole and trim,
Away (she sayd) with standers by: and let vs bathe vs here.
Then Parrhasis cald backe hir head with shame and bashfull chere.
The rest did strip them to their skinnes, she only sought delay,
Vntill that would or would she not hir clothes were pluckt away.
Then with hir naked body straight hir crime was brought to light.
Which yll ashamde as with hir hands she would haue hid hir sight,
Fie beast (quoth Cynthia) get thee hence thou shalt not here defile
This sacred Spring, and from hir traine she did hir quite exile.
The Patrone of the thundring Ioue had inckling of the fact,
Delaying till conuenient time the punishment to exact.
There is no cause of further stay. To spight hir heart withall,
Hir husbands Leman bare a boy that Arcas men did call.
On whome she casting lowring looke with fell and cruell minde
Saide: was there, arrant strumpet thou, none other shift to finde?
But that thou needes must be with barne: that all the worlde must see
My husbandes open shame and thine in doing wrong to mee?
But neyther vnto heauen nor hell this trespasse shalt thou beare.
I will bereue thee of thy shape through pride whereof thou were
So hardy to entyce my Feere. Immediatly with that

She

She raught hir by the foretop fast and sterely threw hir flat
Against the grounde. The wretched wench hir armes by meekely cast,
Hir armes began with grisly haire to weare all rugged fast.
Hir handes gan warpe and into pawes vnmanerly to growe.
And for to serue in stede of feete. The lippes that late ago
Did like the mightie Ioue so well, with fine and staring flaps
Became a wide deformed mouth, and further least perhaps
Hir prayers and hir humble wordes might cause hir to relent:
She did bereue hir of hir speach. In steade whereof there went
An vgfull horre and dreadfull voyce out from a threatning throte:
But yet the selfe same minde that was before she turnde hir cote,
Was in hir still in shape of Beare. the griefe whereof she showes
By thrusting forth continuall sighes, and by she gastly throwes
Such kinde of handes as then remainde vnto the starrie Skie.
And forbicause she could not speake she thought Ioue inwardly
To be vnthankfull. Oh how oft she daring not abide,
Alone among the desert woods full many a time and tide,
Would stalke before hir house in grounds that were hir owne erewhile?
How oft oh did she in the hilles the barking hounder beguile?
And in the lawndes where she hir selfe had chased erst hir game,
Now flie hirselfe to saue hir like when hunters sought the same?
Full oft at sight of other beastes she hid hir head for feare,
Forgetting what she was hir selfe, for though she were a Beare,
Yet when she spied other Beares she quoke for verie paine:
And feared Wolues although hir fere among them did remaine.
Beholde Lycaons daughters sonne that Archas had to name
About the age of fifteene yeares within the forrest came
Of Erymanth, not knowing ought of this his mothers case.
There after pitching of his toyles, as he the stagges did chase,
Vpon his mother sodenly it was his chaunce to light,
Who for desire to see hir sonne did stay hirselfe from sight.
And wilily on him cast hir looke as one that did him know.
But he not knowing what she was began his berles to showe.
And when he saw hir still perfist in staring on his face,
He was afrayde, and fryen hir sight withdrein himselfe a space.
But when he could not so be rid, he toke an armed pike,
In full intent hir through the heart with deadly wound to stricke.

Bue

But God almighty held his hand, and lifting both away
Did disapoint the wicked Act. For straight he did conuay
Them through the Ayre with whirling windes to top of all the skie,
And there did make them neighbour starres about the Pole on hie.
When Iuno shining in the heauen hir husbands minion found,
She swelde for spight: and downe she comes to watry Tethys round
And vnto olde Oceanus, whome euen the Gods aloft
Did reuerence for their inst deserts full many a time and oft
To whome demaunding hir the cause: And aske ye (quoth she) why
That I which am the Queene of Goddes come hither from the sky:
God cause there is I warrant you. Another holdes my roome.
For neuer trust me while I liue, if when the night is come,
And ouercasteth all the world with shadie darknesse whole,
Ye see not in the heigth of heauen hard by the Northren Pole
Whereas the vtmost circle runnes about the Arctike
In shortest circuit, gloriously enstalled for to bide
In shape of starres the stinging woundes that make me pil apayde.
Now is there (trow ye) any cause why folke should be afrayde
To do to Iuno what they list: or dread hir wrathfull mood?
Which only by my working harme doe turne my foes to good?
O what a mighty act is done: how passing is my powre?
I haue bereft hir womans shape, and at this present howre
She is become a Goddesse. Loe this is the scourge so sowre
Wherewith I strike mine enimies. Loe here is all the spight
That I can doe: this is the ende of all my wondrous might.
No force, I would he should (for me) hir native shape restore,
And take away hir brutish shape, Like as he hath before
Done by his Paramour that fine and proper piece
Of Argos whom he made a Cow, I meane Phoronevvs Niece.
Why makes he not a full deuorce from me: and in my stead
Straight take his Sweetheart to his wife, and call hir in my bed?
Ye can not doe a better dede (I thinke) than for to take
Lycaon to his fatherinlaw. But if that you doe make
Accompt of me your foster childe, then graunt that for my sake,
The Oxen and the wicked Waine of starres in number seuen,
For whosedome sake but late ago receyued into heauen,
May neuer dine within your inmes. Ne let that strumpet dyle

By

By bathing of hir filthie limmes your waters pure defile.
The Gods did graunt hir hir requeſt: ſtraight to heauen ſhe flue,
In handſome Chariot through the Ayre which painted peacocks drue
As well beſet with blaſing eyes late tane from Argus hed,
As thou thou prating Rauen white by nature being bred,
Haſt on thy fethers ſuddy late a coly colour ſpred.
For this ſame birde in auncient time had fethers faire and whight
As euer was the driuen ſnow, or ſiluer cleare and bright.
He might haue well comparde himſelfe in beautie with the Doues
That haue no blemiſh, or the Swan that running water loues:
Or with the Geſe that afterward ſhould with their gagling out
Preſerue the Romaine Capitoll beſet with foes about.
His tongue was cauſe of all his harme, his tatling tongue did make
His colour which before was white, became ſo foule and blake.
Coronis of Lariſſa was the faireſt maide of face,
In all the land of Theſſalie. Shee ſtode in Phebus grace
As long as that ſhe kept hir chaſt, or at the leaſt as long
As that ſhe ſcaped vneſpide in doing Phebus wrong.
But at the laſt Apollos birde hir priuie packing ſpide.
All home no entreatance could perſuade but that he ſwiftly hide
Him to his maiſter, to bewray the doings of his loue.
Now as he flue, the prating Crow hir wings apace did moue:
And ouertaking fell in talke and was inquiſitiue
For what intent and to what place he did ſo ſwiftly driue.
And when ſhe heard the cauſe thereof, ſhe ſaid: now truſt me ſure,
This meſſage on the whiche thou golſt no goodneſſe will procure.
And therefore hearken what I ſay: diſdaine thou not at all,
To take ſome warning by thy friende in things that may befall.
Conſider what I erſt haue bene and what thou ſeeſt me now:
And what hath bene the ground hereof. I boldly dare auow,
That thou ſhalt finde my faithfulneſſe imputed for a crime.
For Pallas in a wicker cheſt had hid vpon a time
A childe calde Erichthonius, whome neuer woman bare,
And take it vnto Paladens three that Cecrops daughters were.
Not telling them what was within, but gaue them charge to kepe
The Caſket ſhut, and for no cauſe within the ſame to pepe.
I ſtanding cloſe among the leaues vpon an Elme on hie,

Did marke their doings and their wordes, and there I did espie
How Pandrosos and Herse kept their promise faithfully.
Aglauros calles them Cowardes both, and makes no more a doe,
But takes the Casket in hir hand and doth the knots undoe.
And there they saw a childe whose partes beneath were like a Snake.
Straight to the Goddesse of this deede a iust report I make.
For which she gaue me this reward that neuer might I more,
Accompt hir for my Lady and my Mistresse as before.
And in my rowme she put the fowle that flies not but by night.
A warning vnto other birdes my lucke should be of right
To holde their tongues for being shent. But you will say perchaunce.
I came vnsent for of my selfe, she did me not abuaunce.
I dare well say though Pallas now my beautie Mistresse stand.
Yet if perhaps ye should demaund the question at hir hand,
As sore displeased as she is, she would not this denie:
But that she chose me first hir selfe to beare hir companie.
For (well I know) my father was a Prince of noble fame,
Of Phocis King by long discent, Coronevv was his name:
(I was his darling and his ioy, and many a welthie Piere
(I would not haue you thinke disdaine) did seeke me for their Fere.
My forme and beautie did me hurt. For as I leysurely
Went ietting vp and downe the shore vpon the grauell drie.
As yet I customably doe the God that rules the Seas
Espying me fell straight in loue. And when he saw none ease
In sute, but lolle of wordes and time, he offred violence,
And after me he runnes apace. I shudde as fast fro thence,
From land to shore from shore to land, still playing Fore to hole,
Vntill I was so tirde that he had almost got the gole.
Then cald I out on God and man. But (as it did appeare)
There was no man so neare at hand that could my crying heare.
A Virgin Goddesse pitied me bicause I was a mayde:
And at the veter plunge and pinche did send me present ayde.
I cast mine armes to beare, mine armes wax light with fethers black
I went about to cast in hast my garments from my back,
And all was fethers. In my skinne the roted fethers stack.
I was about with violent hand to strike my naked breast,
But nether had I hand nor breast that naked more did rest.

Iram.

I ran. but of my feete as erst remained not the print.
He thought I glided on the ground. Anon with sodaine dint,
I rose and houered in the Ayre. And from that instant time
Did wait on Pallas faithfully without offence or crime.
But what anailes all this to me, and if that in my place
The wicked wretch Nyctyminee (who late for lacke of grace
Was turned to an odious birde) to honor called bee?
I pray thee didst thou neuer heare how false Nyctyminee
(A thing all ouer Lesbos knowne) deflde hir fathers couch?
The beast is now become a birde. whose lewdnesse doth so touch
And pricke hir guiltie conscience, that she dares not come in sight,
Nor shewe hirselfe abrode a dayes. but fleeteth in the night
For shame least folke should see hir fault. and euery other birde
Doth in the Ayre and Iuie toddes with wondring at hir girde.
A mischiefe take thy tatling tongue the Rauen answerde tho.
Thy vaine forspeaking moues me not. And so he forth did go
And tels his Lorde Apollo how he saw Coronis lie
With Isthyis a Gentleman that dwelt in Thessalie.
When Phebus heard his louers fault, he fiercly gan to frowne,
And cast his garlond from his head, and threw his viall downe.
His colour chaunged, his face wext pale, and as the rage of yre
That boyled in his belking breast had set his heart on fyre,
He caught me vp his wonted toles, and bent his golden bow,
And by and by with deadly stripe of vnauoyded blow
Strake through the breast the which his owne had toucht so oft afore.
She wounded gaue a piteous shrike, and (drawing from the sore
The deadly Dart the which the bloud pursuing after fast
Vpon hir white and tender limmes a scarlet colour cast)
Saide Phebus well, thou might haue wreakt this trespasse on my head
And yet forborne me till the time I had bene brought a bed.
Now in one body by thy meanes a couple shall be dead.
Thus muche she laide: and with the bloud hir life did fade away.
The bodie being voyde of soule became as colde as clay.
Than all too late, alas too late gan Phebus to repent
That of his louer he had tane so cruell punishment.
He blames himselfe for giuing eare so vnaduisedly.
He blames himselfe in that he woke it so outragiously.

He

He hates and bannes his faithfull birde bicause he did enforme
Him of his louers naughtinesse that made him so to storme.
He hates his bow, he hates his shaft that rashly from it went:
And eke he hates his hasty hands by whom the bow was bent.
He takes hir vp betweene his armes endeuoring all too late
By plaister made of precious herbes to stay hir helpelesse fate,
But when he saw there was no shift: but that she needes must burne,
And that the solemne sacred fire was prest to serue the turne,
Then from the bottome of his heart full sorie sighes he fet,
(For heauenly powres with watrie teares their cheekes may neuer wet)
In case as when a Cow beholdes the cruell butcher stand
With launcing Are embrewd with blood and lifting vp his hand
Aloft to snatch hir sucking Calfe that pangeth by the heles
And of the Are the deadly dint vpon his forehead feles.
Howbeit after sweete perfumes bestowde vpon hir corse
And much embracing, hauing fore bewailde hir wrong diuorse,
He followed to the place assignde hir bodie fire to burne.
There coulde he not abide to see his babe to ashes turne.
But toke the baby from hir woombe and from the fiers flame,
And vnto double Chyrons den conueyed straight the same.
The Rauen hoping for his truth to be rewarded well,
He maketh blacke, forbidding him with whiter birdes to dwell.

The Centaure Chyron in the while was glad of Phebus boy,
And as the burthen brought some care the honor brought him ioy.

Vpon a time with golden lockes about hir shoulders spred,
A daughter of the Centaurs (whome a certaine Nymph had bred
About the breake Caycus banckes) that hight Ocyroe
Came thither. This same fayre yong Nymph could not contented be
To learne the craft of Surgerie as perfect as hir Sire,
But that to learne the secret bowres of Fate she must aspire.
And therfore when the furious rage of frenzie had hir caught,
And that the spright of Prophecie enflamed had hir thought,
She lookt vpon the childe and saide: sweete babe the Gods thee make
A man. for all the world shall fare the better for thy sake.
All sores and sickneese shalt thou cure: thy power shall eke be seene,
To make the dead alme again. For doing of the whiche
Against the pleasure of the Gods, thy Graundsire shall thee strike

So with his fire, that neuer more thou ſhalt performe the like.
And of a God a bludieſſe corſe, and of a corſe (full ſtraunge)
Thou ſhalt become a God againe, and twice thy nature chaunge.
And thou my father liefe and deare, who now by deſtinie,
Art borne to liue for euermore and neuer for to die,
Shalt ſuffer ſuch outragious paine throughout thy members all,
By wounding of a venimde dart that on thy foote ſhall fall,
That oft thou ſhalt deſire to die, and in the latter end
The fatall dames ſhall breake thy threede and thy deſire thée ſend.
There was yet more behinde to tell, when ſodenly ſhe ſet
A ſore déepe ſigh, and downe hir cheekes the teares did trickle wet.
Mine owne miſfortune (quoth ſhe) now hath ouertake me ſure.
I cannot vtter any more, for words ware out of dre
My cunning was not worth ſo much as that it ſhould procure
The wrath of God. I feele by proufe far better had it bene:
If that the chaunce of things to come I neuer had foreſéene.
For now my native ſhape withdrawes. Me thinkes I haue delight
To feede on graſſe and fling in fieldes: I féele my ſelfe ſo light.
I am tranſformed to a Mare like other of my kinne.
But wherefore ſhould this brutiſh ſhape all ouer wholy winne
Conſidering that although both horſe and man my father bée:
Yet is his better part a man as plainly is to ſée.
The latter ende of this complaint was fumbled in ſuch wiſe,
As what ſhe meant the ſtanders by could ſcarcely well deuiſe.
Anon ſhe neyther ſemde to ſpeake nor fully for to ney,
But like to one that counterfeites in ſport the Mare to play.
Within a while ſhe neyed plaine, and downe hir armes were pight,
Upon the ground all clad with haire, and bare hir bodie right.
Hir fingers ioyned all in one, at ende whereof did growe
In ſtede of nayles a round tough hoofe of welked horne bylow.
Hir head and necke ſhot forth in length, hir kirtle trayne became
A faire long taile. Hir ſtaring haire was made a hanging Mane.
And as hir native ſhape and voyce moſt monſtrouſly did paſſe,
So by the vncouth name of Mare ſhe after termed was.

The Centaure Chyron wept hereat: and pitiouſly diſmaide
Did call on thée (although in vaine) thou Delphian God for ayde.
For neyther lay it in thy hande to breake Ioues mighty heſt,

And though it had, yet in thy state as then thou did not rest.
In Elis did thou then abide and in Messene lande.
It was the time when vnder shape of shepehierde with a wande
Of Diyue and a pipe of réedes thou kept Admetus shépe.
Now in this time that (laws of Loue) thou toke none other keepe,
And madste thée merrie with thy pipe, the glistring Maias sonne
By chaunce abyode the fields of Pyle spide certaine cattle runne
Without a hierde, the which he stole and closely did them hide
Among the woods. This prette slight no earthly creature spide,
Saue one old churle that Battus highte. This Battus had the charge
Of welthie Neleus feeding groundes, and all his pastures large,
And kept a race of goodly Mares. Of him he was afraide.
And least by him his pryuie theft should chaunce to be bewraide,
He toke a bribe to stop his mouth, and thus vnto him saide.
My friend I pray thée if perchaunce that any man enquire
This cattell say thou saw them not. And take thou for thy hire
This faire yong Bullocke. Tother toke the Bullocke at his hand,
And shewing him a certaine stone that lay vpon the lande
Sayd, go thy way: All one this stone thy doings shall bewray,
As I shall doe. So Mercurie did seeme to go his way.
Anon he commes me backe againe, and altred both in speche
And outward shape, saide Countrieman Ich heartely beseche,
And if thou yatwest any Kie come roysing through this grounde,
Or driuen away, tell what he was and where they may be bownde.
And I chill gerbée bor thy paine an Heifar an hir match.
The Carle perceyuing double gaine, and gréedy for to catch,
Sayde: vnder yonsame hill they were, and vnder yonsame hill
Tham sure they are, and with his hand he poynted thereuntill.
At that Mercurius lawghing saide: false knaue: and dosse bewray
Me to my selfe: dosse thou bewray me to my selfe I say:
And with that word strayt to a stone he turnde his double heart,
In which the slaunder yet remaines without the stones desart.
The Bearer of the charmed Rod the suttle Mercurie
This done arose with wauing wings and from that place did flie.
And as he houered in the Ayre he viewde the fieldes bylow
Of Atticke and the towne it selfe with all the trées that grow
In Lycey where the learned Clarkes did wholsome preceptes show.

By chaunce the verie ſelfe ſame day the virgins of the towne
Of olde and auncient cuſtome bare in baſkets on their crowne
Beſet with garlands freſh and gay and ſtrowde with flowres ſweete
To Pallas towre ſuch ſacrifice as was of cuſtome meete.
The winged God beholding them returning in a troupe
Continued not directly forth, but gan me downe to ſtoupe.
And fetch a wyndlaſſe round about. And as the hungry kite
Beholding vnto ſacrifice a Bullocke redie dight,
Doth fore about his wiſhed pray deſirous for to ſnatche
But that he dareth not for ſuch as ſtand about and watch:
So Mercurie with nimble wings doth kéepe a lower gate
About Mineruas loftie towres in round and wheeling rate.
As far as doth the Morning ſtarre in cleare and ſtreaming light
Excell all other ſtarres in heauen: as far alſo as bright
Dame Phebe dimmes the Morning ſtarre, ſo far did Herſes face
Staine all the Ladies of hir troupe: ſhe was the verie grace
And beautie of that ſolemne pompe, and all that traine ſo fayre.
Ioues ſonne was rauiſht with the ſight, and hanging in the ayre
Began to ſweit within himſelfe, in caſe as when the poulder
Hath driuen the Pellet from the Gunne, the Pellet ginnes to ſmoulder:
And in his flying waxe more hote. In ſmoking breſt he ſhrowdes
His flames not brought frō heauen aboue but caught beneath the clouds.
He leaues his tourney toward heauen and takes another race
Not minding any lenger time to hide his preſent caſe.
So great a truſt and confidence his beautie to him gaue
Which though it ſeemed of it ſelfe ſufficient force to haue.
Yet was he curious for to make himſelfe more fine and braue.
He kembd his head and ſtrokt his beard, and pried on euery ſide
To ſée that in his furniture no wrinkle might be ſpide.
And forbicauſe his Cloke was fringde and garded brode with golde,
He caſt it on his ſhoulder vp moſt ſeemely to beholde.
He takes in hand his charmed rod that bringeth things aſléepe
And wakes them when he liſt againe. And laſtly taketh kéepe
That on his faire welformed feete his golden ſhoes ſit cléene,
And that all other things thereto well correſpondent beene.
In Cecrops Court were Chambers three ſet far from all reſort
With yuorie beddes all furniſhed in far moſt royall ſort.

Of which Aglauros had the left and Pandrose had the right,
And Herse had the middlemost. She that Aglauros hight
First markt the comming of the God, and asking him his name
Demaunded him for what entent and cause he thither came.
Pleiones Nephew Maias sonne did make hir aunswere thus.
I am my fathers messenger his pleasure to discusse
To mortall folke and hellish fiendes as list him to commaund.
My father is the mightie Ioue. To that thou dosse demaund
I will not feyne a false excuse. I aske no more but graunt
To keepe thy sisters counsell close, and for to be the Aunt
Of such the issue as on hir my chaunce shalbe to get.
Thy sister Herse is the cause that hath me hither set.
I pray the beare thou with my loue that is so firmely set.
Aglauros cast on Mercurie hir scornfull eyes aside,
With which against Minervas will hir secretes late she spide,
Demaunding him in recompence a mighty masse of Golde:
And would not let him enter in until the same were tolde.
The warlike Goddesse cast on hir a sterne and cruell looke,
And fetched such a cutting sigh that forcibly it shooke
Both brest and brestplate, wherewithall it came into hir thought
How that Aglauros late ago against hir will had wrought
In loking on the Lemman childe contrarie to hir othe,
The whiche she toke hir in the chest. for which she waxed wrothe.
Against she saw hir cancred heart maliciously repine
Against hir sister and the God. And furthermore in fine
How that the golde which Mercurie had given hir for hir mede,
Would make hir both in welth and pride all others to exceede.
She goes me straight to Envies house, a foule and irksome cave
Replete with blache and lothly filth and stinking like a grave.
It standeth in a hollow dale where neyther light of Sunne
Nor blast of any winde or Ayre may for the darkenesse come.
A dreyrie sad and dolefull den ay full of slouthfull colde
As which ay dimd with smoldring smoke doth never fire beholde,
When Pallas that same manly Maide approched nere this plot,
She staide without, for to the house in enter might she not.
And with hir Jauelin point did give a push against the doore.
The doore flue open by and by and fell me in the floore.

There saw she Enuie sit within fast gnawing on the flesh
Of Snakes and Todes the filthie food that keepes hir vices fresh.
It lothde hir to beholde the sight. Anon the Elfe arose
And left the gnawed Adders flesh, and slouthfully she goes
With lumpish leysure like a Snayle, and when she saw the face
Of Pallas and hir faire armes adournde with heauenly grace,
She gaue a sigh a sorie sigh from bottome of hir heart.
Hir lippes were pale, hir chekes were wan, and all hir face was swart:
Hir bodie leane as any Rake. She loked eke a skew.
Hir teeth were furde with filth and drosse, hir gums were warpish blew.
The working of hir festered gall had made hir stomacke greene.
And all beneimde was hir tongue. No sleepe hir eyes had seene.
Continuall Carke and cankred care did keepe hir waking still:
Of laughter (saue at others harmes) the Helhound can no skill.
It is against hir will that men haue any good successe.
And if they haue, she fretters and sumes within hir minde no lesse
Than if hir selfe had taken harme. In seeking to annoy:
And worke distresse to other folke, hir selfe she doth destroy.
Thus is the torment to hir selfe. Though Pallas did hir hate,
Yet spake she briefly these few wordes to hir without hir gate.
Infect thou with thy venim one of Cecrops daughters three,
It is Aglauros whoime I meane, for so it needes must bee.
This said, she pight hir speare in ground, and toke hir rise thereon.
And winding from that wicked wight did take hir flight anon.

The Caitife cast hir eye aside, and seeing Pallas gon,
Began to mumble with hir selfe the Diuels Paternoster.
And fretting at hir good successe, began to blow and bluster.
She takes a crooked staffe in hand bewreathde with knubbed prickes,
And couered with a colie cloude, where euer that she stickes
Hir filthie feete, she tramples downe and scares both grasse and corne:
That all the fresh and fragrant fields seeme vtterly forlorne.
And with hir staffe she tippeth of the highest poppie heades.
Such poyson also euery where vngraciously she sheades,
That euery Cottage where she comes, and euery Towne and Citie
Doe take infection at hir breath. At length (the more is pitie)
She found the faire Athenian towne that flowed freshly then
In peacefull peace and ioyfull welth and learned wits of men.

And

And forbicause she nothing sayd that might prouoke to weepe,
It was a corsse to hir heart hir hatefull teares to keepe.
Now when she came within the Court, she went without delay,
Directly to the lodgings where King Cecrops daughters lay,
There did she as Minerua bad. she laide hir scurvie slit
besmerde with venim and with filth vpon Aglauros brist,
The whiche she filde with boked thornes: and breathing on hir face
Did shead the poyson in hir bones: which spred it selfe apace,
As blacke as euer virgin pitch through Lungs and Lights and all.
And to thintent that cause of griefe abundantly should fall,
She placed ay before hir eyes hir sisters happie chaunce
In being wedded to the God, and made the God to glaunce
Continually in heauenly shape before hir wounded thought.
And all these things she painted out. which in conclusion wrought
Such corsses in Aglauros brest that sighing day and night
She gnawde and fretted in hir selfe for very cancred spight.
And like a wretche she wastes hir selfe with restlesse care and pine
Like as the yse whereon the Sunne with glimering light doth shine.
Hir sister Herses good successe doth make hir heart to perne.
In case as when that fire is put to greenefeld wood or searne
Which giueth neyther light nor heate, but smulders quite away:
Sometime she minded to hir Sire hir sister to bewray.
Who (well she knew) would yll abide so lewde a part to play.
And oft she thought with wilfull hande to brust hir fatall thræde,
Bicause she woulde not sée the thing that made hir heart to bléede.
At last she sate hir in the doore and leaned to a post.
To let the God from entring in. To whome now hauing lost
Much talke and gentle wordes in vayne, she said: Sir leaue I pray
For hence I will not (be you sure) onlesse you go away.
I take thee at thy word (quoth he) and therewithall he pusht
His rod against the barred doore, and wide it open rusht.
She making proffer for to rise, did fæle so great a waight
Through all hir limmes, that for hir life she could not stretch hir straight.
She stroue to set hirselfe vpright: but striuing booted not.
Hir hamstrings and hir knées were stiffe, a chilling colde had got
In at hir nayles, through all hir limmes. and eke hir veynes began
For want of blond and liuely heate, to waxe both pale and wan.

And as the freting Fiſtula ſoegrowne and paſt all cure
Runnes in the fleſh from place to place, and makes the ſound and pure
As bad or worſer than the reſt, euen ſo the cold of death,
Strake to hir heart, and cloſde hir deines, and laſtly ſtopt hir breath:
She made no proffer for to ſpeake, and though ſhe had done ſo
It had bene vaine. For way was none for language forth to go.
Hir throte congealed into ſtone: hir mouth became hard ſtone,
And like an image late ſhe ſtill, hir blond was clearely gone.
The which the ventin of hir heart ſo lowly did infect,
That euer after all the ſtone with freckled ſpots was ſpect.
When Mercurie had puniſht thus Aglauros ſpightfull tung
And cancred heart immediatly from Pallas towne he flung.
And flying vp with flittering wings did pierce to heauen aboue.
His father calde him ſtraight aſide (but ſhewing not his loue)
Said: ſonne, my truſtie meſſenger and worker of my will
Make no delay but out of hand flie downe in haſt vntill
The land that on the left ſide lookes vpon thy mothers light.
Ponſame where ſtandeth on the coaſt the towne that Sidon hight.
The King hath there a heirde of Neate that on the Mountaines feede,
Go take and driue them to the ſea with all conuenient ſpeede.
He had no ſoner ſaid the word but that the heirde begun
Driuen from the mountaine to the ſhore appointed for to run.
Whereas the daughter of the King was wonted to reſort
With other Ladies of the Court there for to play and ſport.
Betweene the ſtate of Maieſtie and loue is ſet ſuch oddes,
As that they can not dwell in one. The Sire and King of Goddes
Whoſe hand is armd with triplefire, who only with his frowne
Makes Sea and Land and Heauen to quake, doth lay his ſcepter downe
With all the graue and ſtately port belonging therevnto:
And putting on the ſhape of Bull (as other cattell doe)
Goes lowing gently vp and downe among them in the field
The faireſt beaſt to looke vpon that euer man beheld.
For why? his colour was as white as any winters ſnow
Before that eyther trampling feete or Southerne winde it thow.
His necke was brawnd with rolles of fleſh, and from his cheſt before,
A dangling dewlap hung me downe gud halfe a foote and more.
His hornes were ſmall, but yet ſo fine as that ye would haue thought

They

They had bene made by cunning hand or out of ware bene wrought.
Your clcare they were a hundreth fold than is the Chriſtall ſtone
In all his forehead fearfull frowne or wrinkle there was none.
No fierce, no grim, nor grieſly like as other cattle haue.
But altogether ſo demure as friendſhip ſeemde to craue.
Agenors daughter marueld much ſo tame a beaſt to ſee,
But yet to touche him at the firſt to bolde ſhe durſt not bee.
Annon ſhe reaches to his mouth hir hand with herbes and flowres.
The louing beaſt was glad thereof and neither frownes nor lowres.
But till the hoped ioy might come with glad and fauning cheare
He lickes hir hands and ſcarce ah ſcarce the reſdue he forbeare.
Sometime he friſkes and ſkippes about and ſhowes hir ſport at hand
Annon he layes his snowie ſide againſt the golden ſand.
So feare by little driuen away, he offred eft his breſt
To ſtroke and coy, and eft his hornes with flowers to be dreſt.
At laſt Europa knowing not (for ſo the Maide was calde)
On whome ſhe venturde for to ride, was nerawhit appalde
To ſet hir ſelfe vpon his backe. Then by and by the God
From maine drie land to maine moiſt Sea gan leyſurly to plod.
At firſt he did but dip his feete within the outmoſt waue,
And backe againe, then further in another plunge he gaue.
And ſo ſtill further till at the laſt he had his wiſhed pray
Amid the deepe where was no meanes to ſcape with life away.
The Ladie quaking all for feare with ruſull countnance caſt,
Ay toward ſhore from whence ſhe came, held with hir righthand faſt
One of his hornes: and with the left did ſtay vpon his backe.
The weather flaſkt and whiſked vp hir garments being ſlacke.

Finis ſecundi Libri.

The

The God now hauing laide aside his borrowed shape of Bull,
Had in his likenesse shewde himself: And with his prette trull
Tane landing in the Ile of Crete. When in that while hir Sire
Not knowing where she was become, sent after to enquire
Hir brother Cadmus, charging him his sister home to bring.
Or neuer for to come againe: wherein he did a thing,
For which he might both iustly kinde and cruell called bee.
When Cadmus ouer all the world had sought, (for who is hee.
That can detect the thefts of Ioue?) and no where could hir see.
Then as an outlaw (to anoyde his fathers wrongfull yre)
He went to Phebus Oracle most humbly to desire
His heauenly counsell, where he would assigne him place to dwell.
An Heifar all alone in field (quoth Phebus) marke hir well,
Which neuer bare the pinching yoke, nor drew the plough as yit,
Shall meete thee. follow after hir, and where thou seest hir sit,
There builde a towne, and let thereof Beotia be the name.
Downe from Parnasus stately top scarce fully Cadmus came,
When royting softly in the vale before the herde alone
He saw an Heifar on whose necke of seruage print was none.
He followde after leysurly as hir that was his guide,
And thanked Phebus in his heart that did so well prouide.
Now had he past Cephisus forde, and eke the pleasant groundes,
About the Citie Panope conteinde within those boundes.
The Heifar staide, and lifting vp hir forehead to the skie
Full seemely for to loke vpon with hornes like braunches hie
Did with hir lowing fill the Ayre: and casting backe hir eie
Upon the rest that came alowe, as softly as she could
Kneelde downe and laide hir hairie side against the grassie mould.
Then Cadmus gaue Apollo thankes, and falling flat bylow
Did kisse the ground and haile the fields which yet he did not know.
He was about to sacrifice to Ioue the Heauenly King,
And bad his seruants goe and fetch him water of the spring.
An olde forgrowne vnfelled wood stode neare at hand thereby,
And in the middes a queachie plot with Sedge and Mysers hie.

Where

Where courbde about with peble ſtoue in likeneſſe of a bow
There was a ſpring with liuer ſtreames that forth thereof did flow.
Here lurked in his lowring den God Mars his grielly Snake
With golden ſcales and fyrie eyes beſwolne with poyſon blake.
Three ſpirting tongues, three rowes of teeth within his head did ſticke.
No ſooner had the Tirian folke ſet foote within this thicke
And queachie plot, and deped downe their bucket in the well,
But that to buſtle in his den began this ſerpent fell.
And péering with a marble head right horribly to hiſſe.
The Tirians let their pitchers ſlip for ſodaine feare of this.
And waxing pale as any clay, like folke amazde and flaight,
Stode trembling like an Aſpen leafe. The ſpecled ſerpent ſtraight
Commes trailing out in wauing linkes, and knottie rolles of ſcales,
And bending into bunchie boughts his bodie forth he hales.
And lifting vp aboue the waſt himſelfe vnto the Skie,
He ouerlooketh all the wood, as huge and big weinie
As is the Snake that in the Heauen about the Northren Pole
Deuides the Beares. He makes no ſtay but deales his dreadfull dole
Among the Tirians. Whether they did take them to their toles,
Or to their heles, or that their feare did make them ſtand like foles,
And helpe themſelues by none of both, he hapt vp ſome aſtne,
And ſwept in others with his taſle, and ſome he did depriue
Of life with rankenelle of his breath, and other ſome againe
He ſtings and poyſons vnto death till all at laſt were ſlaine.

Now when the Sunne was at his heigth and ſhadowes waxed ſhort,
And Cadmus ſaw his companie make tarience in that ſort,
He marueld what ſhould be their let, and went to ſeeke them out.
His harneſſe was a Lions ſkin that wrapped him about.
His weapons were a long ſtrong ſpeare with head of yron tride,
And eke a light and piercing Dart. And thereunto beſide
Worth all the weapons in the world a ſtout and valiant hart.
When Cadmus came within the wood and ſaw about that part
His men lie ſlaine vpon the ground, and eke their cruell foe
Of bodie huge ſtand ouer them, and licking with his blo
And blacking tongue their ſorie woundes, well ruſtie feirndes (quoth he)
I eyther of your pitsous deathes will ſtreight reuenger be,
Or elſe will die my ſelfe therefore. With that he raughing faſt

A mighty

A mightie spillstone, at the Snake with all his might it cast.
The stone with such exceding force and violence forth was driuen,
As of a fort the bulwarkes strong and walles it would haue riuen.
And yet it did the Snake no harme: his scales as hard and tough
As if they had bene plates of mayle did fence him well inough,
So that the stone rebounded backe against his freckled slough.
But yet his hardnesse saude him not against the piercing dart.
For hitting right betweene the scales that yelded in that part
Whereas the ioynts doe knit the backe, it thirled through the skin,
And pierced to his filthy mawe and gréedy guts within.
He fierce with wrath wrings backe his head, and looking on the stripe
The Javeling steale that sticked out, betweene his téeth doth gripe.
The which with wrésting to and fro at length he forth did winde,
Saue that he left the head thereof among his bones behinde.
When of his courage through the wound more kindled was the ire,
His throteboll swelde with puffed veines, his eyes gan sparkle fire.
There stode about his smeared chaps a lothly foming froth.
His skaled brest ploughes by the ground, the stinking breath that goth
Out from his blacke and hellish mouth infectes the herbes full fowle.
Sometime he windes himselfe in knots as round as any Bowle.
Sometime he stretcheth out in length as straight as any beame.
Anon againe with violent brunt he rusheth like a streame
Encreast by rage of latefalne raine, and with his mightie sway
Beares downe the wood before his breast that standeth in his way.
Agenors sonne retiring backe doth with his Lions spoyle
Defend him from his fierce assaults, and makes him to recoyle
Aye holding at the weapons point. The Serpent waxing wood
Doth crushe the steele betwene his teeth, and bites it till the blood
Dropt mixt with poyson from his mouth, did die the grene grasse blacke
But yet the wound was verie light bicause he writhed backe
And puld his head still from the stroke: and made the stripe to slide
By giuing way, vntill that Cadmus following trewly
The stroke, with all his powre and might did through ỹ throte him riue,
And nayld him to an Oke behind the which he eke did cliue.
The Serpents waight did make the tré to bend. At griefe the tré
His bodie of the Serpents taile thus scourged for to sée.

Whyle

Whyle Cadmus wondred at the hugenesse of the vanquisht foe
Vpon the sodaine came a voyce: from whence he could not knowe.
But sure he was he heard the voyce. Which said, Agenors sonne
What gazest thus vpon this Snake? the time will one day come
That thou thy selfe shalt be a Snake. He pale and wan for feare,
Had lost his speach: and ruffled vp stiffe staring stood his heare.
Behold (mans helper at his néede) Dame Pallas gliding through
The vacant Ayre was straight at hand, and bade him take a plough
And cast the Serpents téeth in ground, as of the which should spring
Another people out of hand. He did in euery thing
As Pallas bade, he toke a plough, and carde a forrow low
And sowde the Serpents téeth whereof the foresaid folke should grow.
Anon (a wondrous thing to tell) the clods began to moue,
And from the forrow first of all the pikes appearde aboue,
Next rose vp helmes with fethered crests, and then the Poldrens bright,
Successiuely the Curets whole, and all the armor right.
Thus grew vp men like corne in field in rankes of battle ray
With shields and weapons in their hands to feight the field that day.
Euen so when stages are attirde against some solemne game,
With clothes of Arras gorgeously, in drawing vp the same
The faces of the ymages doe first of all them shoure,
And then by peecemeale all the rest in order séemes to grow,
Vntill at last they stand out full vpon their feete bylow.

Affrighted at this new found foes gan Cadmus for to take
Him to his weapons by and by resistance for to make.
Stay, stay thy selfe (cride one of them that late before were bred
Out of the ground) and meddle not with ciuill warres. This sed,
One of the brothers of that brood with launcing sworde he slue.
Another sent a dart at him, the which him ouerthrue.
The third did straight as much for him and made him yeelde the breath,
(The which he had receyued but now) by stroke of forced death.
Likewise outraged all the rest vntill that one by one
By mutuall stroke of ciuill warre dispatched euerychone,
This brood of brothers all behewen and weltred in their blood,
Lay spraweling on their mothers womb the ground where erst they stood,
Saue only fiue that did remaine. Of whom Echion led
By Pallas counsell, threw away the helmet from his head,

And

And with his brothers gan to treat attonement for to make.
The which at length (by Pallas helpe) so good successe did take,
That faithfull friendship was confirmd and hand in hand was plight.
These afterward did well assist the noble Tyrian knight,
In building of the famous towne that Phebus had behight.
Now Thebes stode in good estate, now Cadmus might thou say
That when thy father banisht thee it was a luckie day.
To ioyne alliance both with Mars and Venus was thy chaunce,
Whose daughter thou hadst tane to wife, who did thee much aduaunce,
Not only through hir high renowne, but through a noble race
Of sonnes and daughters that she bare: whose children in like case
It was thy fortune for to see all men and women growne.
But ay the ende of euery thing must marked be and knowne.
For none the name of blessednesse deserueth for to haue
Onelie the tenor of his life last blessed to his graue.
Among so many prosperous happes that flowde with good successe,
Thine eldest Nephew was a cause of care and sore distresse.
Whose head was armde with palmed hornes, whose stout hounds in y wood
Did pull their master to the ground and all them with his blood.
But if you sift the matter well, ye shall not finde desart
But cruell fortune to haue bene the cause of this his smart.
For who could doe with ouersight: great slaughter had bene made
Of sundrie sortes of sauage beastes one morning: and the shade
Of things was waxed verie short. It was the time of day
That mid betweene the East and West the Sunne doth seeme to stay.
When as the Thebane striping thus bespake his companie,
Still raunging in the wastefull woods some further game to spie.
Our weapons and our toyles are moist and staind with blood of Deare:
This day hath done inough as by our quarrie may appeare.
Assone as with hir scarlet wheeles nert morning bringeth light,
We will about our worke againe. But now Hiperion bright
Is in the middes of heauen, and scares the fieldes with firie rayes.
Take vp your toyles, and cease your worke, and let vs go our wayes.
They did euen so, and ceasd their worke. There was a valley thicke
With Pinaple and Cipresse trees that armed be with pricke.
Gargaphie hight this shadie plot, it was a sacred place
To chast Diana and the Nymphes that wayted on hir grace.

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within

Within the furthest end thereof there was a pleasant Bowre
So vaulted with the leavie trees the Sunne had there no powre:
Not made by hand nor mans deuise: and yet no man alive,
A trimmer piece of worke than that could for his life contriue.
With flint and Pommy was it walde by natures halfe about,
And on the right side of the same full freshly flowed out
A liuely spring with Christall streame: whereof the vpper brim
Was greene with grasse and matted herbes that smelled verie trim.
When Phebe felt hir selfe ware faint, of following of hir game,
It was hir custome for to come and bath hir in the same.
That day she hauing timely left hir hunting in the chace,
Was entred with hir troope of Nymphes within this pleasant place.
She take hir quiuer and hir bow the which she had vnbent,
And eke hir Javelin to a Nymph that serued that intent.
Another Nymph to take hir clothes among hir traine she chose,
Two losde hir buskins from hir legges and pulled of hir hose.
The Thebane Ladie Crocale more cunning than the rest
Did trusse hir tresles handsomly which hung behind vndrest.
And yet hir owne hung wauing still. Then Niphe nete and cleene
With Hiale glistring like the grasse in beautie fresh and sheene,
And Rhanis cleerer of hir skin than are the rainie drops,
And little bibling Phyale, and Pieke that prettie Mops,
Powrde water into vessels large to washe their Ladie with.
Now while she kepes this woonte, behold, by wandring in the frith
Ye wist not whither (hauing staid his pastime till the morrow)
Comes Cadmus Nephew to this chiche: and entring in with sorrow
(Such was his cursed cruell fate) sawe Phebe where she washe.
The Damsels at the sight of man quite out of countenance dashe,
(Bicause they starke nakednes were bare and naked to the quicke)
Did beate their handes against their brests, and cast out such a shricke,
That all the wood did ring thereof: and clinging to their dame
Did all they could to hide both hir and eke themselues fro shame.
But Phebe was of personage so comely and so tall,
That by the middle of hir necke she ouerpried them all.
Such colour as appeares in Heauen by Phebus broken rayes
Directly shining on the Cloudes, or such as is alwayes
The colour of the spurting Rondes before the Sunne doth show,

Such

Such sanguine colour in the face of Phoebe gan to glowe
There standing naked in his sight. Wh̄o though he had hir garo
Of Nymphes about hir: yet she turnde hir bodie from him warb.
And casting back an angrie looke, like as she would haue sent
An arrow at him had she had hir bowe there readie bent.
So raught she water in hir hande and for to wreake the spighe
Besprinckled all the heade and face of this vnluckie knighte,
And thus forespake the heaute lot that shoulde vpon him lighte.
Now make thy vaunt among thy mates, thou fatwitte Diana hare.
Tell if thou can: I give thee leaue: tell hearoly: doe not spare.
This done she makes no further threates, but by and by both spreade
A payre of lively olde Harts hornes vpon his sprinckled heade.
She sharpes his eares, she makes his necke both slender, long and lanke.
She turnes his fingers into feete, his armes to spindis shanke.
She wrappes him in a hairie hyde belet with speckled spottes,
And planteth in him fearefulnesse. And so away he trottes.
Full greatly wondring to him selfe what made him in that race
To be so swifte and swifte of foote. But when he saw his face
And horned temples in the brooke, he would haue cryde alas,
But as for then no kinde of speach out of his lippes could passe.
He sighte and brayde: for that was then the speach that did remaine,
And downe the eyes that were not his, his bitter teares did raine.
No part remayned (saue his minde) of that he earst had beene.
What should he doe? turne home againe to Cadmus and the Quéene?
Or hyde himselfe among the Woods? Of this he was afrayd,
And of the tother ill ashamde. Whyle doubting thus he strayd.

His hounds espyde him where he was, and Blackfoote first of all
And Stalker speciall good of sent began aloud to call.

This latter was a hounde of Crete, the other was of Spart.
Then all the kenell fell in rounde, and euerie for his part,
Dyd follow freshly in the chase more swifter than the winde,
Hyppy, Cateal, Scalecliffe, three good hounds comme all of Arcas kinde.
Strong Kilbucke, currish Sauage, Spring, and Hunter fresh of smell,
And Lightfoote who to lead a chase did beare away the bell.
Fierce Woodman hurte not long ago in hunting of a Wolfe,
And Shepeheird wont to follow sheepe and neate to fieldes aloofe.
And Launce a fell and eger bitch that had a Wolfe to fyre:

Another bytch called Greedigut with two hir Puppies by her.
And Ladon gant as any Greehound a hound in Sycion bred,
Blab, Fléetewod, Patch whose flecked skin w sundrie spots was spred:
Wight, Bowman, Royster, beautie faire and white as winters snow,
And Tawnie full of duskie haires that ouer all did grow,
With luskie Ruffler passing all the reshoe there in strength,
And Tempest best of sotemanshipe in holding out at length.
And Cole and Swift, and little Wolfe, as wight as any other.
Accompanide with a Ciprian hound that was his native brother,
And Snatch amid whose forehead stode a starre as white as snowe,
The residue being all as blacke and slicke as any Crowe.
And shaggie Rugge with other twaine that had a Syre of Crete,
And Dam of Sparta: Tone of them called Jollyboy, a great
And large flewd hound: the tother Chorle who euer gnarring went,
And Ringwood with a shrile loude mouth the which he frely spent.
With diuers mo whose names to tell it were but lolle of tyme.
This fellowes ouer hill and dale in hope of pray doe clyme,
Through thicke and thin and craggie cliffes where was no way to go,
He flyes through groundes where often tymes he chased had ere tho.
Euen from his owne folke is he faine (alas) to flée away.
He strayned often tymes to speake, and was about to say.
I am Acteon: know your Lorde and Mayster sirs I pray.
But vse of wordes and speach did want to veter forth his minde.
Their crie did ring through all the Wood redoubled with the winde,
First Slo did pinch him by the haunch, and next came Kildére in,
And Hylbred fastned on his shoulder, bote him through the shinne.
Theis came forth later than the rest, but coasting thwart a hill,
They did gainecope him as he came, and helde their Master still
Untill that all the rest came in, and fastned on him to.
No part of him was free from wound. He could none other do
But sigh, and in the shape of Hart with voyce as Hartes are wont,
(For voyce of man was none now left to helpe him at the brunt)
By braying shew his secret griefe among the Mountaynes hie,
And knéeling sadly on his knées with drarie teares in eye,
As one by humbling of himselfe that mercy seemde to crane,
With piteous looke in stead of handes his head about to waue.
Not knowing that it was their Lord, the huntsmen chéere their hounds

With

With wonted noyse and for Actæon lokt about the grounds.
They hallow who could lowdest crie still calling him by name,
As though he were not there, and much his absence they do blame
In that he came not to the fall, but slackt to see the game.
As often as they named him he sadly shooke his head,
And faine he would haue beene away thence in some other stead.
But there he was. And well he could haue found in heart to see
His dogges fell deedes, so that to feele in place he had not bee.
They hem him in on euerie side, and in the shape of Stagge,
With greedie teeth and griping pawes their Lord in peeces dragge.
So fierce was cruell Phœbes wrath, it could not be alayde,
Till of his fault by bitter death the raunsome he had payde.
Much muttring was vpō this fact. Some thought there was extended
A great deale more extremitie than neded. Some commended
Dianas doing: saying that it was but worthely
For safegarde of hir womanhod. Ethe partie did applie
God reasons to defende their case. Alone the wife of Ioue,
Of lyking or misliking it not all so greatly skroue,
As secretly reioyst in heart that such a plague was light
On Cadmus linage: turning all the malice and the spight
Conceyued earst against the wench that Ioue had set fro Tyre,
Upon the kinred of the wench, and for to fierce hir ire,
A nother thing cleane ouerthwart there commeth in the nicke:
The Ladie Semell great with childe by Ioue as then was quicke.
Hereat she gan to freat and fume, and for to ease hir heart,
Which else would burst, she fell in hande with scolding out hir part.
And what a goodyeare haue I won by scolding erst? (she sed)
It is that arrant queane hirselfe, against whose wicked hed
I must assay to give assault: and if (as men me call)
I be that Iuno who in heauen beare greatest swing of all,
If in my hande I worthie be to holde the royall mace,
And if I be the Quéene of heauen and soueraigne of this place,
Or wife and sister vnto Ioue, (his sister well I know:
But as for wife that name is vayne, I serue but for a show,
To couer other priuie shapes) I will confound that Whore.
Now (with a mischiefe) is she bigd and brageth out before,
Hir open shame to all the world: and shortly hopes to bee

The mother of a sonne by Ioue, the which hath hapt to mée.
Not passing once in all my time, so sore she doth presume
Upon hir beautie. But I trowe hir hope shall soone consume.
For never let me counted be for Saturns daughter more,
If by hir owne deare darling Ioue on whome she trustes so sore,
I sende hir not to Stynes streame. This ended up she rose
And covered in golden cloud to Semelles house she goes.
And ere she sent away the cloud, she takes an olde wynes shape
With hoarie haire and riveled skinne, with slow and crooked gate.
As though she had the Palsey had hir feeble limmes did shake,
And eke she foltred in the mouth as often as she spake.
She seemde olde Beldame Berde of Epidaure to bée,
This Ladie Semelles Nourse as right as though it had béene shée.
So when that after mickle talke of purpose ministred
Ioues name was vpned: by and by she gane a sigh and sed,
I with with all my heart that Ioue bée cause to thée of this.
But daughter deare I dreade the worst, I feare it be amisse.
For manie Warlets vnder name of Gods to serve their lust,
Haue into vndefiled beddes themselues full often thrust.
And though it bene the mightie Ioue yet doth not that suffize,
Onlesse he also make the same apparant to our eyes.
And if it be euen verie hée, I say it doth behoue,
He proue it by some open signe and token of his loue.
And therefore pray him for to graunt that loke in what degrée,
What order, fashion, sort and state he vse to companie
With mightie Iuno, in the same in euerie point and cace,
To all intents and purposes he thée likewise embrace,
And that he also bring with him his bright threfolded face:
With such instructions Iuno had enformed Cadmus Neece:
And she poore sielie simple soule immediately on this
Requested Ioue to graunt a bone the which she did not name.
Aske what thou wilt sweete heart (quoth he) thou shalt not misse the same,
And for to make thée sure hereof, the grisely Stygian Lake,
Which is the feare and God of Gods beare witnesse for thy sake.
She ioying in hir owne mischaunce, not having any powre
To rule hir selfe, but making spéede to hast hir fatall howre,
In which she through hir Louers helpe should worke hir owne decay,

sayd: such as Iuno findeth you when you and she doe play,
The games of Venus, such I pray thée shew thy selfe to mée
In everie case. The God would faine have stopt hir mouth. But shée
Had made such hast that out it was. Which made him sigh full sore,
For neyther she could then unwish the thing she wisht before,
Nor he revoke his solemne oth. Wherefore with sorie heart
And heavie countenance by and by to Heauen he doth depart.
And makes to follow after him with lake full grim and soure
The flakie clouds all grisly blacke, as when they threat a shoure.
To which hè added mirt with winde a fierce and flashing flame,
With dyre and dreadfull thunderclaps and lightning to the same
Of deadly envenoyded dynt. And yet as much as may
He goes about his vehement force and fiercenesse to allay.
He doth not arme him with the fire with which he did remove
The Giant with the hundreth handes Typhoëus from above:
It was to cruell and to sore to vse against his Love.
The Cyclops made an other kinde of lightning farre more light,
Wherein they put much lesse of fire, lesse fiercenesse, lesser might.
It hight in Heauen the seconde Mace. Ioue armes himselfe with this
And enters into Cadmus house where Semeles chamber is.
She being mortall was to weake and feeble to withstande
Such troublous tumultes of the Heauens: and therefore out of hande
Was burned in hir Lovers armes. But yet he take away
His infant from the mothers wombe imperfect as it lay,
And (if a man may credit it) did in his thigh it sowe,
Where byding out the mothers tyme it did to ripenesse growe.
And when the time of birth was come his Aunt the Ladie Ine
Did nourse him for a while by stealth and kept him trym and fine.
The Nymphes of Nysa afterwarde did in their bowres him hide,
And brought him by with Milke till tyme he might abrode be spyde.
Now while these things were done on earth, and that by fatal dome
The twice borne Bacchus had a tyme to mannes estate to come,
They say that Ioue disposde to myrth as he and Iuno sate
A drinking Nectar after meate in sport and pleasant rate,
Did fall a talking with his wife, and saide: a greater pleasure
In Venus games ye women have than men beyonde all measure.

She answerde no. To trie the truth, they both of them agrée
The wise Tyresias in this case indifferent Judge to bée,
Who both the man and womans ioyes by tryall vnderstood.
For finding once two mightie Snakes engendring in a Wood,
Ye strake them ouerthwart the backs, by meanes whereof beholde
(As straunge a thing to be of truth as euer yet was tolde)
Ye being made a woman straight, seuen winter liued so.
The eight he finding them againe did say vnto them tho:
And if to strike ye haue such powre as for to turne their shape
That are the giuers of the stripe, before you hence escape,
One stripe now will I lende you more. He strake them as before
And straight returnd his former shape in which he first was borne.
Tyresias therefore being tane to iudge this iesting strife,
Gaue sentence on the side of Ioue. The which the Quéene his wife
Did take a great deale more to heart than néeded, and in spight
To wreake hir téene vpon hir Judge, bereft him of his sight.
But Ioue (for to the Gods it is vnlefull to vndoe
The things which other of the Gods by any meanes haue doe)
Did giue him sight in things to come for losse of sight of eye,
And so his grieuous punishment with honour did supplie.
By meanes whereof within a while in Citie, fielde, and towne
Through all the coast of Aöny was bruted his renowne.
And folke to haue their fortunes read that dayly did resorte
Were answerde so as none of them could giue him misreporte.
The first that of his sothfast wordes had proufe in all the Realme
Was freckled Lyriop, whom sometime surprised in his streame,
The flood Cephisus did enforce. This Lady bare a sonne
Whose beautie at his verie birth might iustly loue haue wonne.
Narcissus did she call his name. Of whome the Prophet sage
Demaunded if the childe should liue to many yeares of age.
Made answere, yea full long, so that him selfe he doe not know.
The Sothsayers wordes seemde long but vaine, vntill the end did show
His saying to be true in déede by straungenesse of the rage,
And straungenesse of the kinde of death that did abridge his age.
For when yeares three times fiue and one he fully liued had,

So that he séemde to ſtande betweene the ſtate of man and Lad,
The hearts of dyuers trim yong men his beautie gan to moue
And many a Ladie freſh and faire was taken in his loue.
But in that grace of Natures gift ſuch paſſing pryde did raigne,
That to be toucht of man or Mayde he wholy did diſdaine.
A babling Nymph that Echo hight: who hearing others talke,
By no meanes can reſtraine hir tongue but that it néedes muſt walke,
Nor of hir ſelfe hath power to ginne to ſpeake to any wight,
Eſpyde him dryuing into toyles the fearefull ſtagges of flight.
This Echo was a body then and not an onely voyce.
Yet of hir ſpeach ſhe had that time no more than now the choyce.
That is to ſay of many wordes the latter to repeate.
The cauſe thereof was Iunos wrath. For when that with the ſtate
She might haue often taken Ioue in daliance with his Dames,
And that by ſtealth and vnbewares in middes of all his games.
This elfe would with hir tatling talke deteine hir by the way,
Untill that Ioue had wrought his will and they were fled away.
The which when Iuno did perceyue, ſhe ſaid with wrathfull mood,
This tongue that hath deluded me ſhall doe thée little good,
For of thy ſpeach but ſimple vſe hereafter ſhalt thou haue.
The déede it ſelfe did ſtraight confirme the threatnings that ſhe gaue.
Yet Echo of the former talke doth double oft the ende
And backe againe with iuſt report the wordes earſt ſpoken ſende.
Now when ſhe ſawe Narciſſus ſtray about the Forreſt wyde,
She waxed warme and ſtep for ſtep faſt after him ſhe hyde.
The more ſhe followed after him and nérer that ſhe came,
The whoter euer did ſhe waxe as nérer to hir flame.
Lyke as the liuely Brimſtone doth which dipt about a match,
And put but ſoftly to the fire, the flame doth lightly catch.
O Lord how often would ſhe faine (if nature would haue let)
Entreated him with gentle wordes ſome fauour for to get?
But nature would not ſuffer hir nor giue hir leaue to ginne.
Yet (ſo farre forth as ſhe by graunt at natures hande could winne)
Ay readie with attentiue eare ſhe harkens for ſome ſounde,
Whereto ſhe might replie hir wordes, from which ſhe is not bounde.

By chaunce the stripling being strayde from all his companie,
Sayde: is there any body nie? straight Echo answerde: I.
Amazde he castes his eye aside, and looketh round about,
And come (that all the Forrest rong) aloud he calleth out.
And come (sayth she:) he looketh backe, and seeing no man followe,
Why flicke, he cryeth once againe: and she the same doth hallowe,
He still persistes and wondring much what kinde of thing it was
From which that answering voyce by turne so lowly seemde to passe,
Said: let vs ioyne. She (by hir will desirous to haue said,
In sayth with none more willingly at any time or stead)
Said: let vs ioyne. And standing somewhat in hir owne conceit,
Vpon these wordes she left the Wood, and forth she preedeth streit,
To coll the lonely necke for which she longed had so much,
He runnes his way and will not be imbraced of no such.
And sayth: I first will die ere thou shalt take of me thy pleasure.
She answerde nothing else thereto, but take of me thy pleasure.
Now when she saw hir selfe thus mockt, she gate hir to the Woods,
And hid hir head for verie shame among the leaues and buddes.
And euer sence she lyues alone in dennes and hollow Caues.
Yet flacke hir lone still to hir heart, through which she dayly raues
The more for sorrowe of repulse. Through restlesse carke and care
Hir bodie pynes to skinne and bone, and wareth wonderous bare.
The bloud doth vanish into ayre from out of all hir veynes,
And nought is left but voyce and bones: the voyce yet still remaynes:
Hir bones they say were turnde to stones. From thence she lurking still
In Woods, will neuer shewe hir head in field nor yet on hill.
Yet is she heard of euery man: it is hir onely sound,
And nothing else that doth remayne alyue aboue the ground.
Thus had he mockt this wretched Nymph and many mo beside,
That in the waters, Woods and groues, or Mountaynes did abyde
Thus had he mocked many men. Of which one miscontent
To see himselfe deluded so, his handes to Heauen vp bent,
And sayd: I pray to God he may once feele fierce Cupids fire
As I doe now, and yet not ioy the things he doth desire.
The Goddesse Ramnuse (who doth wreake on wicked people take)
Allented to his iust request for ruth and pities sake.

There was a ſpring withouten mudde as ſiluer cleare and ſtill,
Which neyther ſhépeheirds, nor the Goates that fed vpon the hill,
Nor other cattell troubled had, nor ſauage beaſt had tryd,
Nor braunch nor ſticke, nor leafe of trée, nor any foule nor tryd.
The moyſture fed and kept aye freſh the graſſe that grew about,
And with their leaues the trées did kéepe the heate of Phoebus out.
The ſtripling wearie with the heate and hunting in the chace,
And much delighted with the ſpring and coleneſſe of the place,
Did lay him downe vpon the brim: and as he ſtouped lowe
To ſtaunche his thurſt, another thurſt of worſe effect did growe.
For as he dranke, he chaunſt to ſpie the Image of his face,
The which he did immediately with feruent loue embrace.
He fédes a hope without cauſe why. For like a foliſhe noddie
He thinkes the ſhadow that he ſées, to be a liuely boddie.
Aſtraughted like an ymage made of Parble ſtone he lyes,
There gazing on his ſhadowe ſtill with fixed ſtaring eyes.
Stretcht all along vpon the ground, it doth him good to ſée
His ardant eyes which like two ſtarres full bright and ſhyning bée.
And eke his fingars, fingars ſuch as Bacchus might beſéeme,
And haire that one might worthely Apollos haire it déeme.
His beardleſſe chinne and yuorie necke, and eke the perfect grace
Of white and red indifferently bepainted in his face.
All theſe he wondreth to beholde, for which (as I doe gather)
Himſelfe was to be wondred at, or to be pitied rather.
He is enamored of himſelfe for want of taking héede.
And where he lykes another thing, he lykes himſelfe in déede.
He is the partie whome he wowes, and ſuter that doth wowe,
He is the flame that fettes on fire, and thing that burneth lowe.
O Lord how often did he kiſſe that falſe deceitfull thing?
How often did he thruſt his armes midway into the ſpring?
To haue embraſte the necke he ſaw and could not catch himſelfe?
He knowes not what it was he ſawe. And yet the ſwilth elfe
Doth burne in ardent loue thereof. The verie ſelfe ſame thing
That doth bewitch and blinde his eyes, encreaſeth all his fting.
Thou fondling thou, why doeſt thou raughe the fickle image for?
The thing thou ſeeſt is not there. And if a ſtyde thou go:

The

The thing thou louest straight is gone. It is none other matter
That thou doest sée, than of thy selfe the shadow in the water.
The thing is nothing of it selfe: with thée it doth abide,
With thee it would departe if thou withdrew thy selfe aside.
No care of meate could draw him thence, nor yet desire of rest.
But lying flat against the ground, and leaning on his brest,
With greédie eyes he gazeth still vppon the falced face,
And through his sight is wrought his bane. Yet for a little space
He turnes and settes himselfe vpright, and holding vp his hands
With piteous voyce vnto the wood that round about him stands,
Crues out and ses: alas ye Woods, and was there euer any
That loude so cruelly as I? you know: for vnto many
A place of harbrough haue you béene, and fast of refuge strong.
Can you remember any one in all your tyme so long?
That hath so pinde away as I? I sée and am full faine,
Howbeit that I like and sée I can not yet attaine:
So great a blindnesse in my heart through doting loue doth raigne.
And for to spight me more withall, it is no iourney farre,
No drenching Sea, no Mountaine hie, no wall, no locke, no barre,
It is but euen a little droppe that kéepes vs two a sunder.
He would be had. For loke how oft I kisse the water vnder,
So oft againe with vpwarde mouth he riseth towarde mée.
A man would thinke to touch at least I should yet able bée.
It is a trifle in respect that lettes vs of our loue.
What wight soeuer that thou art come hither vp aboue.
O pierlesse piece, why dost thou mée thy louer thus delude?
Or whither flitte thou of thy friende thus earnestly pursude?
I wis I neyther am so fowle nor yet so growne in yeares
That in this wise thou shouldst me shon. To haue me to their Féeres,
The Nymphes themselues haue sude ere this. And yet (as should appéere)
Thou dost pretende some kinde of hope of friendship by thy chéere.
For when I stretch mine armes to thée, thou stretchest thine likewise.
And if I smile thou smilest too: And when that from mine eyes
The teares doe drop, I well perceyue the water stands in thine.
Like gesture also dost thou make to euerie becke of mine.
And as by mouing of thy swéete and louely lippes I wéene,

Thou

Thou speakest words although mine eares conceiue not what they beare
It is my selfe I well perceyue, it is mine Image sure,
That in this sort deluding me, this furie doth procure.
I am inamored of my selfe, I doe both set on fire,
And am the same that sweltreth too, through impotent desire.
What shall I doe? be woode or no? whome shall I woo therefore?
The thing I seeke is in my selfe, my plentie makes me poore.
O would to God I for a while might from my bodie part.
This wish is straunge to heare a Louer wrapped all in smart,
To wish away the thing the which he loueth as his heart.
My sorrowe takes away my strength. I haue not long to liue,
But in the floure of youth must die. To die it doth not grieue.
For that by death shall come the ende of all my griefe and paine
I would this pongling whome I loue might lenger life obtaine:
For in one soule shall now decay we stedfast Louers twaine.
This saide in rage he turnes againe vnto the forsaide shade,
And rores the water with the teares and troubling that he made,
That through his troubling of the Well his ymage gan to fade.
Which when he saiwe to vanish so, Oh whither dost thou flie?
Abide I pray thée heartely, aloud he gan to crie.
Forsake me not so cruelly that loueth thée so déere,
But giue me leane a little while my dazled eyes to chéere
With sight of that which for to touch is vtterly denide,
Thereby to féede my wretched rage and furie for a tide.
As in this wise he made his mone, he stripped off his cote
And with his fist outragiously his naked stomacke smote.
A ruddie colour where he smote rose on his stomacke chére,
Lyke Apples which doe partly white and striped red appére.
Or as the clusters ere the grapes to ripenesse fully come:
An Orient purple here and there beginnes to grow on some.
Which things allone as in the spring he did beholde againe,
He could no longer beare it out. But fainting straight for paine,
As lith and supple waxe doth melt against the burning flame,
Or morning dewe against the Sunne that glareth on the same:
Euen so by piecemale being spent and wasted through desire,
Did he consume and melt away with Cupids secret fire.

His

The thing thou louest straight is gone. It is none other matter
That thou doest sée, than of thy selfe the shadow in the water.
The thing is nothing of it selfe: with thée it doth abide,
With thee it would departe if thou withdrew thy selfe aside.
No care of meate could draw him thence, nor yet desire of rest.
But lying flat against the ground, and leaning on his brest,
With greédie eyes he gazeth still vppon the faced face,
And through his sight is wrought his bane. Yet for a little space
He turnes and settes himselfe vpright, and holding vp his hands
With piteous voyce vnto the wood that round about him stands,
Cryes out and ses: alas ye Woods, and was there euer any
That loude so cruelly as I? you know: for vnto many
A place of harbrough haue you beene, and fast of refuge strong.
Can you remember any one in all your tyme so long?
That hath so pinde away as I? I sée and am full faine,
Howbeit that I like and sée I can not yet attaine:
So great a blindnesse in my heart through doting loue doth raigne.
And for to spight me more withall, it is no tourney farre,
No drenching Sea, no Mountaine hie, no wall, no locke, no barre,
It is but euen a little droppe that kéepes vs two a sunder.
He would be had. For loke how oft I kisse the water vnder,
So oft againe with vpwarde mouth he riseth towarde mée.
A man would thinke to touch at least I should yet able bée.
It is a trifle in respect that lettes vs of our loue.
What wight soeuer that thou art come hither vp aboue.
O pierlesse piece, why dost thou mé thy louer thus delude?
Or whither flitte thou of thy friende thus earnestly pursude?
Iwis I neyther am so fowle nor yet so growne in yeares
That in this wise thou shouldst me shun. To haue me to their Féeres,
The Nymphes themselues haue sude ere this. And yet (as should appéere)
Thou dost pretende some kinde of hope of friendship by thy chére.
For when I stretch mine armes to thée, thou stretchest thine likewise.
And if I smile thou smilest to: And when that from mine eyes
The teares doe drop, I well perceyue the water stands in thine.
Like gesture also dost thou make to euerie becke of mine.
And as by mouing of thy swéete and louely lippes I wéene,

Thou

Thou speakest woꝛds although mine eaꝛes conceiue not what they béene
It is my selfe I well peꝛceiue, it is mine Image suꝛe,
That in this soꝛt deluding me, this furie doth pꝛocure.
I am inamoꝛed of my selfe, I doe both set on fiꝛe,
And am the same that sweltꝛeth too, thꝛough impotent desiꝛe.
What shall I doe? be woode oꝛ woe? whome shall I woe theꝛefoꝛe?
The thing I séeke is in my selfe, my plentie makes me poꝛe.
O would to God I foꝛ a while might fꝛom my bodie paꝛt.
This wish is straunge to heaꝛe a Louer wꝛapped all in smaꝛt,
To wish away the thing the which he loueth as his heaꝛt.
My soꝛꝛowe takes away my stꝛength. I haue not long to line,
But in the floure of youth must die. To die it doth not grieue.
Foꝛ that by death shall come the ende of all my griefs and paine
I would this youngling whome I loue might lengeꝛ life obtaine:
Foꝛ in one soule shall now decay we stedfast Louers twaine.
This saide in rage he turnes againe vnto the foꝛsaide shade,
And roꝛes the water with the teaꝛes and floubꝛing that he made,
That thꝛough his troubling of the Well his ymage gan to fade.
Which when he saiwe to vanish so, Oh whitheꝛ dost thou flie?
Abide I pꝛay thée heaꝛtely, aloud he gan to cꝛie.
Foꝛsake me not so cꝛuelly that loueth thée so déere,
But giue me leaue a little while my dazled eyes to chéere
With sight of that which foꝛ to touch is vtteꝛly denide,
Theꝛeby to féede my wꝛetched rage and furie foꝛ a tide.
As in this wise he made his mone, he stꝛipped off his cote
And with his fist outragiously his naked stomacke smote.
A ruddie colour whꝛe he smote roꝛe on his stomacke chére,
Lyke Apples which doe partly white and striped red appére.
Oꝛ as the clusters ere the grapes to ripenesse fully come:
An Oꝛient purple heꝛe and theꝛe beginnes to growe on some.
Which things assoone as in the spꝛing he did beholde againe,
He could no longeꝛ beaꝛe it out. But fainting straight foꝛ paine,
As lith and supple waꝛe doth melt against the buꝛning flame,
Oꝛ moꝛning dewe against the Sonne that glaꝛeth on the same:
Euen so by piecemale being spent and wasted thꝛough desiꝛe,
Did he consume and melt away with Cupids secꝛet fiꝛe.

His

His lively hue of white and red, his chéerefulnesse and strength
And all the things that lyked him did wanye away at length.
So that in fine remayned not the bodie which of late
The wretched Echo loued so. Who when she sawe his state,
Although in heart she angrie were, and mindefull of his pryde,
Yet ruing his vnhappie case, as often as he cride
Alas, she cride alas like wise with shirle redoubled sound.
And when he beate his breast, or strake his féete against the ground,
She made like noyse of clapping too. These are the woordes that last
Out of his lippes beholding still his wonted ymage past.
Alas sweete boy beloude in vaine, farewell. And by and by
With sighing sound the selfe same woordes the Echo did reply.
With that he layde his wearie head against the grassie place
And death did cloze his gazing eyes that wondred at the grace
And beautie which did late adorne their Masters heauenly face.
And afterward when into Hell receyued was his spright
He goes me to the Well of Styx, and there both day and night
Standes toting on his shadow still as fondely as before
The water Nymphes his sisters wept and wayled for him sore
And on his bodie strowde their haire clipt off and shorne therefore.
The Wodnymphes also did lament. And Echo did rebound
To euery sorrowfull noyse of theirs with like lamenting sound.
The fire was made to burne the corse, and waxen Tapers light.
A Herce to lay the bodie on with solemne pompe was dight.
But as for bodie none remaind: In stead thereof they found
A yellow floure with milke white leaues new sprong vpon the ground.

This matter all Achaia through did spreade the Prophets fame:
That euery where of iust deserts renowned was his name.
But Penthey olde Echions sonne (who prowdely did disdaine
Both God and man) did laughe to scorne the Prophets woords as vaine,
Vpbrading him most spitefully with lacking of his sight,
And with the fact for which he lost fruition of this light.
The good olde father (for these woordes his patience much did moue)
Saide O how happie shouldest thou be and blessed from aboue,
If thou wert blinde as well as I, so that thou might not sée
The sacred rytes of Bacchus band: For sure the time will bée,

And

And that full shortely (as I gesse) that hither shall resort
Another Bacchus Semelles sonne, whome if thou not support
With pompe and honour like a God, thy carcasse shall be tattred,
And in a thousand places ells about the Wilds be scattred.
And for to reade thée what they are that shall performe the déede,
It is thy mother and thine Auntes that thus shall make thée bléede.
I know it shall so come to passe, for why thou shalt disdaine,
To honour Bacchus as a God: and then thou shalt with paine
Féele how that blinded as I am I saine for thée too much.
As olde Tiresias did pronounce these wordes and other such,
Echions sonne did trouble him. His wordes prone true in déede,
For as the Prophet did foresaye so fell it out with spéede.
Anon this newefound Bacchus commes: the woods and fieldes rebound,
With noyse of shouts and howling out, and such confused sound.
The folke runne flocking out by heapes, men, Mayds and wiues together
The noble men and rascall sorte ran gadding alls thither.
The Orgies of this vnknowne God full fondely to performe,
The which when Penthey did perceyue, he gan to rage and storme.
And sayde vnto them. O ye ympes of Mars his snake by kinde
What ayleth you? what fiend of hell doth thus enrage your minde?
Hath tinkling sound of pottes and pannes? hath noyse of crooked horne?
Haue fonde illusions such a force? that them whome heretofore
No arming sworde? no bloudie trumpe? no men in battail ray
Could cause to shrinke? no shéepish shriekes of simple women fray?
And dronken wodnesse wrought by wine? & roughes of filthie freakes?
And sound of toying timpanes dauntes? & quite their courage breakes?
Shall I at you yé auncient men which from the towne of Tyre?
To bring your housholde Gods by Sea, in safetie did aspyre?
And setled them within this place the which ye nowe doe yéelde
In bondage quite without all force and fighting in the fielde?
Or wonder at you yonger sorte approching vnto mée
More neere in courage and in yeares? whome méete it were to sée
With speare and not with thirse in hande? with glittring helme on hed,
And not with lemtes? Now call to minde of whome ye all are bred,
And take the stomaches of that Snake, which being one alone,
Right stoutly in his owne defence confounded many one.
Ye for his hardyhood and his spring his lyfe did nobly spend.

Doe

Doe you no more but take a heart your Countie to defende.
Ye put to death right valeant Knightes. Your battaile is with such
As are but Peicocks in effect: and yet ye doe so much
In conquering them, that by the deede the olde renowne ye saue,
Which from your fathers by discent this present time ye haue.
If fatall destnies doe forbid that Thebæ long shall stande,
Would God that men with Canon shot might raze it out of hande.
Would God the noyse of fire and sworde did in our hearing sounde.
For then in this our wretchednesse there could no fault be founde.
Then might we iustly waile our case that all the world might see
We should not nede of sheading teares ashamed for to bee.
But now our towne is taken by a naked beardelesse boy,
Who doth not in the feates of armes nor horse nor armour ioy.
But for to moyst his haire with Mirrhe, and put on garlands gay,
And in soft Purple silke and golde his bodie to aray.
But put to you your helping hand and straight without delay
I will compell him poynt by poynt his lewdnesse to bewray,
Both in usurping Ioues high name in making him his sonne
And forging of these Ceremonies lately now begonne.
Hath King Atrisius heart inough this fondling for to hate?
That makes himselfe to be a God? and for to shit the gate
Of Argus at his comming there? and shall this rouer make
King Penthey and the noble towne of Thebæ thus to quake?
Go quickly sirs (these wordes he spake vnto his seruaunts) go!
And bring the Captaine hither bound with speede, why stay ye so?
His Grandsire Cadmus, Athamas and others of his kinne
Reproued him by gentle meanes but nothing could they winne:
The more intreatance that they made the fiercer was he still:
The more his friendes did go about to breake him of his will.
The more they did prouoke his wrath, and set his rage on fire:
They made him worse in that they sought to bridle his desire.
So haue I seene a brooke ere this, where nothing let the streame,
Runne smooth with little noyse or none, but where as any beame
Or cragged stones did let his course, and make him for to stay:
It went more fiercely from the stoppe with foame worth away.
Beholde all bloudie come his men, and straight he them demaunded
Where Bacchus was, and why they had not done as he commaunded?

Sir

Sir (aunswerde they) we saw him not, but this same fellow here
A chiefe companion in his traine and worker in this geere,
Wée toke by force: And therewithall presented to their Lord
A certaine man of Tirrhene lande, his handes fast bound with cord,
Whome they, frequenting Bacchus rites had found but late before.
A grim and cruell loke which yée did make to séeme more sore,
Did Penthey cast vpon the man. And though he scarcely stayd
From putting him to tormentes strait. O wretched man (he sayde)
Who by thy worthie death shalt be a sample vnto other,
Declare to me the names of thée, thy father and thy mother.
And in what Countrie thou wert borne, and what hath caused thée,
Of these straunge rites and sacrifice, a follower for to bée.
He voyd of feare made aunswere thus. Acetis is my name:
Of Parentes but of lowe degrée in Lidy land I came.
No ground for painfull Dre to till, no shéepe to beare me woll
My father left me: no nor horse, nor Asse, nor Cow nor Woll.
God wote he was but poore himselfe, With line and bayted hoke
The frisking fishes in the poles vpon his Réede he toke
His handes did serue in steade of landes, his substance was his craft.
Nowe haue I made you true accompt of all that he me left,
As well of ryches as of trades, in which I was his heire
And successour. For when that death bereft him vse of aire,
Saue water he me nothing left. It is the thing alone
Which for my lawfull heritage I clayme, and other none.
Sone after I (bicause that loth I was to ay abide
In that poore state) did learne a ship by cunning hande to guide,
And for to know the raynie signe, that hight th'Olenien Gote
Which with hir milke did nourish Ioue. And also I did note
The Pleiads and the Hiads moyst, and eke the fiely Plough
With all the dwellings of the winds that make the Seas so rough.
And eke such Hauens as are méete to harborough vessels in:
With euerie starre and heauenly signe that guides to shipmen bin.
Now as by chaunce I late ago did toward Dilos saile,
I came on coast of Scios Ile, and séeing day to fayle,
Toke harborough there and went a lande. Allwone as that the night
Was spent, and morning can to péere with ruddie glaring light,
I rose and bad my companie fresh water fetch aboord.

And

And pointing them the way that led directly to the foorde,
I went me to a little hill, and viewed round about
To see what weather we were like to haue ere setting out.
Which done, I cald my watermen and all my Mates together,
And willde them all to go a boord my selfe first going thither.
Loe here we are (Opheltes sayd) (he was the Maysters Mate)
And (as he thought) a bottle found in desert fields a late,
He dragd a boy vpon his hawse that for his beautie sheene,
A mayden rather than a boy appeared for to beene.
This childe, as one forelade with wine, and dreint with drousie slee
Did reele, as though he scarcely coulde himselfe from falling keepe.
I markt his countnance, weede and pace, no inckling could I see,
By which I might coniecture him a mortall wight to bee.
I thought, and to my fellowes sayd: what God I can not tell
But in this bodie that we see some Godhead sure doth dwell.
What God so euer that thou art, thy fauour to vs showe,
And in our labours vs assist, and pardone these also.
Pray for thy selfe and not for vs (quoth Dictys by and by.)
A nimbler fellow for to climbe vpon the Mast on hie
And by the Cable downe to slide, there was not in our keele.
Swart Melanth patrone of the shippe did like his saying weele.
So also did Alcimedon: and so did Libys to,
And blacke Epopeus eke whose charge it did belong vnto
To see the Rowers at their tymes their duelies duely do.
And so did all the rest of them: so sore mennes eyes were blinded
Where couetousenesse of filthie gaine is more than reason minded.
Well sirs (quoth I) but by your leaue ye shall not haue it so,
I will not suffer sacriledge within this shippe to go.
For I haue here the most to doe. And with that woorde I stept
Vppon the Hatches, all the rest from entrance to haue kept.
The rankest Ruffian of the rout that Lycab had to name,
(Who for a murder being late driuen out of Tuscane came
To me for succor) wared wode, and with his sturdie fist
Did giue me such a churlish blow bycause I did resist,
That ouer boord he had me sent, but that with much ado
I caught the tackling in my hand and helde me fast thereto:
The wicked Warlets had a sport to see me handled so.

Then

Then Bacchus (for it Bacchus was) as though he had but tho
Bene waked with their noyse from sleepe, and that his drouslie braine
Discharged of the wine, begon to gather sence againe)
Said: what a doe? what noyse is this? how came I here I pray?
Sirs tell me whether you doe meane to cary me away?
Feare not my boy (the Patrone sayd) no more but tell me where
Thou doest desire to go a lande, and we will set thee there.
To Naxus ward (quoth Bacchus tho) set thy sayle vpon the some.
There would I haue harborough take, for Naxus is my home.
Like periurde Caitifs by the Sea and all the Gods thereof,
They falsly sware it should be so, and therewithall in scoffe
They bade me hoyse vp sayle and go. Vpon the right hand
I cast about to fetch the winde, for so did Naxus stand.
What meanst? art mad? Opheltes cride, and therewithall begun
A feare of lowling of their pray through euery man to run.
The greater part with head and hand a signe did to me make,
And some did whisper in mine eare the left hand way to take.
I was amazde and said take charge henceforth who will for me,
For of your craft and wickednesse I will no further be.
Then fell they to reuiling me, and all the rout gan grudge:
Of which Ethalion said in scorne: by like in you Sir snudge,
Consistes the sauegard of vs all, and with that word he takes
My roume, and leaning Naxus quite to other countries makes.
The God then daiying with these mates, as though he had at last
Begon to smell their suttle craft, out of the foredecke cast
His eye vpon the Sea: and then as though he swumbe to weepe,
Sayd: sirs to bring me on this coast ye doe not promise keepe.
I see that this is not the land the which I did request,
For what occasion in this sort deserue I to be dyest?
What commendation can you win, or praise thereby receyue?
If men a Lad, if many one ye compasse to deceyue?
I wept and sobbed all this while, the wicked villaines laught,
And rowed forth with might & maine, as though they had bene straught.
Now euen by him (for sure than he in all the world so wide
There is no God more neare at hand at euery time and tide.)
I sweare vnto you that the things the which I shall declare,
Like as they seeme incredible, euen so most true they are.

The ship stode still amid the sea as in a duikie docke,
They wondring at this miracle, and making but a mocke,
Persist in beating with their Oyes, and on with all their sayles.
To make their Galley to remoue, no Art nor labor sayles.
But Iuie troubled is their Oyes that forth they could not row:
And both with Berries and with leaues their tables did ouergrow.
And he himselfe with clustred grapes about his temples round,
Did shake a Iauelin in his hand that round about was bound
With leaues of Vines: and at his feete there fawned for to couch
Of Tygers, Lynx, and Panthers shapes most ougly for to touch.
I cannot tell you whether feare or wodnesse were the cause,
But euery person leapeth vp and from his labor drawes.
And there one Medon first of all began to warren blacke,
And hauing lost his former shape did take a courbed backe.
What Monster shall we haue of thee (quoth Licab) and with that
This Licabs chappes did waxen wide, his nose typ tils waxed flat,
His skin wart rough, and scales thereon began anon to grow.
And Libis as he went about the Oyes away to throw,
Perceiued how his hands did shrinke and were become so short,
That now for finnes and not for hands he might them well report.
Another as he would haue claspt his arme about the corde:
Had nere an arme, and so bemaimd in bodie, ouer board
He leapeth bolone among the waues, and forked is his tayle
As are the hornes of Phebes face when halfe hir light doth fayle.
They leape about and sprinkle vp much water on the ship,
One while they swim aboue, and bolone againe anon they slip.
They fetch their strikes as in a daunce, and wantonly they writhe
Now here now there among the waues their bodies bane and lithe.
And with their wide and hollow nose the water in they snuffle,
And by their noses out againe as fast they doe it puffe.
Of twentie persons (for our ship so many men did beare)
I only did remaine nigh straught and trembling still for feare.
The God could scarce recomfort me, and yet he said go to,
Feare not but saile to Dia ward. His will I gladly doe.
And so allone as I came there with right deuout intent,
His Chaplaine I became. And thus his Orgies I frequent.
Thou maiste a procelle verie long (quoth Penthey) to thintent

That

That (choler being colde by time) mine anger might relent.
But Sirs (he spake it to his men) go take him by and by,
With cruell tormentes out of hand goe cause him for to die.
Immediatly they led away Acetes out of sight,
And put him into prison strong from which there was no flight.
But whyle the cruell instruments of death as sword and fire
Were in preparing wherewithall t'accomplish Pentheys yre,
It is reported that the doores did of theire owne accorde
Burst open and his chaines fall off. And yet this cruell Lorde
Perstileth fiercer than before, not bidding others go
But goes himselfe vnto the hill Cytheron, which as tho
To Bacchus being consecrate did ring of chaunted songs,
And other loud confused sounds of Bacchus drunken throngs.
And euen as when the bloudie Trumpe doth to the battell sound,
The lustie horse freyght reping out beastirres him on the ground,
And taketh courage thereupon t'assaile his enmie prowd:
Euen so when Penthey heard a farre the noyse and howling loud
That Bacchus frantiche folke did make, it set his heart on fire,
And kindled fiercer than before the sparks of settled ire.
There is a goodly plaine about the middle of the hill,
Enuirond in with Wodds, where men may view eche way at will.
Here loking on these holie rites with leawde prophaned eyes
King Pentheys mother first of all hir foresaid sonne espies,
And like a Wedlem first of all she doth vpon him runne,
And with hir Iauseling furiously she first doth wound his sonne.
Come hither sisters come she cries, here is that mighty Boze,
Here is the Boze that stropes our fieldes, him will I strike therefore.
With that they fall vpon him all as though they had bene mad,
And clustring all vpon a heape fall after him they gad.
He quakes and shakes: his wordes are now become more milde and colde:
He now condemnes his owne default, and sayes he was to bolde.
And wounded as he was he cries helpe Aunt Autonoe,
Now for Acteons blessed soule some mercie show to me.
She wist not who Acteon was, but rent without delay
His right hand off: and Ino tare his tother hand away.
To lift vnto his mother she the wretch had nere an armie:
But shewing hir his wounded corse, and bloumpes yet bleeding warme,

O mother see he sayes: with that Agaue howleth out:
And writhed with his necke awrie, and throwes his yaine about.
And holding from his bodie coyne his head in bloudie hands,
She cries: O fellowes in this deede our noble conquest stands.
No soner could the winde haue blowen the rotten leaues fro trées,
When Winters frost hath bitten them, then did the hands of these
Most wicked women Penthey limmes from one another teare.
The Thebanes being now by this example brought in feare,
Frequent this multitound sacrifice, and with sweete frankinsence
God Bacchus Altars lode with gifts in euery place doe cense.

Finis tertij Libri.

# ¶ THE FOVRTH BOOKE of Ouids Metamorphosis.

YEt would not Proue Alcithoe Duke Mineus daughter both
The Dames of this he wfound God in contemne to allow
But still thu stiffly both denie that Bacchus is the sonne
Of Iowe, vnlesse this heresie hir sisters with hir tunne.
The Priest had bidden holiday, and that as well the Maide
As Widdowe (for the time alone all other businesse layde)
In Backskin cotes, with trelles lode, and garlandes on their heare,
Should in their hands the leaule spewes (surnamed Thyrsis) beare.
Foretelling them that if they did the Goddes commaundement breake,
He would with sore and grieuous plagues his wrath vpon them wreake.
The women straight both yong and olde doe thereunto obay.
Their yarne, their baskets, and their flaxe vnspoonne aside they lay,
And burne to Bacchus frankinsence. Whome solemly they call
By all the names and titles high that may to him befall.

As

As Bromius, and Lyeus eke, begotten of the flame,
Twice borne, the sole and only childe that of two mothers came.
Unthorne Thyoney, Niseus, Leneus, and the setter
Of Vines, whose pleasant liquor makes all tables fare the better.
Nyctileus and th'Elelean Sire, Iacchus, Euan eke,
With diuers other glorious names that through the land of Greke
To thee O Liber wonted are to attributed bee.
Thy youthfull yeares can neuer waxe: there dwelleth ay in thée
A childhod tender, fresh and faire: In Heauen we doe thee see
Surmounting euery other thing in beautie and in grace
And when thou standste without thy hornes thou hast a Maidens face.
To thée obeyeth all the East as far as Ganges goes,
Which doth the scorched land of Inde with tawnie folke enclose.
Lycurgus with his twibill sharpe, and Penthey who of pride
Thy Godhead and thy mightie power rebelliously denide,
Thou right redowted didst confounde: Thou into Sea didst send
The Tyrrhene shipmen. Thou with bittes the sturdy neckes dost bend
Of spotted Lynxes: Throngs of Frowes and Satyres on thée tend,
And that olde Hag that with a staffe his staggering limmes doth stay
Scarce able on his Asse to sit for réeling euery way.
Thou commest not in any place but that is hearde the noyse
Of gagling womens tatling tongues and showting out of boyes.
With sound of Timbrels, Tabors, Pipes, and Brazen pannes and pots
Confusedly among the rout that in thine Orgies trots.
The Thebane women for thy grace and fauour humbly sue,
And (as the Priest did bid) frequent thy rites with reuerence due.
Alonly Mineus daughters bent of wilfulnesse, with working
Quite out of time to breake the feast, are in their houses lurking:
And there doe fall to spinning yarne, or weauing in the frame,
And kepe their maidens to their worke. Of which one pleasant dame
As she with nimble hand did draw hir slender threde and fine,
Said: whyle that others idelly doe serue the God of wine,
Let vs that serue a better Saint Minerua, finde some talke
To ease our labor while our handes about our profite walke.
And for to make the time séeme shorte, let eche of vs recite,
(As euery bodies turne shall come) some tale that may delight.
Hir saying like the rest so well that all consent therein,

And therevpon they pray that first the eldest would begin.
She had such stoze and choyce of tales she wist not which to tell.
She doubted if she might declare the foztune that befell
To Dircetes of Babilon whome now with scaly hide
In altred shape the Philistine beleueth to abide
In watrie Poles: oz rather how hir daughter taking wings
In shape of Doue on toppes of towzes in age now sadly sings:
Oz how a certaine water Nymph by witchcraft and by charmes
Conuerted into fishes dumbe, of youngmen many swarmes,
Untill that of the selfe same sauce hir selfe did tast at last:
Oz how the tree that vsde to beare fruite white in ages past,
Doth now beare fruite in maner blacke, by sprincling vp of blud.
This tale (bicause it was not stale noz common) seemed good
To hir to tell; and therevpon she in this wise begun,
Hir vnsle hand still drawing out the slaxen threede she spun.
Within the towne (of whose huge walles so monstrous high & thicke
The fame is giuen Semyramis foz making them of bricke)
Dwelt hard together two yong folke in houses toynde so nere
That vnder all one roofe well nie both twaine conueyed were.
The name of him was Pyramus, and Thisbe calde was she.
So faire a man in all the East was none aliue as he,
Noz nere a woman maide noz wife in beautie like to hir.
This neighbzod bred acquaintance first, this neyghbzod first did stirre
The secret sparkes, this neighbzod first an entrance in did showe,
Foz loue to come to that to which it afterward did growe.
And if that right had taken place they had bene man and wife,
But still their Parents went about to let which (foz their life)
They could not let. Foz both their heartes with equall flame did burne.
No man was priuie to their thoughts. And foz to serue their turne
In steade of talke they vsed signes. the closelier they suppzest
The fire of loue, the fiercer still it raged in their brest.
The wall that parted house from house had riuen therein a crany
Which chzanke at making of the wall, this fault not markt of any
Of many hundzed yeares befoze (what doth not loue espie.)
These louers first of all found out, and made a way whereby
To talke togither secretly, and thzough the same did goe
Their louing whispzings verie light and safely to and fro.

Now

Now as a toneſide Pyramus and Thiſbe on the tother
Stode often drawing one of them the pleaſant breath from other
O thou ennious wall (they ſayd) why letſt thou louers thus?
What matter were it if that thou permitted both of vs
In armes eche other to embrace? Or if thou thinke that this
Were ouermuch, yet mightſt thou at leaſt make roume to kiſſe.
And yet thou ſhalt not finde vs churles: we thinke our ſelues in det
For this ſame piece of courteſie, in vouching ſafe to let
Our ſayings to our friendly eares thus freely come and goe,
Thus hauing where they ſtode in vaine complayned of their woe,
When night drew nere, they bade adew and eche gaue kiſſes ſweete
Vnto the parget on their ſide, the which did neuer méete.
Next morning with hir chereſull light had driuen the ſtarres aſide
And Phebus with his burning beames the dewie graſſe had dride.
These louers at their wonted place by foreappointment met.
Where after much complaint and mone they couenanted to get
Away from ſuch as watched them, and in the Euening late
To ſteale out of their fathers houſe and eke the Citie gate.
And to thentent that in the fieldes they ſtrayde not vp and downe
They did agrée at Ninus Tumb to méete without the towne,
And tarie vnderneath a trée that by the ſame did growe
Which was a faire high Mulberie with fruite as white as ſnowe,
Hard by a cole and trickling ſpring. This bargaine pleaſde them both
And ſo daylight (which to their thought away but ſlowly goth)
Did in the Ocean fall to reſt, and night from thence doth riſe.
Aſſone as darkeneſſe once was come, ſtraight Thiſbe did deuiſe
A ſhift to wind hir out of doores, that none that were within
Perceyued hir: And muffling hir with clothes about hir chin,
That no man might diſcerne hir face, to Ninus Tumb ſhe came
Vnto the trée, and ſat hir downe there vnderneath the ſame.
Loue made hir bold. But ſée the chaúce, there comes beſmerde with blood,
About the chappes a Lioneſſe all foming from the wood
From ſlaughter lately made of kine to ſtaunch hir bloudie thurſt
With water of the foreſaid ſpring. Whome Thiſbe ſpying furſt
A farre by moonelight, thereupon with fearfull ſteppes gan flie,
And in a darke and vykeſome caue did hide hirſelfe thereby.
And as ſhe fled away for haſt ſhe let hir mantle fall

The whych for feare she left behind not loking backe at all.
Now when the cruell Lionelle hir thurst had stanched well,
In going to the Wood she found the slender weede that fell
From Thisbe, whych with bloudie teeth in pieces she did teare
The night was somewhat further spent ere Pyramus came there
Who seeing in the suttle sande the print of Lions paw,
Wart pale for feare. But when also the bloudie cloke he saw
All rent and torne, one night (he sayd) shall louers two confounde,
Of which long life deserued she of all that liue on ground.
My soule deserues of this mischaunce the perill for to beare.
I wretch haue bene the death of thée, which to this place of feare
Did cause thée in the night to come, and came not here before.
My wicked limmes and wretched guttes with cruell teeth therfore
Deuour ye O ye Lions all that in this rocke doe dwell.
But Cowardes vse to wish for death. The slender weede that fell
From Thisbe vp he takes, and streight doth beare it to the trée,
Which was appointed erst the place of méeting for to bée.
And when he had bewept and kist the garment which he knew,
Receyue thou my bloud to (quoth he.) and therewithall he drew
His swoorde, the which among his guttes he thrust, and by and by
Did draw it from the bléeding wound beginning for to die,
And cast himselfe vpon his backe, the bloud did spin on hie
As when a Conduite pipe is crackt, the water bursting out
Doth shote it selfe a great way off and pierce the Ayre about.
The leaues that were vpon the trée besprincled with his blood
Were died blacke. The roote also bestained as it stoode,
A déepe darke purple colour straight vpon the Berries cast.
Anon scarce ridded of hir feare with which she was agast,
For doubt of disapointing him commes Thisbe forth in hast,
And for hir louer lookes about, reioycing for to tell
How hardly she had scapt that night the daunger that befell.
And as she knew right well the place and facion of the trée
(As whych she saw so late before): euen so when she did sée
The colour of the Berries turnde, she was vncertaine whither
It were the trée at which they both agréed to méete togither.
While in this doubtfull stounde she stoode, she cast hir eye aside
And there beweltred in his bloud hir louer she espide

Lit

Lie sprawling with his dying limmes: at which she started backe,
And loked pale as any Wor, a shudring through hir stracke,
Euen like the Sea which sodenly with whistling noyse doth moue,
When with a little blast of winde it is but toucht aboue.
But when approching nearer him she knew it was hir loue.
She beate hir brest, she shricked out, she tare hir golden heares,
And taking him betweene hir armes did wash his woundes with teares,
She meynt hir weeping with his blood, and kissing all his face
(Which now became as colde as yse) she cride in wofull case
Alas what chaunce my Pyramus hath parted thee and mee?
Make aunswere O my Pyramus: It is thy This, euen thee.
Whome thou dolst loue most heartely that speaketh vnto thee.
Giue eare and rayse thy heauie heade. He hearing This bes name,
Lift vp his dying eyes and hauing seene hir closde the same.
But when she knew hir mantle there and saw his scabberd lie
Without the swoorde: Vnhappy man thy loue hath made thee die:
Thy loue (she said) hath made thee slea thy selfe. This hand of mine
Is strong inough to doe the like. Thy loue no lesse than thine
Shall giue me force to worke my wound. I will pursue the dead.
And wretched woman as I am, it shall of me be sed
That like as of thy death I was the only cause and blame,
So am I thy companion eke and partner in the same,
For death which only could alas a sunder part vs twaine,
Shall neuer so disseuer vs but we will meete againe.
And you the Parentes of vs both, most wretched folke alyue,
Let this request that I shall make in both our names bylme
Entreate you to permit that we whome chaste and stedfast lone
And whome euen death hath ioynde in one, may as it doth behoue
In one graue be together layd. And thou vnhappie tree
Which shroudest now the corse of one, and shalt anon through mee
Shroude two, of this same slaughter holde the tokens for ay
Blacke be the colour of thy fruite and mourninglike alway,
Such as the murder of vs twaine may euermore bewray.
This said, she take the sword yet warme with slaughter of hir loue
And setting it beneath hir brest, did to hir heart it shoue.
Hir prayer with the Gods and with their Parentes take effect,
For when the frute is throughly ripe, the Berrie is despect.

With

With colour tending to a blacke. And that which after fire
Remained, rested in one Tumbe as Thisbe did desire.
This tale thus tolde a little space of pawsing was betwixt,
And then began Leucothoë thus, hir sisters being whist.
This Sunne that with his streaming light al worldly things doth cheare
Was tane in loue. of Phebus loues now list and you shall heare.
It is reported that this God did first of all espie,
(For euerie thing in Heauen and Earth is open to his eie)
How Venus with the warlike Mars aduoutrie did commit.
It grieued him to see the fact and so discouered it,
He shewed hir husband Iunos sonne th'aduoutrie and the place
In which this prints scape was done. Who was in such a case
That heart and hand and all did faile in working for a space.
Anon he featly forgde a net of Wire so fine and slight,
That neyther knot nor nore therein apparant was to sight.
This piece of worke was much more fine than any handwarpe wie
Or that wherby the Spyder hanges in sliding from the rofe.
And furthermore the suttlenesse and slight thereof was such.
It followed euery little pull and clasde with euery touch,
And so he set it handsomly about the haunted couch.
Now when that Venus and hir mate were met in bed togither
Hir husband by his newfound snare before conuayed thither
Did snarle them both togither fast in middes of all their play
And setting ope the Ivorie dores, called all the Gods streight way,
To see them: they with shame inough fast lockt togither lay,
A certaine God among the rest disposed for to sport
Did wish that he himselfe also were shamed in that sort.
The resdue laught and so in heauen there was no talke a while,
But of this Pageant, how the Smith the louers did beguile.
Dame Venus highly stomacking this great displeasure, thought
To be reuenged on the part by whome she spight was wrought.
And like as he hir secret loues and meetings had bewrayd.
So she with wound of raging loue his guerdon to him payd.
What now anayles (Hyperions sonne) thy forme and beautie bright?
What now auayle thy glistring eyes with cleare and piercing sight?
For thou that with thy gleames art wont all countries for to burne,
Art burnt thy selfe with other gleames that serue not for thy turne.

And

And thou that oughtst thy cherefull lookes on all things for to shew
Alonly on Leucothoë doste now the same bestow.
Thou fastnest on that Maide alone the eyes that thou doste owe
To all the worlde. Sometime more rathe thou risest in the East,
Sometime againe thou makste it late before thou fall to rest.
And for desire to looke on hir, thou often doste prolong
Our winter nightes. And in thy light thou fayrest ehe among.
The fancie of thy faultie minde infectes thy feeble sight,
And so thou makste mens hearts afrayde by daunting of thy light,
Thou wexte not pale bycause the globe of Phebe is betweene
The Earth and thée: but lorde doth cause this colour to be seene.
Thou lovest this Leucothoë so far above all other,
That neyther now for Clymené, for Rhodos, nor the mother
Of Circé, nor for Clytiē (who at that present tyde
Reiected from thy companie did for thy love abide
Most grievous torments in hir heart: thou seemest for to care.
Thou mindest hir so much that all the rest forgotten are.
Hir mother was Eurynome of all the fragrant clime
Of Arabie estéemde the flowre of beautie in hir time.
But when hir daughter came to age the daugher past the mother
As far in beautie, as before the mother past all other.
Hir father was king Orcharnus and rulde the publike weale
Of Perley, counted by descent the .vij. from auncient Bele.
Far underneath the Weasterne clyme of Hesperus doe runne
The pastures of the firie stédes that draw the golden Sunne.
There are they fed with Ambrosie in stead of grasse all night
Which doth refresh their werie limmes and kéepeth them in plight
To beare their dailie labor out: now while the stédes there take
Their heauenly fode and night by turne his timely course doth make,
The God disguised in the shape of Mistresse Eurynome
Doth preasse within the chamber doore of faire Leucothoë
His lover, whome amid.vij. Maides he found by candlelight
Yet spinning on hir little Rocke, and went me to hir right.
And kissing hir as mothers vse to kisse their daughters deare,
Maide Maydes withdrawe your selues a while and sit not listning here.
I haue a secret thing to talke. The Maides anoyde erche one.
The God then being with his love in chamber all alone,

Sayd:

Said: I am he that metes the yeare, that all things doe beholde,
By whome the Earth doth all things sée, the Eye of all the worlde.
Trust me I am in loue with thée. The Ladie was so nipt
With sodaine feare that from hir hands both rocke and spindle slipt
Hir feare became hir wondrous weil. he made no mo delayes,
But turned to his proper shape and toke hys glistring rayes.
The damsell being sore abasht at this so straunge a sight,
And ouercome with sodaine feare to sée the God so bright,
Did make no outcrie nor no noyse, but helde hir pacience still,
And suffred him by forced powre his pleasure to fulfill.
Hereat did Clytie sore repine. For she beyond all measure
Was then enamoured of the Sunne: & stung with this displeasure
That he another Leman had, for verie spight and yre
She playes the blab, and doth defame Leucothoë to hir Syre.
He cruell and vnmercifull would no excuse accept,
But holding vp hir handes to heauen when tenderly she wept,
And said it was the Sunne that did the déede against hir will:
Yet like a sauage beast full bent his daughter for to spill,
He put hir déepe in delued ground, and on hir bodie laide
A huge great heape of heauie sand. The Sunne full yll appaide
Did with his beames disperse the sand and made an open way
To bring thy buried face to light, but such a weight there lay
Vpon thee, that thou couldst not raise thine hand aloft againe,
And so a corse both voide of blood and life thou didst remaine.
There neuer chaunst since Phaetons fire a thing that grieude so sore
The ruler of the winged steedes as this did. And therfore
He did attempt if by the force and vertue of his ray
He might againe to liuely heate hir frozen limmes conuay.
But forasmuch as destenie so great attempts denies,
He sprincles both the corse it selfe and place wherein it lyes
With fragrant Nectar. And therewith bewayling much his chaunce
Sayd: yet aboue the starrie skie thou shalt thy selfe aduaunce.
Anon the body in this heauenly liquor steéped well
Did melt, and moisted all the earth with sweéte and pleasant smell.
And by and by first taking rote among the cloddes within
By little and by little did with growing top begin
A prety spirke of Frankinsence aboue the Tumbe to win.

Although

Although that Clytie might excuse hir sorrow by hir loue
And seeme that so to play the blab hir sorrow did hir moue,
Yet would the Author of the light resort to hir no more
But did withholde the pleasant sportes of Venus vide before.
The Nymph not able of hir selfe the frantick fume to stay.
With restlesse care and pensiuenesse did pine hir selfe away.
Bareheaded on the bare cold ground with staring haire vnkempt
She sate abrode both night and day: and clearly did exempt
Hirselfe by space of thrise three dayes from sulknance and repall
Saue only dewe and saue hir teares with which she brake hir fall.
And in that while she neuer rose but stared on the Sunne
And euer turnde hir face to his as he his ezle did runne.
Hir limmes stacke fast within the ground, and all hir vpper part
Did to a pale ashcolourd herbe cleane bowde of blood conuart.
The floure whereof part red part white beshadowed with a blew
Most like a Violet in the shape hir countnance ouergrew.
And now (though fastned with a roots) she turnes hir to the Sunne
And keepes (in shape of herbe) the loue with which she first begunne.
She made an ende: and at hir tale all wondred: some deride
Hir saying to be possible: and other some replide
That such as are in deede true Gods may all things worke at will:
But Bacchus is not any such. Thys arguing ones made still,
To tell hir tale as others had Alcithoes turne was come.
Who with hir shettle shooting through hir web within the Loome,
Said: Of the shepeheird Daplynis loue of Ida whom erewhile
A iealouse Nymph (bicause he did with Lemans hir beguile)
For anger turned to a stone (such furie loue doth sende:)
I will not speake: it is to knowe: ne yet I doe entende
To tell how Scython variably digressing from his kinde,
Was sometime woman, sometime man, as liked best his minde.
And Celmus also will I passe, who for bicause he clong
Most faithfully to Iupiter when Iupiter was yong,
Is now become an Adamant. So will I passe this howre
To shew you how the Cureis were engendred of a showre:
Or how that Crocus and his loue faire Smylar turned were
To little flowres. with pleasant newes your mindes now will I chere.
Learne why the fountaine Salmacis diffamed is of yore,

Why with his waters ouerstrong it weakeneth men so sore
That whoso bathes him there commes thence a perfect man no more.
The operation of this Well is knowne to euery wight.
But few can tell the cause thereof, the which I will recite.
The waternymphes did nurce a sonne of Mercuries in Ide
Begot on Venus, in whose face such beautie did abide,
As well therein his father both and mother might be knowne,
Of whome he also toke his name. Assone as he was growne
To fiftene yeares of age, he left the Countrie where he dwelt
And Ida that had fostered him. The pleasure that he felt
To trauell Countries, and to see straunge riuers with the state
Of forren landes, all painfulnesse of trauell did abate.
He trauelde through the lande of Lycie to Carie that doth bound
Nert vnto Lycia. There he saw a Pole which to the ground
Was Christall cleare. No fennie sedge, no barren reske, no reede
Nor rush with pricking poynt was there, nor other mourish weede.
The water was so pure and there a man might well haue seene
And numbred all the grauell stones that in the bottome beene.
The vtmost borders from the brim enuiround were with clowres
Beclad with herbes ay fresh and greene and pleasant smelling flowres.
A Nymph did haunt this goodly Pole: but such a Nymph as neyther
To hunt, to run, nor yet to shoote, had any kinde of pleasure.
Of all the Waterfairies she alonly was vnknowne
To swift Diana. As the bruite of fame abrode hath blowne,
Hir sisters oftentimes would say: take lightsome Dart or bow,
And in some painefull exercise thine yole time bestow.
But neuer could they hir perswade to runne to shoote or hunt,
Or any other exercise as Phebes knightes are wont.
Sometime hir faire welfourmed limbes she batheth in hir spring:
Sometime she downe hir golden haire with Boxen combe doth bring.
And at the water as a glasse she taketh counsell ay
How euery thing becommeth hir. Erewhile in fine aray
On soft sweete herbes or soft greene leaues hir selfe she nicely layes:
Erewhile againe a gathering flowres from place to place she strayes.
And (as it chaunst) the selfe same time she was a sorting gayes.
To make a Posie, when she first the youngman did espie,
And in beholding him desirde to haue his companie.

But

But though she thought she stode on thornes vntill she went to him:
Yet went she not before she had beset hir heat and trim,
And pride and perle vpon hir clothes that nothing sat awrie.
And framde hir countnance as might seeme most amorous to the eie.
Which done she thus begon: O childe most worthie for to bee
Esteemde and taken for a God, if (as thou semste to mee)
Thou be a God, to Cupids name thy beautie doth agree.
Or if thou be a mortall wight, right happie folke are they,
By whome thou camste into this worlde, right happy is (I say)
Thy mother and thy sister twise any bee:) good hap
That woman had that was thy Nurce and gaue thy mouth hir pap.
But farre aboue all other, far more blist than these is shee
Whome thou vouchsafest for thy wife and bedfellow for to bee.
Now if thou haue alredy one, let me by stelth obtaine
That which shall pleasure both of vs. Or if thou doe remaine
A Maiden free from wedlocke bonde, let me then be thy spouse,
And let vs in the bridelie bed our selues togither rouse.
This sed, the Nymph did hold hir peace, and therewithall the boy
Wart red: he wist not what loue was: and sure it was a toy
To see it how exceeding well his blushing him became.
For in his face the colour freth appeared like the same
That is in Apples which doe hang vpon the Sunnie side:
Or Iuorie shadowed with a red: or such as is espide
Of white and scarlet colours mixt appearing in the Wane
When folke in vaine with sounding brasse would ease vnto hir bane.
When at the last the Nymph desirde most instantly but this,
As to his sister brotherly to giue hir there a kisse.
And therewithall was clasping him about the Iuorie necke:
Leaue of (quoth he) or I am gone and leaue thee at a becke
With all thy trickes. Then Salmacis began to be afraide,
And to your pleasure leaue I free this place my friend she sayde.
Wyth that she turnes hir backe as though she would haue gone hir way:
But euermore she loketh backe, and (closely as she may)
She hides hir in a bushie queach, where kneeling on hir knee
She alwayes hath hir eye on him. He as a childe and free,
And thinking not that any wight had watched what he did
Romes vp and downe the pleasant Mede: and by and by amids

The

The flattring wanes he dippes his feete, no more but ſtrik the ſole
And to the ancles afterward both feete he plungeth whole.
And for to make the matter ſhort, he take ſo great delight
In coleneſſe of the pleaſant ſpring, that ſtreight he ſtripped quight
His garments from his tender ſkin. When Salmacis behilde
His naked beautie, ſuch ſtrong pangs ſo ardently hir hilde,
That vtterly ſhe was aſtraught. And euen as Phebus beames
Againſt a myrrour pure and clere rebound with broken gleames:
Euen ſo hir eys did ſparcle fire. Scarce could ſhe tarience make:
Scarce could ſhe any time delay hir pleaſure for to take:
She wolde haue run, and in hir armes embraced him ſtreight way:
She was ſo far beſide hir ſelfe, that ſcarſly could ſhe ſtay.
He clapping with his hollow hands againſt his naked ſides,
Into the water lithe and baine with armes diſplayde glydes.
And rowing with his hands and legges ſwimmes in the water cleare:
Through which his bodie faire and white doth gliſtringly appeare,
As if a man an Ivorie Image or a Lillie white
Should ouerlay or cloſe with glaſſe that were moſt pure and bright.
The prize is won (cride Salmacis aloud) he is mine owne.
And therewithall in all poſt haſt ſhe hauing lightly throwne
Hir garments off, flew to the Pole and caſt hir thereinto
And caught him faſt betweene hir armes, for ought that he could doe:
Yea maugre all his wreſtling and his ſtruggling to and fro,
She held him ſtill, and kiſſed him a hundred times and mo.
And willde he nillde he with hir handes ſhe toucht his naked breſt:
And now on this ſide now on that (for all he did reſiſt
And ſtriue to weſt him from hir gripes) ſhe clung vnto him faſt;
And wound about him like a Snake which ſnatched vp in haſt,
And being by the Prince of Birdes borne lightly vp aloft,
Doth writhe hir ſelfe about his necke and griping talants oft:
And caſt hir taile about his wings diſplayed in the winde:
Or like as Ivie runnes on trées about the biter rinde:
Or as the Crabfiſh hauing caught his enmy in the Seas,
Doth claſpe him in on euery ſide with all his crooked cleas.
But Atlas Nephew ſtill perſiſtes, and vtterly denies
The Nymph to haue hir hoped ſport: ſhe vrges him likewiſe.
And preſſing him with all hir weight, faſt cleauing to him ſtill,

Striue,

Striue, struggle, wrest and writhe (she said) thou froward boy thy fill:
Doe what thou canst thou shalt not scape. The Goddes of Heauen agree
That this same wilfull boy and I may neuer parted bee.
The Gods were pliant to hir bone. The bodies of them twaine
Were mixt and ioyned both in one. To both them did remaine
One countnance: like as if a man should in one barke beholde
Two twigges both growing into one and still together holde.
Euen so when through hir hugging and hir grasping of the tother
The members of them mingled were and fastned both together,
They were not any lenger two: but (as it were) a toy
Of double shape. He could not say it was a perfect boy,
Nor perfect wench: it seemed both and none of both to beene
Now when Hermaphroditus saw how in the water sheene
To which he entred in a man, his limmes were weakened so
That out fro thence but halfe a man he was compelde to go.
He lifteth vp his hands and said (but not with manly steere)
O noble father Mercurie, and Venus mother deere.
This one petition graunt your son which both your names both beare,
That whoso commes within this Well may so be weakened there,
That of a man but halfe a man he may fro thence retire.
Both Parentes moued with the chaunce did stablish this desire
The which their doubleshaped sonne had made: and thereupon
Infected with an vnknowne strength the sacred spring anon.

Their tales did ende and Mineus daughters still their businesse plie
In spight of Bacchus whose high feast they breake contemptuously.
When on the sodaine (sixing nought) they heard about them round
Of tubbish Timbrels perfectly a hoarse and iarring sound.
With shraming shalmes and gingling belles. and furthermore they felt
A cent of Saffron and of Myrrhe that verie hotly smelt.
And (which a man would ill beleue) the web they had begun
Immediatly wart fresh and greene, the flare the which they spun
Did flourish full of Iuie leaues. And part thereof did run
Abrode in Vines. The threede it selfe in braunches forth did spring.
Yong burgeons full of clustred grapes their Diskaues forth did bring.
And as the web they wrought was dide a deepe darke purple hew,
Euen so vpon the painted grapes the selfe same colour grew.
The day was spent, and now was come the time which neyther night

Nor day, but euen the bound of both a man may terme of right.
The house at sodaine semde to shake, and all about it shine
With burning lampes, and glittering fires to flash before their eyen.
And likenesses of ougly beastes with gastfull noyses yell.
For feare whereof in smokie holes the sisters were compeld
To hide their heades, one here and there another, for to shun
The glistring light. And while they thus in corners blindly run,
Upon their little pretie limmes a fine crispe filme there goes,
And slender sinnes in stead of handes their shortned armes enclose.
But how they lost their former shape of certaintie to know
The darknesse would not suffer them. No feathers on them grow,
And yet with shere and tender wings they hover from the ground
And when they goe about to speake they make but little sound,
According as their bodies giue, bewayling their despight
By chirping shrilly to themselues. In houses they delight
And not in woods: detesting day they flitter towards night:
Wherethrough they of the Euening late in Latin take their name,
And we in English language Backes or Rermice call the same.
Then Bacchus name was reuerenced through all the Theban coast.
And Ino of hir Nephewes powre made euery where great boast.
Of Cadmus daughters she alone no sorowes tasted had,
Saue only that hir sisters hops perchaunce had made hir sad.
Now Iuno noting how she wart both proud and full of scorne,
As well by reason of the sonnes and daughters she had borne,
As also that she was aduaunst by mariage in that towne
To Achamas King Aeolus sonne a Prince of great renowne,
But chiefly that hir sisters sonne who noursed was by hir
Was then exalted for a God: began thereat to stir,
And freating at it in hirselfe said: coulde this harlots burd
Transforme the Lydian watermen, and drowne them in the ford:
And make the mother teare the guttes in pieces of hir sonne:
And Minceus al three daughters clad with wings, because they sponne
Whiles others howling vp and down like frantick folke did ronne:
And can I Iuno nothing else saue fundrie woes bewaile:
Is that sufficient: can my powre no more than so auaile:
Ye teaches me what way to worke. A man may take (I see)
Example at his enmies hand the wiser for to bee.

He shewes inough and ouermuch the foꝛce of furious wyath
By Pentheys death; why should not Ine be taught to tread the path
The which hir sisters heretofoꝛe and kinred troden hath?
There is a steepe and irkisome way obscure with shadow fell
Of balefull yewgh, all sad and still, that leadeth downe to hell.
The foggie Styx doth breath vp mistes: and downe this way doe waue
The ghostes of persons lately dead and buried in the graue.
Continuall colde and gastly feare possesse this queachie plot
On eyther side: the stely Ghost new parted knoweth not
The way that doth directly leade him to the Stygian Citie
Oꝛ where blacke Pluto kéepes his Court that neuer sheweth pitie.
A thousand wayes, a thousand gates that alwayes open stand,
This Citie hath: and as the Sea the streames of all the lande
Doth swallow in his gredie gulfe, and yet is neuer full:
Euen so that place deuoureth still and hideth in his gull
The soules and ghostes of all the woꝛld: and though that here so many
Come thither, yet the place is voyd as if there were not any.
The ghostes without flesh, bloud, oꝛ bones, there wander to and fro.
Of which some haunt the iudgement place: and other come and go
To Plutos Court: and some frequent the foꝛmer trades and Artes
The which they vsed in their life: and some abide the smartes
And toꝛments foꝛ their wickednesse and other yll desartes.
So cruell hate and spightfull wyath did boyle in Iunos breste,
That in the high and noble Court of Heauen she coulde not reste
But that she néedes must hither come: whose feete no soner touche
The threshold, but it gan to quake. And Cerberus eft couche
Start sternely vp with threw fell heades which barked all togither.
She called the daughters of the night the cruell furies thither:
They sate a kembing foule blacke Snakes from of their filthie heare
Before the dungeon doꝛe, the place where Caitiues punisht were,
The which was made of Adamant, when in the darke in part
They knew Queene Iuno, by and by vpon their frete they start.
There Tityus stretched out (at least) nine acres full in length,
Did with with his bowels fede a Grype that tare them out by strength.
The water fled from Tantalus that touche his neather lip,
And Apples hanging ouer him did euer from him slip.
There also laboꝛed Sisyphus that driue against the hill

A rolling stone that from the top came tumbling downeward still.
Ixion on his restlesse wheele to which his limmes were bound
Did flie and follow both at once in turning euer round.
And Danaus daughters forbicause they did their cousins kill,
Drew water into running tubbes which euermore did spill.
When Iuno with a louring looke had vewde them all throughout,
And on Ixion specially before the other rout,
She turnes from him to Sisyphus, and with an angry cheere
Sayes: wherefore should this man endure continuall penance here:
And Athamas his brother reigne in welth and pleasure free?
Who through his pride hath ay disdainde my husband Ioue and me.
And therewithall she powred out th'occasion of her hate,
And why she came and what she would. She would that Cadmus fate
Should with the ruine of his house be brought to wofull decay.
And that to mischiefe Athamas the Furies should force some way,
She biddes, she prayes, she promises, and all is with a breth.
And moues the furies earnestly: and as these things she seth,
The hatefull hag Tisiphone with horie ruffled heare,
Removing from hir face the Snakes that lowely dangled there,
Sayd thus: Madame there is no neede long circumstance to make.
Suppose your will already done. This lothsome place forsake,
And to the holsome Ayre of heauen your selfe againe retire.
Queene Iuno went right glad away with graunt of hir desire.
And as she woulde haue entred heauen, the Ladie Iris came
And purged hir with streaming drops. Anon vpon the same
The furious Fiende Tisiphone doth cloth hir out of hand
In garments streaming gorie blood, and taketh in hir hand
A burning Crewet steepte in blood, and girdeth hir about
With wreathed Snakes and so goes forth. And at hir going out,
Feare, terror, griefe and pensiuenesse for compaine she take,
And also madnesse with his haighe, and gastly staring looke.
Within the house of Athamas no sooner sote she set,
But that the postes began to quake and doores looke blacke as Jet.
The sonne withdrew him, Athamas and eke his wife were cast
With ougly sightes in such a feare, that out of doores at all
They would haue fled. There stode the Fiend, and stopt their passage out,
And splaying forth hir filthie armes behint with Snakes about,

Did tosse and waue hir hatefull head. The swarme of scaled snakes
Did make an irksome noyse to heare as she hir tresses shakes.
About hir shoulders some did craule: some trayling downe hir brest
Did hisse and spit out poyson greene, and spirt with tongues infest.
Then from amyd hir haire two snakes with venymd hand she drew
Of which shee one at Athamas and one at Ino threw.
The snakes did craule about their breasts, inspiring in their heart
Most grieuous motions of the minde: the bodie had no smart
Of any wound: it was the minde that felt the cruell stings.
A poyson made in Syrup wise, shee also with hir brings.
The filthie fame of Cerberus, the casting of the Snake
Echidna, bred among the Fennes about the Stygian Lake:
Desirde of gadding forth abroad: forgetfulnesse of minde:
Delight in mischiefe: wowdnesse: teares: and purpose whole inclinde:
To cruell murther: all the which shee did together grinde:
And mingling them with new shed bloud had boyled them in brasse,
And stird them with a Hemblock stalke. Now whyle that Athamas
And Ino stood and quakte for feare, this poyson ranke and fell
Shee tourned into both their breastes and made their heartes to swell.
Then whisking often round about hir head hir balefull brand,
Shee made it sone by gathering winde to kindle in hir hand.
Thus as it were in triumph wise accomplishing hir best,
To Duskie Plutos emptie Realme shee getteth hir home to rest,
And putteth of the snarled Snakes that girded in hir brest.
Immediatly King Aeolus sonne stark madde comes crying out,
Through all the court what meane ye sirs, why go ye not about
To pitch our toyles within this chach. I sawe euen nowe here ran
A Lyon with hir two yong whelpes. And there withall he gan
To chase his wyfe as if in deede shee had a Lyon beene
And lyke a Wedlem boystoustie he snatcheth from betweene
The mothers armes his little babe Learchus simpling on him
And reaching forth his preatie armes e flong him fiercely from him
A twice or thrice as from a slyng: and dasht his tender head
Against a hard and rugged stone vntill he sawe him dead.
The wretched mother (whither griefe did moue hir thereunto
Or that the poyson spred within did force hir so to doe)
Yould out and frantikly with scattered haire about hir eares

And with hir little Melicert whome haſtely ſhée beares
In naked armes ſhe cryeth out hoe Bacchus. At the name
Of Bacchus Iuno gan to laugh and ſcorning ſayde in game,
This guerdon loe thy foſter child requiteth for the ſame.
There hangs a roche about the Sea the foote whereof is eate
So hollow with the ſaltiſh waues which on the ſame doe beate.
That like a houſe it keepeth off the moyſting ſhowers of rayne
The toppe is rough and ſhotes his front amiddes the open mayne.
Dame Ino (madneſſe made hir ſtrong) did climb this cliffe anon
And headlong downe (without regarde of hurt that hong thereon)
Did throwe hir burden and hir ſelfe, the water where ſhé dalſht
In ſprincling vpwarde glitſerd red. But Venus ſore abaſht
At this hir Néeces great miſchaunce without offence or fault,
Hir Uncle gently thus beſpake. O ruler of the hault
And ſwelling Seas, O noble Neptune whoſe dominion large
Extendeth to the Heauen, whereof the mightie Ioue hath charge,
The thing is great for which I ſew. But ſhewe thou for my ſake
Some mercie on my wretched friends whome in thine endleſſe lake
Thou ſéeſt tolled to and fro. Admit thou them among
Thy Goddes. Of right euen here to mé ſome fauour doth belong
At leaſt wiſe if amid the Sea engendred erſt I were
Of Froth, as of the which yet ſtill my pleaſaunt name I beare.
Neptunus graunted hir requeſt, and by and by bereft them
Of all that euer mortall was. In ſted whereof he left them
A hault and ſtately maieſtie: and altring them in hew
With ſhape and names moſt méete for Goddes he did them both endew.
Leucothoë was the mothers name, Palemon was the ſonne.
The Thebane Ladies following hir as faſt as they could runne,
Did of hir féete perceiue the print vpon the vtter ſtone.
And taking it for certaine ſigne that both were dead and gone,
In making mone for Cadmus houſe, they wrang their hands and tare
Their haire, and rent their clothes, and railde on Iuno out of ſquare,
As nothing iuſt, but more outragious farre than did behoue
In ſo reuenging of his ſelfe vpon hir husbands loue.
The Goddeſſe Iuno could not beare their railing. And in faith
You alſo will I make to be as witneſſes (ſhe ſayth)
Of my outragious cruelltie. And ſo ſhé did in déede.

For

For shée that loued Ino best was following hir with spéede
Into the Sea. But as shée would hir selfe haue downeward cast.
Shée could not stirre, but to the rock as nailed sticked fast.
The second as shée knockt hir breast, did féele hir armes war stiffe.
Another as shée stretched out hir hands vpon the cliffe,
Was made a stone, and there stode still ay stretching forth hir hands
Into the water as before. And as an other standes
A tearing of hir ruffled lockes, hir fingers hardened were
And fastned to hir trilled toppe still tearing of hir heare,
And loke what gesture eche of them was taken in that tide,
Euen in the same transformde to stones, they fastned did abide.
And some were altered into birds which Cadmies called hée
And in that guise with flittering wings still to and fro doe flée.
Naught knoweth Cadmus that his daughter and hir little childe
Admitted were among the Goddes that rule the surges wilde.
Compelde with griefe and great mishappes that had enstrid togither,
And straunge foretokens often séene since first his comming thither,
He vtterly forsakes his towne the which he builded had,
As though the fortune of the place so hardly him bestad,
And not his owne. And fleeting long like pilgrims, at the last
Vpon the coast of Illirie his wife and he were cast.
Where ny forpind with cares and yeares, while of the chaunces past
Vpon their house, and of their toyles and former trauails tane
They sadly talkt betwéene themselues, was my speare head the bane
Of that same ongly Snake of Mars (q Cadmus) when I fled
From Sidon? or did I his teeth in ploughed pasture spred?
If for the death of him the Goddes so cruell vengeaunce take,
Drawen out in length vpon my wombe then traile I like a snake.
He had no sooner sayde the worde but that he gan to glide.
Vpon his belly like a Snake. And on his hardened side
He felt the scales new budding out, the which was wholy fret
With speckled droppes of blacke and gray as thicke as could be set.
He falleth groueling on his breast, and both his shankes doe growe
In one round spindle Bodkinwise with sharpned point below.
His armes as yet remayned still: his armes that did remayne,
He stretched out, and sayde with teares that plentifully did raine
Adowne his face, which yet did kéepe the native fashion sownd,

Come hither wyfe, come hither wight moſt wretched on the ground,
And whyle that ought of mée remaynes vouchſafe to touche the ſame.
Come take mée by the hand as long as hand may haue his name,
Before this ſnakiſh ſhape doe whole my body ouer runne.
He would haue ſpoken more when ſodainely his tongue begunne
To ſplit in two and ſpeache did fayle: and as he did attempt
To make his mone, he hiſt: for nature now had cleane exempt
All other ſpeach. His wretched wyfe hir naked ſtomack béete:
And cryde, what meaneth this? deare Cadmus where are now thy féete?
Where are thy ſhoulders and thy handes? thy hew and manly face?
With all the other things that did thy princely perſon grace?
Which nowe I ouerpaſſe. But why yé Goddes doe you delay?
Py bodie into lyke miſſhape of Serpent to conuay?
When this was ſpoken, Cadmus licke his wyfe about the lippes:
And (as a place with which he was acquaynted well) he ſlippes
Into hir boſome, louingly embracing hir, and caſt
Himſelfe about hir necke, as oft he had in tyme forepaſt.
Such as were there (their folke were there) were ſtaighted at the ſyght,
For by and by they ſawe their neckes did glitter licke and bright.
And on their ſnakiſh heades grew creſts: and finally they both
Were into verie Dragons tourned, and forth together goth
Lone trayling by the tothers ſide, vntill they gaynd a wood,
The which direct againſt the place where as they were then ſtood.
And now remembring what they were themſelues in tymes forepaſt,
They neyther ſhonne nor hurten men with ſtinging nor with blaſt.
But yet a comfort to them both in this their altred hew
Became that noble impe of theirs that Indie did ſubdew,
Whom al Achaia worſhipped with temples builded new.
All only Acriſe Abas ſonne (though of the ſelfe ſame flocke)
Remaind, who out of Argos walles vnkindly did him locke.
And moued wilfull warre againſt his Godhead: thinking that
There was not any race of Goddes for he beleued not
That Perſey was the ſonne of Ioue: or that he was conceyued
By Danae of golden ſhower through which ſhée was deceiued.
But yet ere long (ſuch preſent force hath truth) he doth repent
As well his great impietie againſt God Bacchus meant,
As alſo that he did diſdaine his Nephew for to knowe.

But

But Bacchus now full gloriously himselfe in Heauen doth shewe.
And Perſey bearing in his hand the monſter Gorgons head,
That famous ſpoyle which here and there with ſnakiſh haire was ſpread,
Doth beat the ayre with wauyng wings. And as he ouerflew
The Lybicke landes, the droppes of blood that from the head did ſew
Of Gorgon being new cut off, vpon the ground did fal.
Which taking them (and as it were conceyuing therwithall,)
Engendred ſundrie Snakes and wormes: by meanes wherof that clyme
Did ſwarme with Serpents euer ſince, euen to this preſent tyme.
From thence he lyke a watrie cloud was carted with the weather,
Through all the heauen, now here, now there as light as any feather.
And from aloft he viewes the earth that vnderneath doth lie,
And ſwiftly ouer all the worlde doth in concluſion flie,
Thrée times the chilling beares, thrée times ỹ crabbes fel eyeas he ſaw:
Oft times to Weaſt, oftimes to Eaſt did driue him many a flaw.
Now at ſuch time as vnto reſt the ſonne began to draw,
Bicauſe he did not thinke it good to be abroad all night,
Within King Atlas weſtern Realme he ceaſed from his flight,
Requiſiting that a little ſpace of reſt enioy he might,
Vntill ſuch tyme as Lucifer ſhould bring the morning gray,
And morning bring the lightſome Sunne that guides the cherefull day.
This Atlas Iapets Nephewe, was a man that did excell
In ſtature euerie other wight that in the worlde did dwell.
The vtmoſt coaſt of all the earth and all that Sea wherein
The tyred ſteedes and wearied Wayne of Phœbus diued bin,
Were in ſubiection to this King. A thouſande flockes of ſheepe,
A thouſand heirdes of Rother beaſtes he in his fields did keepe:
And not a neighbor did anoy his ground by dwelling nie.
To him the wandring Perſey thus his language did applie.
If high renowne of royall race thy noble heart may moue,
I am the ſonne of Ioue himſelfe: or if thou more approue
The valiant déedes and hault exploytes, thou ſhalt perceiue in mée
Such doings as deſerue with prayſe extolled for to bée.
I pray thée of thy courteſie receiue mée as thy gueſt,
And let mée only for this night within thy palace reſt.
King Atlas called ſtraight to minde an auncient prophecie
Made by Parnaſſian Themys, which this ſentence did implie.

The

The time shall one day Atlas come in which thy golden trée
Shall of hir fayre and precious fruite dispoyld and robbed bée.
And he shall be the sonne of Ioue that shall entoy the pray.
For feare hereof he did enclose his Orchard euerie way.
With mightie hilles, and put an ougly Dragon in the same
To kéepe it. Further he forbad that any straunger came
Within his Realme, and to this knight he sayde presumptuouslie:
Auoyd my land, onelesse thou wilt by vtter perill trie
That all thy glorious actes whereof thou doest so loudly lie
And Ioue thy father be to farre to helpe thée at thy néede.
To these his wordes he added force, and went about in déede
To driue him out by strength of hand. To speake was losse of winde
For neyther could intreating faire nor stoutnesse tourne his minde.
Well then (q Persey) sith thou doest mine honour set so light,
Take here a present: and with that he turnes away his sight,
And from his left side drewe mée out Medusas lothly head.
As huge and big as Atlas was he tourned in that stead
Into a mountaine: Into trées his beard and locks did passe:
His hands and shoulders made the ridge: that part which lately was
His head, became the highest top of all the hill: his bones
Were turnd to stones: and therewithall he grew mée all at ones
Beyond all measure vp in heigth (For so God thought it best)
So farre that Heauen with all the starres did on his shoulders rest.
In endlesse prison by that time had Æolus lockt the wind
And now the chearely morning starre that putteth folke in mind
To rise about their daylie worke shone brightely in the skie.
Then Persey vnto both his feete did streight his feathers tie
And girt his Wodknife to his side, and from the earth did skie.
And leauing nations nomberlesse beneath him euerie way
At last vpon King Cepheyes fields in Aethiop did he stay.
Where cleane against all right and law by Ioues commaundement
Andromad for hir mothers tongue did suffer punishment.
Whome to a rocke by both the armes when fastned hée had séene,
He would haue thought of Marble stone shée had some image beene,
But that hir tresses to and fro the whisking winde did blowe,
And trickling teares warme from hir eyes adowne hir cheeks did flowe
Unwares hereat gan secret sparkes within his breast to glowe.

His

His wits were straught at sight thereof and rauisht in such wise,
That how to houer with his wings he scarsly could deuise.
Assone as he had stayd himselfe, O Ladie faire (quoth hée)
Not worthie of such bands as these, but such wherewith we sée
Togither, knit in lawfull bed the earnest louers bée
I pray thée tell mée what thy selfe and what this lande is named
And wherefore thou dost weare these Chains: the Ladie ill ashamed
Was at the sodaine striken domb: and lyke a fearfull maid
Shée durst not speake vnto a man. Had not hir handes béene staid
She would haue hid hir bashfull face. Howbeit as she might
With great abundance of hir teares shée stopped vp hir sight
But when that Persey oftentimes was earnestly in hand
To learne the matter, for bicause shée woulde not séeme to stand
In stubborne silence of hir faultes, shée tolde him what the land
And what she hight: and how hir mother for hir beauties sake
Through pride did vnaduisedly too much vpon hir take.
And ere shée full had made an ende, the water gan to roze:
An ougly monster from the dépe was making to the shore
Which bare the Sea before his breast. The Virgin shrieked out.
Hir father and hir mother both stood mourning thereabout,
In wretched ease both twaine, but not so wretched as the maid
Who wrongly for hir mothers fault the bitter raunsome paid.
They brought not with them any help: but (as the time and case
Requird) they wept and wrang their hands, and streightly did embrace
Hir bodie fastened to the rock. Then Persey them bespake,
And sayde: the time may serue too long this sorrow for to make:
But time of helpe must eyther now or neuer else be take
Now if I Persey sonne of hir whome in hir fathers towre
The mightie Ioue begat with childe in shape of golden shoure,
Who cut off ougly Gorgons head bespred with snakish heare,
And in the ayre durst trust these winges my body for to beare,
Perchaunce should saue your daughters life, I think ye should as then
Accept mé for your sonne in law before all other men.
To these great thewes (by the help of God) I purpose for to adde
A iust desert in helping hir that is so hard bestadde.
I couenaunt with you by my force and manhod for to saue hir,
Conditionly that to my wife in recompence I haue hir.

Hir

Hir parents woke his offer streight: for who would sticke thereat
And praid him faire, and promisde him that for performing that
They would endow him with the ryght of al their Realme beside.
Like as a Gally with hir nose doth cut the waters wide,
Enforced by the sweating armes of Rowers wyth the tide
Euen so the monster with his brest did beare the waues aside,
And was now come as nére the rocke as well a man myght fling
Amid the pure and vacant aire a pellet from a sling.
When on the sodaine Persey pusht his foote against the ground,
And stied vpward to the clouds his shadow did rebound
Upon the sea; the beast ran fierce vpon the passing shade.
And as an Egle when he spies a Dragon in a glade
Lie beaking of his bleiwith backe against the sunnie rayes,
Doth cease vpon him vnbeware, and with his talants layes
Sure holde vpon his scalie neche least writhing back his head
His cruell teeth might doe him harme: So Persey in that stead
Discending downe the ayre a maine with all his force and might
Did cease vpon the monsters backe: and vnderneath the right
Finne hard vnto the verie hilt his hooked sworde did smight.
The monster being wounded sore did sometime leape aloft,
And sometime vnder water dive, besitrring him full oft
As doth a chaufed Boare beset with barking Dogges about.
But Persey with his lightsome wings still keeping him without
The monsters reach, with hooked sword doth sometime hew his back
Where as the hollow scales giue way: and sometime he doth hacke
The ribbes on both his maled sides: and sometime he doth wound
His spindle tayle where into fish it growes most smal and round.
The Whale at Persey from his mouth such waues of water cast,
Vemired with the purple blood, that all bedeint at last
His feathers verie beanie were: and doubting any more
To trust his wings now waring wet, he straight began to sore
Vp to a roche which in the calme aboue the water stood:
But in the tempest euermore was hidden with the flood.
And leaning therevnto and with his left hand holding fast
The top thereof a dozen times his weapon he did thrust
Among his guttes. The topfull noyse and clapping of their hands
The which were made for louening of Andromad from hir bands,

Filde

Fillde all the coast and heauen it selfe. The parents of the Mayde
Cassiope and Cepheus were glad and well appayde:
And calling him their sonne in law confessed him to bée
The helpe and sauegarde of their house. Andromade the sée
And cause of Perseys enterprise from bondes now beyng frée,
He washed his victorious hands. And least the Snakie heade
With lying on the grauell hard should catch some harme, he spred
Soft leaues and certaine tender twigs that in the water grew,
And laid Medusas head thereon: the twigs yet being new
And quicke and full of iuicie pith full lightely to them drew
The nature of this monstrous head. for both the leafe and bough
Full straungely at the touch thereof became both hard and tough.
The Seanymphes tride this wondrous fact in diuers other roddes
And were full glad to sée the chaunge, because there was no oddes
Of leaues or twigs or of the séedes new shaken from the coddes.
For still like nature euer since is in our Corall founde:
That loke how sone it toucheth Ayre it wareth hard and sounde.
And that which vnder water was a sticke, aboue is stone,
Three altars to as many Gods he makes of Turfe anon.
Upon the left hand Mercuries: Mineruas on the right:
And in the middle Iupiters: to Pallas he did dight
A Cow: a Calfe to Mercurie: a Bull to royall Ioue.
Forthwith he toke Andromade the price for which he strone
Endowed with hir fathers Realme. For now the God of Loue
And Hymen vnto mariage his minde in haste did moue.
Great fires were made of sweete perfumes, and curious garlandes hung
About the house, which euery where of mirthfull musicke rung
The gladsome signe of merie mindes. The Pallace gates were set
Wide open. none from comming in were by the Porters let.
All Noblemen and Gentlemen that were of any port
To this same great and royall feast of Cephey did resort.
When hauing taken their repast as well of meate as wine
Their hearts began to pleasant mirth by leysure to encline,
The valiant Persey of the folke and factions of the land
Began to be inquisitiue. One Lincide out of hand
The rites and maners of the folke did doe him vnderstand.
Which done he sayd: O worthie knight I pray thée tell vs by

What

What force or wile thou gotst the head with haires of Adders slie.
Then Perſey tolde how vnderneath colde Atlas lay a plaine
So fenced in on euery side with mountaines high, that vaine
Were any force to win the same. In entrance of the which
Two daughters of King Phorcis dwelt whose chaunce and hap was such
That one eye serued both their turnes: whereof by wilie slight
And stealth in putting forth his hand he did bereue them quight,
As they from tone to tother were deliuering of the same.
From whence by long blind croked wayes vnhandsomly he came
Through gastly gropes by ragged cliffes vnto the drerie place
Whereas the Gorgons dwelt: and there he saw (a wretched case)
The shapes as well of men as beasts lie scattered euerie where
In open fields and common wayes, the which transformed were
From liuing things to stones at sight of foule Meduſas heare
But yet that he through brightnesse of his monstrous brazen shield
The which he in his left hand bare, Meduſas face beheld.
And while that in a sound dead slepe were all hir Snakes and she,
He softly pared of hir head: and how that he did slée
Swift Pegaſus the winged horse and eke his brother grew
Out of their mothers new shed bloud. Moreouer he did show
A long discourse of all his happes and not so long as trew:
As namely of what Seas and landes the coasts he ouerflew,
And eke what starres with flying wings he in the while did vew.
But yet his tale was at an ende ere any lyght therefore,
Upon occasion by and by of wordes reherst before
There was a certaine noble man demaunded him wherefore
Shée only of the sisters three haire mixt with Adders bore.
Sir (aunswerde Perſey) sith you aske a matter worth report
I graunt to tell you your demaunde. she both in comly port
and beautie, euery other wight surmounted in such sort,
That many suters vnto hir did earnestly resort.
And though that whole from top to toe most bewtifull she were,
In all hir bodie was no part more goodly than hir heare.
I know some parties yet aliue, that say they did hir sée.
It is reported how she should abuſde by Neptune bée
In Pallas Church: frō which foule facte Ioues daughter turnde hir eye,
And with hir Target hid hir face from such a villanie.

And

And least it should unpunisht be, she turnde hir seemely heare
To lothly Snakes: the which (the more to put hir foes in feare)
Before hir brest continually she in hir shield doth beare.

Finis quarti Libri.

# ¶ THE FYFT BOOKE of Ouids Metamorphosis.

NOw while that Danaes noble sonne was telling of these things
Amid a throng of Cepheys Lordes, through al the Pallace rings
A noyse of people nothing like the sound of such as sing
At wedding feastes, but like the roze of such as tidings bring
Of cruell warre. This sodaine chaunge from feasting vnto fray
Might well be likened to the Sea: whych standing at a stay
The wodnesse of the windes makes rough by raising of the waue.
King Cepheys brother Phyney was the man that rashly gaue
The first occasion of this fray. Who shaking in hys hand
A Dart of Ash with head of steele, sayd loe: loe here I stand
To chalenge thee that wrongfully my rawisht spouse dost holde.
Thy wings nor yet thy forged Mad in shape of feyned golde
Shall now not saue thee from my hands. As with that word he bent
His arme aloft, the foresaid Dart at Persey to haue sent
What dost thou brother (Cephey cride) what madnesse mones thy minde
To doe so foule a deede? is this the friendship he shall finde
Among vs for his good deserts? And wilt thou needes requite

The

The sauing of thy Nieces life with such a soule despight?
Whome Persey hath not from thee tane: but (if thou be auised)
But Neptunes heaute wrath because his Seanymphes were despised
But horned Hammon: but the beast which from the Sea arriued
On my deare bowels for to feede. That time wert thou deprined
Of thy betrothed, when hir life vpon the losing stode:
Onelie perchaunce to see hir lost it wouldе haue done thee good,
And easde thy heart to see me sad. And may it not suffice
That thou didst see hir to the rocke fast bound before thine eyes
And didst not helpe hir beyng both hir husband and hir Eame?
Onelie thou grudge that any man should come within my Realme
To saue hir life? and seeke to rob him of his full rewarde?
Which if thou thinke to be so great, thou shouldst haue had regarde
Before, to fetch it from the rocke to which thou sawste it bound,
I pray thee brother seeing that by him the meanes is found
That in mine age without my childe I go not to the grounde,
Permit him to enioy the price for which we did compounde,
And which he hath by due desert of purchace dearely bought.
For brother let it neuer sinke nor enter in thy thought
That I set more by him than thee: but this may well be sed
I rather had to giue hir him than see my daughter dead.
He gaue him not a worde againe: But looked eft on him,
And eft on Persey wrothly with countnance stoure and grim,
Not knowing which were best to hit: And after little stay
He shooke his Dart, and flung it forth with all the powre and sway
That Anger gaue at Perseys head. But harme it did him none,
It sticked in the Bedsteddes head that Persey sate vpon.
Then Persey sternely starting vp and pulling out the Dart
Did throw it at his foe agayne, and therewithall his hart
Had cliuen a sunder, had he not behinde an Altar start.
The Altar (more the pitie was) did saue the wicked wight.
Yet threw he not the Dart in vaine: it hit one Rhetus right
Amid the forehead: who therewith sanke downe, and when the stele
Was plucked out, he sprawled about and spurned with his heele,
And all berayd the bonde with blond. Then all the other rout
As fierce as fire flang Dartes: and some there were that cried out
That Cephey with his sonne in lawe was worthy for to die.

But

But he had wound him out of dutes protesting solemly
As he was iust and faithfull Prince, and sweating eke by all
The Gods of Hospitalitie, that thatsame hoyle did fall
Full sore against his will, At hand was warlie Pallas streight
And shadowed Persey with hir shielde, and gaue him heart in seight.
There was one Atys borne in Inde, (of faire Lymniace
The River Ganges daughter thought the sonne for to be,)
Of passing beautie which with rich aray he did augment.
He ware that day a scarlet Cloke, about the which there went
A garde of golde: a cheyne of golde he ware about his necke:
And eke his haire perfumde with Myrrhe a costly crowne did decke.
Full sixtene yeares he was of age: such cunning skill he coulde
In darting, as to hit his marke farre distant when he would.
Yet how to handle Bow and shaftes much better did he know.
Now as he was about that time to bende his horned Bowe,
A firebrand Persey caught that did vpon the Aultar smoke,
And dasht him ouerthwart the face with such a violent stroke,
That all bebattred was his head the bones a sunder broke.
When Lycabas of Assur lande his most assured friend
And deare companion being no dissembler of his mind
Which most entierly did him loue, beholde him on the ground
Lie welt'ring with disfigurde face, and through that grieuous wound
Nowgasping out his parting ghost, his death he did lament,
And taking hastily vp the Bow that Atys erst had bent,
Encounter thou with me (he saide) thou shalt not long enioy
Thy triumphing in brauerie thus, for killing of this boy,
By which thou gettst more spight than praise. All this was scarsly sed,
But that the arrow from the string went streyned to the head.
Howbeit Persey (as it hapt) so warely did it shunne,
As that it in his coteplights hung. then to him did he runne
With Harpe in his hand bestaind with grim Medusas blood,
And thrust him through the brest therwith. he quothing as he stood
Did loke about where Atys lay with him and dazeling eyes,
Now waning vnder endelesse night: and downe by him he lies,
And for to comfort him withall together with him dies.
Behold through gredie hast to seight one Phorbas Methions son
A Syueuite: and of Lybie lande one called Amphimedon

By fortune sliding in the blood with which the ground was wet,
Fell downe: and as they woulde haue rose, Perseus launchon met
With both of them. Amphimedon vpon the ribbes he smote,
And with the like celeritie he cut me Phorbas throte.
But vnto Erich Actors sonne that in his hand did holde
A brode browne Bill, with his sherpe sword he durst not be to bolde
To make approch. With both his handes a great and massie cup
Emboss with cunning portrayture aloft he taketh vp,
And sendes it at him. He spewes vp red blood: and falling downe
Vpon his backe, against the ground doth knocke his dying crowne.
Then downe he Polydemon throwes extract of royall race
And Abaris the Scithian, and Clytus in like case.
And Elice with his brishorne locked, and also Phlegias,
And Lycet olde Spectacles sonne, with diuers other mo,
That on the heapes of corses slaine he treades as he doth go.
And Phyney daring not presume to meete his foe at hand,
Did cast a Dart: which hapt to light on Idas who did stand
Aloofe as neuter (though in vaine) not medling with the fray.
Who casting backe a frowning loke at Phyney, thus did say.
Sith whether that I will or no compeld I am perforce
To take a part, haue Phyney here him whome thou dooste enforce
To be thy foe, and with this wound my wrongfull wound requite.
But as he from his body pulde the Dart, with all his might
To throw it at his foe againe, his limmes so feebled were
With losse of bloud, that downe he fell and could not after stare.
There also lay Odites slaine the chiefe in all the land
Next to King Cephey, put to death by force of Clymens hand.
Protenor was by Hypsey killde, and Lyncide did as much
For Hypsey. In the throng there was an auncient man and such
a one as loued righteousnesse and greatly feared God:
Emathion called was his name: whome sith his yeares forbod
To put on armes, he feights with tongue, inuying earnestly
Against that wicked war the which he banned bitterly.
As on the Altar he himselfe with quiuering handes did stay,
One Cromis tipped of his head: his head cut off streight way
Vpon the Altar fell, and there his tongue not fully dead,
Did bable still the banning wordes the which it erst had led.

And

And breathes forth his fainting ghost among the burning brandes.
Then Brote & Hamon brothers, stoute champions of their hãds
In wrestling Pierlesse (if so be that wrestling could sustaine
The furious force of slicing swordes) were both by Phyney slaine.
And so was Alphit Ceres Priest that ware vpon his crowne
A stately Piter faire and white with Tables hanging downe.
Thou also Iapets sonne for such affaires as these vnmeete
But meete to tune thine instrument with voyce and Ditie sweete
The worke of peace, wert thither called th'assemblie to reioyce
And for to set the mariage forth with pleasant singing voyce.
As with his Viall in his hand he stode a good way off,
There commeth to him Petalus and sapes in way of scoffe:
Go sing the residue to the ghostes about the Stygian Lake,
And in the left side of his heade his dagger poynt he strake.
He sanke downe deade with fingers still yet warbling on the string
And so mischaunce knit vp with woe the song that he did sing.
But fierce Lycormas could not beare to see him murdred so
Without reuengement. Vp he caught a mightie Leaner tho
That wonted was to barre the doore a right syde of the house
And therewithall to Petalus he lendeth such a souse
Full in the noddle of the necke, that like a stretched Ore
Streight tũbling downe, against the ground his groueling face he knor.
And Pelates a Garamant attempted to haue caught
The left doore barre: but as thereat with stretched hand he raught,
One Coryt sonne of Marmarus did with a Iauelin stricke
Him through the hand, that to the wood fast nayled did it sticke.
As Pelates stode fastned thus, one Abas goard his side:
He could not fall, but hanging still vpon the poste there dide
Fast nayled by the hand. And there was ouerthrowne a Knight
Of Perseyes band called Melaney, and one that Dorill highte
A man of greatest landes in all the Realme of Nasamone.
That occupide so large a grounde as Dorill was there none,
Nor none that had such store of corne. there came a Dart a skew
And lighted in his Coddes the place where present death doth sew.
When Alcion of Barcey he that gaue this deadly wound
Beheld him yesking forth his ghost and falling to the ground
With watrie eyes the white turnde vp: content thy selfe he said

With that same litle plot of grounde whereon thy corse is layde,
In steade of all the large fat fieldes which late thou didst possesse.
And with that word he left him dead. Perseus to redresse
This slaughter and this spightfull taunt, streight snatched out the Dart
That sticked in the fresh warme wound, and with an angrie hart
Did send it at the throwers head: the Dart did split his nose
Euen in the middes, and at his necke againe the head out goes:
So that it perced both the wayes. Whiles fortune doth suppose
And further Persey thus, he kilies (but yet in sundrie sort)
Two brothers by the mother: tone called Clytie tother Dane.
For on a Dart through both his thighes did Clytie take his bane:
And Danus with another Dart was striken in the mouth.
There died also Celadon a Cypsie of the South:
And so did bastard Astrey too, whose mother was a Jew:
And sage Ethion well diseene in things that should ensew,
But vterly beguilde as then by Wirdes that ankly slew.
King Cepheyes harnessebearer called Thoactes lost his life,
And Agyrt whom for murdring late his father with a knife
The world spake shame of. Nathelesse much more remainde behinde
Than was dispatched of of hand: for all were full in minde
To murder one. the wicked throng had sworne to spend their blood
Against the right, and such a man as had deserued good.
A totherside (although in vaine) of mere affection stood
The Father and the Mother in law, and she the heauie bride,
Who filled with their piteous playnt the Court on euerie side.
But now the clattring of the swordes and harnesse at that tide
With grieuous grones and sighes of such as wounded were or dide,
Did raise vp such a cruell rore that nothing could be heard.
For fierce Bellona so renewde the battell afterward,
That all the house did swim in blood. Duke Phyney with a rout
Of moe than a thousand men enuirond round about
The valiant Persey all alone. The Dartes of Phyneys bande
Came thicker than the Winters hayle doth fall vpon the lande,
By both his sides his eyes and eares. He warely therevpon
Withdrawes, and leanes his backe against a huge great arche of stone:
And being safe behind, he setteth his face against his foe
Withstanding all their fierce assaultes. There did assaile him thoe

Vpon

Upon the left side Molpheus a Prince of Choanie,
And on the right Ethemon borne hard by in Arabie.
Like as the Tyger when he heares the lowing out of Neate
In sundrie pedes, enforced sore through abstinence from meate,
Would faine be going with them both, and can not tell at which
Were best to giue aduenture first: so Persey who did itch
To be at hoste with both of them, and doubtfull whether side
To turne him on, the right or left, vpon aduantage slide
Did wound me Molphey on the leg, and from him quight him reaue.
He was contented with his slight: for why Ethemon gaue
No respite to him to pursue: but like a frantick man
Though egernesse to wounde his foe, without regarding whan
Or how to strike for haste, he burst his brittle sworde in twaine
Against the Arche: the poynt whereof rebounding backe againe,
Did hit himselfe vpon the throte. Howbeit that same wound
Was vnsufficient for to sende Ethemon to the ground.
He trembled holding vp his handes for mercie, but in vaine.
For Persey thrust him through the heart with Hermes hooked shaine.
But when he saw that valiantnesse no longer could auayle,
By reason of the multitude that did him still assayle,
With you your selues me force to call mine enmie to mine ayde,
I will do so: if any friend of mine be here (he sayd)
Sirs turne your faces all away: and therewithall he drew
Out Gorgons head. One Thessalus streight raging to him flew,
And sayd: go seeke some other man whome thou mayst make afraight
With these thy foolish iuggling toyes. And as he would haue caught
His Javeling in him with that worde to hill him out of hand,
With gesture throwing forth his Dart all sparkle did he stand.
His sworde through Lyncids noble heart had Amphix thought to shoue:
His hand was stone, and neyther one nor other way could moue:
But Niley who did vaunt himselfe to be the Miners sonne
That through the bounses of Aegypt land in channels.vij.doth runne,
And in his shielde had grauen part of siluer, part of golde
The said.vij.channels of the Nile, sayd: Persey here beholde
From whence we fetch our pedegrée: it may reioyce thy hart
To die of such a noble hand as mine. The latter part
Of these his woords could scarce be heard: the dint therof was drowned:

He would haue thought him speaking still with open mouth: but sounde
Did none forth passe: there was for speache no passage to be founde.
Rebuking them cries Eryx: Sirs it is not Gorgons face
It is your owne faint heartes that make you stonie in this case.
Come let vs on this fellow run and to the ground him beare
That feightes by witchcraft: as with that his fiete forth stepping were,
They stacke still fastened to the flaze: he could not moue a tide,
An armed image all of stone he speachelesse did abide.
All these were tuftly punished. But one there was a knight
Of Perseys band, in whose defence as Acont stode to feight,
He warred ouergrowne with stone at vgly Gorgons sight.
Whome still as yet Astyages supposing for to liue,
Did with a long sharpe armed speare a wasting blow him giue.
The speard did clinke against the stone and out the sparcles dyue.
While all amazde Astyages stode wondring at the thing,
The selfe same nature on himselfe the Gorgons head did bring.
And in his visage which was stone countenance did remaine
Of wondring still. A weary worke it were to tell you plaine
The names of all the common sort. Two hundred from that fray
Did scape vnslaine: but none of them did go aliue away.
The whole two hundred euery one at sight of Gorgons heare
Were turned into stockes of stone. Then at the length for feare
Did Phyney of his wrongfull war forthinke himselfe full faze.
But now (alas) what remedie? he saw there stand before
His face, his men like Images in sundrie shapes all stone.
He knew them well, and by their names did call them euerychone:
Desiring them to succor him: and trusting not his sight
He feeles the bodies that were nere, and all were Marble quight.
He turnes himselfe from Persey ward and humbly as he standes
He wries his armes behind his backe: and holding vp his handes,
O noble Persey thou hast got the vpper hand he sed.
Put vp that monstrous shield of thine: put vp that Gorgons head
That into stones transformeth men: put vp I thee desire.
Not hatred, nor because to reigne as King I did aspire,
Haue moued me to make this fray. The only force of loue
In seeking my betrothed spouse, did herevnto me moue.
The better title seemeth thine because of thy desert:

And

And mine by former promise made. It irkes me at the heart
In that I did not giue the place. None other thing I craue
O worthie knight, but that thou graunt this life of mine to saue.
Let all things else bestow be thine. As he thus humbly spake
Not daring loke at him to whome he did entreatance make,
The thing (quoth Persey) which to graunt both I can finde in heart,
And is no little courtesie to shewe without desert
Upon a Coward, I will graunt O fearfull Duke to thée.
Set feare a side: thou shalt not hurt with any weapon bée.
I will moreouer so prouide as that thou shalt remaine
An euerlasting monument of this dayes toyle and paine.
The pallace of my Father in law shall hencefoorth be thy shrine
Where thou shalt stand continually beside my spouses eyen.
That of hir husband hauing ay the Image in hir sight,
She may from time to time receyue some comfort and delight.
He had no sooner saide thus woordes but that he turnde his shielde
With Gorgons heade to that same part where Phyney with a mielde
And fearfull countenance set his face. Then also as he wrong
His eyes away, his mouth went stille, his teares to stone were tyde.
A countenance as the stonie stocke of feare did still appeare
With humble loke and yéelding handes and gastly ruthfull cheare.
With conquest and a noble wife doth Persey home repaire
And in reuengement of the right against the wrongfull heyre,
As in his Grandsires iust defence he falles in hand with Prete
Who like no brother but a foe did late before defeate
King Acrise of his townes by warre and of his royall seate.
But neyther could his men of warre nor fortresse won by wrong
Defend him from the grieslie loke of grim Medusa long.
And yet thée foolish Polydect of little Seriph King,
Such rooted rancor inwardly continually did sting,
That neyther Perseys prowesse tride in such a sort of broyles
Nor yet the perils he endurde, nor all his troublous toyles
Could cause thy stomacke to relent. Within thy stonie brest
Workes such a kinde of setfred hate as cannot be repressed.
Thy wrongfull malice hath none ende. Moreouer thou of spite
Repining at his worthy praise, his doings dosse bachbite:
Vpholding that Medusas death was but a forged lie:

So long till Perſey forſe to ſhewe the truth apparantly,
Deſiring ſuch as were his friendes to turne away their eye,
Drue out Meduſas angly head. At ſight wherenf anon
The hateſull Tyran Polydect was turned to a ſtone.
The Goddeſſe Pallas all this while did kéepe continually
Hir brother Perſey company, till now that ſhe did ſée
From Seriph in a hollow cloud, and leauing on the right
The Ilés of Scyre and Gyaros, ſhe made from thence hir flight
Directly ouer that ſame ſea as neare as eye could aime
To Thebe and Mount Helicon. and when ſhe thither came,
She ſtayde hir ſelfe, and thus beſpake the learned ſiſters nine.
A rumor of an vncouth ſpring did pierce theſe eares of mine
The which the winged ſteede ſhould make by ſtamping with his hoofe.
This is the cauſe of my repaire: I would for certaine proofe
Be glad to ſée the wondrous thing. For preſent there I finde
And ſaw the ſelfe ſame Pegaſus ſpring of his mothers blood.
Dame Vranie did entertaine and anſwere Pallas thus.
What cauſe ſo euer moues your grace to come and viſit vs,
Moſt heartely you welcome are: and certaine is the fame
Of this our Spring, that Pegaſus was cauſer of the ſame.
And with that worde ſhe led hir forth to ſée the ſacred ſpring.
Who muſing greatly with hir ſelfe at ſtraungeneſſe of the thing,
Surueyde the Wodes and gromes about of auncient ſtately port.
And when ſhe ſaw the Bowres to which the Muſes did reſort,
And pleaſant fields beclad with herbes of ſundrie hew and ſort,
She ſaid that for their ſtudies ſake they were in happie caſe
And alſo that to ſerue their turne they had ſo trim a place,
Then one of them replied thus. O noble Ladie who
(But that your vertue greater workes than theſe are cauſes you to)
Should elſe haue bene of this our troupe, your ſaying is full true.
To this our trade of life and place is commendation due.
And ſure we haue a luckie lot and if the world were ſuch
As that we might in ſafetie liue. but lewdneſſe reignes ſo much
That all things make vs Muſes afraide: We thinkes I yet do ſée
The wicked Tyran Pyren ſtill: my heart is yet ſcarce free
From that ſame feare with which it hapt vs ſlighted for to bée.
This cruell Pyren was of Thrace and with his men of war

The

The land of Phocis had subdude, and from this place not far
Within the Citie Daulis reigned by force of wrongfull hand.
One day to Phebus Temples warde that on Parnasus stand
As we were going, in our way he mist his countenance
And by the name of Goddesse in lasting remembrance
Said: O ye Dames of Meonie (for so he knew us well)
I pray you stay and take my house tyll this storme (there fell
That time a tempest and a shoure) be past: the Gods aloft
Haue entred smaller shedders then mine full many a time and oft.
The raintie weather and hys wordes so moued vs, that we
To go into an outer house of his did all agree.
As soone as that the shoure was past and heauen was hayded cleare
Of all the Cloudes which late before did euery where appeare,
Untill that Boreas had subdude the raintie Southerne winde
We would haue by and by here gone. So that the same in minde
To rauish vs: but we with wings eftsoones from his handes
He purposing to follow be, vpon a sweet sounde
And sayth he nedes will after vs the same way me did flie.
And with that wordes full frantickly he leapeth vnlucke steppe by step
And pitching enelong an hie fore the house a sunder crasht
And dying, all abrode the ground his wicked blood bespasht.
Now as the Muse was telling this, they heard a noyse of lowing
And from the leaues hong ben aloft a sound of greeting wings.
Minerua looking vp therat beholded subtyle the fowles
Of tongues that so nimbly spake did come so plaine and rounde
She thought some woman or some man had gotten hir shot sounde.
It was a flight of Birdes. Nyne Pies inwrigling theis mischaunces
In counterfetting euerie thing from bough to bough did daunce.
As Pallas wondred at the sight, the Muse spake thus in summe.
These also being late ago in chalenge ouercome,
Made one kinde moze of Birdes then was of auncient time before.
In Macedone they were about the Citie Pella borne
Of Pierus a great riche Churle and Euip, who by wife
Of strong Lucina trauelling nine times, nine times was layde
Of daughters in hir childbed safe. This fond and foolish rout
Of doltish sisters taking pryde and swaring here stout,
Because they were in number nine came flocking all togither

Though

Thyough all the retends of Theſſalie and all Achaia hyther,
And bs inuity thoſe ny ſiſters bayges to combate bid prattobe.
Ceaſe off ye Theſpian Gebettes to mocke the ſimple ſolke
With fondneſſe of your fyrſtborne. How if ye thynke in deede
Ye can doe ought, come boldly bs and ſe how you ſhall ſpede.
I warrant you ye paſſe bs not in cunning nay in boyce.
Ye are bere nine, and ſo are we. Wee put you to the choyce,
That eyther we will banquith you and ſet your quighe beſide
Your fountaine made by Pegaſus which is your cheefeſt pryde,
And Aganippe to: or elſe confounde you bs, and we
Of all the woods of Macedone will poſſeſſed be
As farre as ſtreame Peneis: and let the Nymphes be Iudges.
Now in good ſuch it was a ſhame to cope with ſuchie Dyudges,
But yet more ſhame it was to yeld. The choſen Nymphes did ſweare
By Styxe, and lace them bowne on ſeates of ſtone that greened there.
Then ſtreight without commiſſion or election of the reſt,
The formoſt of them playning bold vnreuently, preſt
The chalenge to perſwade: and ſung the battels of the Goddes.
She gaue the Giauntes the prayſe, the Pyxes and the oddes,
Abaſing ſore the warlyke vyctes of all the Gods. She tolles
How Typhon flying from the earth and from the deepeſt helles,
Put all the Gods almoſt a ſtonde, ſo greatly that they fled
And neuer ſtaide till Aegypt land and Nile whoſe ſtreame is ſhed
In channels ſeuen. And how them ſelues they hydde all togither:
And how the Pythonne Typhon did purſue them alſo thyther.
By meanes whereof the Gods eche one were fayne themſelues to hyde
In fayned ſhapes. As he ſayde that Ioue the Prince of Gods was wonte
In ſhape of Ram: which is the cauſe that at this preſent tyde
Ioues ymage wherin the Lybian folke by name of Hammon ſerue,
Is made with croked welked hornes that inward ſtill doe terue:
That Phebus in a Rauen lurkt, and Bacchus in a Geate,
And Phebus ſiſter in a Cat, and Iuno in a Neate,
And Venus in the ſhape of fyſh, and how that laſt of all
Mercurius hid him in a Byrd which Ibis men doe call.
This was the ſumme of all the tale which ſhe with rolling tung
And pelting thoteboll to her harpe before bs rudely ſung.

Our turne is alſo come to ſpeake, but that perchaunce your grace

To giue the hearing to our song hath vnto me time nor space.
Yes yes (quoth Pallas) tell on forth in order all your tale:
And vnto me late running the twist which goes a pleasant smale.
The Muse made mistress thus: To me Calliope hath by name
This chalenge bin committed home and opening of the same.
Then rose vp fayre Calliope with goodly bush of beare
Trim wreathed vp with pale leaues, and forth hir thombe gan reare
The quiuering strings, to trie them if they were in tune or no.
Which done, she playde vpon hir Lute and song hir Ditie so.

Dame Ceres first to tyll the Earth with plough the manner found,
She first made corne and flower fast to grow vpon the ground,
She first made lawes. for all these things we owe to Ceres bounde.
Of hir must I as neede intreate: vnwise God I could redounde
Hir worthie laude: she vouchsafe to a Goddesse lende hir grace.
Because the Giant Typhon came presumptuously aforce
To conquer Heauen, the hongrie Ile of Trinacris is layde
Vpon his limmes, by whight whereof perforce he leaues inswayde
The fetters and struglings he to rise full many a time and ofte
But on his right hand toward Rome Pelorus standes aloft:
Pachynus standes vpon his left: his legs with Lilybie
Are prested vnto: his monstrous head doth vnder Aetna lie.
From whence he lying holt vpright with lamentable mouth doth spit
Out flames of fire. he inselleth oft and mallesmeth for to hit
And if he can remoue the weight of all that mightie land
Or tumble vnto the towres and piles that on his bodie stand.
By meanes whereof it commes to passe that oft the Earth doth shake:
And euen the King of Ghostes himselfe for feare doth quake,
Misdoubting lest the Earth should cleue so wide that light of day
Might by the same pierce downe to Hell and there the Ghostes affray.
Forecasting this, the Prince of Feendes forsakes his sacrifisome hole,
And in a Chariot vp doth mount with fast driuen all blacke as any cole.
The whole foundation of the Ile of Sicill warely viande.
When throughly he had sought each place that harme had none enuide,
As carefully he ransoght aboute, he chaunced to be sene:
Of Venus sitting on hir hill: whom calling first right bemene
Hir armes hir wingud Cupid, fatall yong sonne, mine only ioy,
My hand, mine power, and my might, go take without delay

Those

Those cudes which all toughnes do subdue, and stirne them in the yirt
Of that same God that ouer the worlde enlopes the lowest part.
The Gods of Seames, and lorde himselfe, the power of Seas Land
And he that rules the powres on Earth obey thy mightie hand:
And wherefore shoul thoude only pell still vnburdened stande,
Thy mothers Empires and thine owne why dost thou not abandonne,
The child par cel of the worlde into hungs in doubtful chaunce.
And yet in heauen no note, their bodes thou find me fame to beare.
We are despisde: the strength of lone with me alway doth weare.
Helpe not the Matron Dame the late name Pallas hane already
Crempted them from my defences, and fiste vs late to hendy
Is Ceres daughter daughter if she let yir home yir will,
She will continue all yir life a spouse inuiolated still
For that is all yir hope, and make inherent yir mindes to shute.
But thou (if ought this gracious earne our bonest may promote,
Or ought our Empires bonestie which longeth vnt dou holde,)
This Dimpell to yir vncle tayne. So famer hop she tolde
These wordes, but Cupid opening streight his quiuer chose therefro
One arrow (all his vnchest bude) among a thousande mo.
But such a one it was, as none more sharper was than it,
Nor none went streighter from the Bow the aimed marke to hit.
He set his knee against his Bow and bent it out of hande,
And made his dyrdes arrowes steale in Plutos heart to stande.
Neare Enna lyeth there standes a Lake Pergusa is the name.
Cayster heareth not more songs of Swannes than doth the same.
A wood environs enuerte the the water round about,
And with his leaues as with a veple doth keepe the Sonne heate out.
The boughes doe yelde a coole fresh Ayre: the mayst nelle of the grounde
Yelds sundrie flowres: continuall spring is all the yeare there bought.
Whilst in this garden Proserpine was playing hir pastime,
In gathering violets bleos, or lilies white as Lime,
And while of Passerly vnwise she filde hir Spindle and Lap,
Endeuoring to outgather hir companions there: Thy had
Dis spide hir: loude hir caught hir vp: and all at once hir intent.
So hastie, hote, and fierce a thing is Loue: as thus appeare.
The Ladie with a weeping voyce affright did often call
Hir Mother and hir louing Mates, but chiefly on Mother of all,

And

And as she from the vpper part hir garment would haue rent,
By chaunce she let hir lap slip downe, and out hir slowres went.
And such a filie simplenesse hir childish age yet beares,
That euen the verie losse of them did moue hir more to teares.
The Catcher dines his Chariot forth, and calling euery horse
By name, to make away apace he doth them still enforce:
And shakes about their neckes and manes their rustie bridle reynes
And through the deepest of the Lake perforce he them constreynes.
And through the Palik poles. the which from broken ground doe boyle
And smell of Brimstone verie ranke: and also by the soyle
Where as the Bacchies folke of Corinth with the double seas,
Betweene vnequall Hauons twaine did reare a towne for ease.
Betweene the fountaines of Cyane and Arethuse of Pise
An arme of Sea that meetes enclosde with narrow haynes there lies.
Of this the Pole called Cyane which beareth greatest fame
Among the Nymphes of Sicilie did Algates take the name.
Who dauncing hir vnto the waste amid hir Pole did know
Dame Proserpine, and said to Dis: ye shall no further go
You cannot Ceres sonne in lawe be, will she so or no.
You should haue sought hir courteously and not enforst hir so.
And if I may with great estates my simple things compare,
Anapus was in loue with me: but yet he did not fare
As you doe now with Proserpine. He was content to woo
And I vnforst and vnconstreind consented him vnto.
This said, she spreaded forth hir armes and stopt him of his way.
His hastie wrath Saturnus sonne no longer then could stay.
But chearing vp his dreadfull Steedes did smight his royall mace
With violence in the bottome of the Pole in that same place.
The ground streight yelded to his stroke and made him way to Hell,
And downe the open gap both horse and Chariot headlong fell.
Dame Cyan taking sore to heart as well the rauishment
Of Proserpine against hir will, as also the contempt
Against hir fountaines priuiledge, did throwde in secret hart
An inward corsie comfortlesse, which neuer did depart
Vntill she melting into teares consumde away with smart.
The selfe same waters of the which she was but late ago
The mighty Goddesse, now she pines and wastes hirselfe into.

Ye might haue séene hir limmes wex lithe, ye might haue bent hir bones.
Hir nayles wext soft: and first of all did melt the smallest ones:
As haire and fingars, legges and feet: for these same slender parts
Doe quickly into water turne. and afterward conuerts
To water, shoulder, backe, brest, side: and finally in stead
Of liuely blood, within hir veynes corrupted there was spred
Thinne water: so that nothing now remained whereupon
Ye might eake holde, to water all consumed was anon.
The carefull mother in the while did séeke hir daughter deare
Through all the world both Sea & Land, and yet was nere the neare.
The Morning with hir deawy haire hir slugging neuer found,
Nor yet the Euening star that brings the night vpon the ground.
Two seasoned Pynetrées at the mount of Aetna did she light
And bare them reskielle in hir handes through all the dankish night.
Againe as soone as chierfull day did dim the starres, she sought
Hir daughter still from East to West. And being ouerwrought
She caught a thirst: no liquor yet had come within hir throte.
By chaunce she spied nere at hand a pelting thatched Cote
With péeuish doores: she knockt thereat, and out there commes a troe.
The Goddesse asked hir some drinke and she denide it not:
But out she brought hir by and by a draught of merrie go downe
And therewithall a Potchpotch made of steeped Barlie browne
And Flaxe and Coriander séede and other simples more
The which she in an Earthen pot together sod before.
While Ceres was a eating this, before hir gazing stood
A hard taaske boy a shrewde pert wag that could no maners good:
He laughed at hir and in scorne did call hir gréedie gut.
The Goddesse being wroth therewith, did on the Potchpotch put
The liquor ere that all was eate, and in his face it threw.
Immediatly the skinne thereof became of speckled hew.
And into legs his armes did turne: and in his altred hide
A wrigling tayle streight to his limmes was added more beside.
And to th'intent he should not haue much powre to worken scathe,
His bodie in a little rowme togither knit she bathe.
For as with pretis Lucerts he in faction doth agrée:
So than the Lucert somewhat lesse in euery poynt is he.
The poore old woman was amazde: and bitterly she wept:

She

She durst not touche the uncouth swarme, who into corners crept.
And of the flecked spottes like starres that on his hide are set
A name agreeing thereunto in Latine doth he get.
It is our Svvift whose shinne with gray and yellow specks is fret.
What Lands? Seas the Goddesse sought it were too lõg to laine.
The worlde did want. And so she went to Sicill backe againe.
And as in going euery where she serched busily,
She also came to Cyane: who would assuredly
Haue tolde hir all things, had she not transformed bene before.
But mouth and tongue for utterance now would serue hir turne no more.
Howbeit a token manifest she gaue hir for to know
What was become of Proserpine. Hir girdle she did show
Still houering on hir holie poole, which slightly from hir fell
As she that way did passe: and that hir mother knew too well.
For when she saw it, by and by as though she had but than
Bene new advertised of hir chaunce, she piteously began
To rend hir ruffled haire, and beate hir handes against hir brest.
As yet she knew not where she was. But yet with rage oppressed.
She curst all landes, and said they were unthankfull everychone
Yea and unworthy of the fruites bestowed them upon.
But bitterly aboue the rest she banned Sicilie,
In which the mention of hir losse she plainly did espie.
And therefore there with cruell hand the earing ploughes she brake,
And man and beast that tilde the grounde to death in anger strake.
She marrde the syde, and eke forbade the fieldes to yelde their frute.
The plenteousnesse of that same Ile of which there went suche brute
Through all the world, lay dead: the corne was killed in the blade:
Now too much drought, now too much wet did make it for to fade.
The starres and blasting windes did hurt, the hungry soules did eate
The corne in ground: the Lines and Wiars did ouergaild the Wheate.
And other wicked weedes the corne continually annoy,
Which neyther tylth nor toyle of man was able to destroy.
Then Arethuse flouds Alpheys loue lifts from hir Elean waues
Hir head, and shedding to hir eares hir dewy haire that waues
About hir foreheade sayde: O thou that art the mother deare
Both of the Maiden sought through all the world both far and neare,
And eke of all the earthly fruites, forbeare thine endelesse toyle,

And be not wroth without a cause with this thy faithfull spyle,
The Lande deserues no punishment. vnwillingly God wote
She opened to the Rauisher that violently hir smote.
It is not sure my native spyle for which I thus entreate.
I am but here a sojournet, my native spyle and seate
Is Pisa and from Ely towne I fetch my first discent.
I dwell but as a straunger here. but sure to my intent
This Countrie likes me better farre than any other land.
Here now I Arethusa dwell: here am I setled: and
I humbly you beseche extend your fauour to the same.
A time will one day come when you to mirth may better frame,
And haue your heart more free from care, which better serue me may
To tell you why I from my place so great a space doe stray.
And vnto Ortygie am brought through so great Seas and waues.
The ground doth giue me passage free, and by the lowest caues
Of all the Earth I make my way, and here I raise my heade,
And loke vpon the starres agayne neare out of knowledge fled.
Now while I vnderneath the Earth the Lake of Styx did passe,
I saw your daughter Proserpine with these same eyes. She was
Not merrie, neyther rid of feare as seemed by hir chere.
But yet a Queene, but yet of great God Dis the stately Fere:
But yet of that same dyotipie Realme the chiefe and soueregne Pere.
Hir mother stode as starke as stone, when she these newes did heare,
And long she was like one that in another worlde had beene.
But when hir great amazednesse by greatnesse of hir teene
Was put aliue, she getes hir to hir Chariot by and by
And vp to heauen in all post haste immediatly doth flie.
And there bestowred all hir face: hir haire about hir eares,
To royall Ioue in way of plaint this spightfull tale she beares.
As well for thy bloud as for mine a suter vnto thee
I hither come. if no regard may of the mother bee
Yet let the childe hir father mone, and haue not lesser care
Of hir (I pray) because that I hir in my bodie bare.
Behold our daughter whome I sought so long is found at last:
If finding you it terme, when of recouerie meanes is past.
Or if you finding do it call to haue a knowledge where
She is become. Hir rauishment we might consent to beare,

So restitution might be made. And though there were to me
No interest in hir at all; yet forasmuche as she
Is yours, it is vnmete she be beslowde vpon a theefe.
Ioue answerde thus. My daughter is a Iewell deare and leefe:
A collup of mine owne flesh cut as well as out of thine.
But if we in our heartes can finde things rightly to define,
This is not spight but loue. And yet Madame in faith I see
No cause of such a sorme in law ashamed for to bee,
So you contented were therewith. For put the case that hée
Were destitute of all things else, how greate a matter tis
Ioues brother for to be? but sure in him is nothing mis.
For he inferior is to me saue only that by lot
The Heauens to me, the Hell to him the destinies did allot.
But if you haue so fore desire your daughter to sinore,
Though she againe to Heauen repayre I doe not greatly force.
But yet conditionly that she haue tasted there no foode:
For so the destinies haue decreed. The craftie: and Ceres stode
Full bent to fetch hir daughter out: but destinies hir withstode,
Bicause the Maide had broke hir fast. For as she hapt one day
In Plutos Orchyard rechlesely from place to place to stray,
She gathering from a bowing tree a ripe Polonegarnet, take
Seuen kernels out and sucked them. None chaunst hereon to looke,
Saue onely one Ascalaphus whome Orphne erst a Dame
Among the other Elues of Hell not of the basest fame
Bare to hir husbande Acheron within hir darkish den.
He sawe it, and by blabbing it disgracefully as then,
Did let hir from returning thence. A grieuous sigh the Queene
Of Hell did fetch, and of that knight that had a witnesse beene
Against hir made a cursed Birde. Upon his face she sheed
The water of the Phlegeton: and by and by his head
Was nothing else but Beake and Doisone, and mightie glaring eyes.
Quight altred from himselfe betweene two yellow wings he flies.
He groweth chiefly into head and hooked talants long
And much a doe he hath to shake his lazie wings among.
The messenger of Morning was he made, a filthie fowle,
A signe of mischiefe vnto men, the luggish shrooching Owle.
This person for his lauish tongue and telling tales ryght sharpe

To haue deserued punishment. But what should men esteeme
To be the verie cause why you Acheloes daughters weare
Both feete and feathers like to Birdes, considering that you beare
The vpper partes of Maidens still? and consines it so to passe?
Because when Ladie Proserpine a gathering flowers was,
Ye Nymphes kept hir companie? whome after you had sought
Through all the Earth in vaine, anon of purpose that your thought
Might also to the Seas be knowen, ye wished that ye might
Upon the waues with houering wings at pleasure rule your flight,
And had the Goddes to your request so pliant, that ye found
With yellow feathers out of hand your bodies clothed round:
Yet least that pleasant tune of yours ordeyned to delight
The hearing, and so high a gift of Musicke perish might
For want of vttrance, humaine voyce to vtter things at will
And countnance of virginitie remained to you still.
But meane betweene his brother and his heauie sister goth
God Ioue, and parteth equally the yeare betweene them both.
And now the Goddesse Proserpine indifferently doth reigne
Aboue and vnderneath the Earth, and so both she remaine
One halfe yeare with hir mother and the residue with hir Fere
Immediatly she altred is as well in outwarde chere
As inwarde minde. for where hir looke might late before appere
Sad euen to Dis, hir countenance now is full of mirth and grace
Euen like as Phebus hauing put the wintrie cloudes to chace,
Doth shew himselfe a Conquerour with bright and shining face.

Then fruitfull Ceres voide of care in that she did recouer
Hir daughter, prayde the Arechuse the storie to discouer
What caused thee to flete so farre and wherefore thou became
A sacred spring: the waters whilst. The Goddesse of the fame
Did from the bottome of the Well hir goodly head vp reare.
And hauing dried with hir hand hir faire greene hanging heare,
The Riuer Alpheys auncient loues she thus began to tell.

I was (quoth she) a Nymph of them that in Achaia dwell.
There was not one that earnester the Lawndes and forestes sought
Or pitcht hir toyles more handsomly. And though that of my thought
It was no part, to seeke the fame of beautie: though I were
All courage: yet the pricke and prise of beautie I did beare

My ouermuch commended face was vnto me a spight.
This gift of bodie in the which another would delight,
I rudelye was ashamed off: me thought is was a crime
To be beliked. I beare it well in minde that on a time
In comming wearie from the chase of Stymphalus, the heate
Was feruent, and my trauelling had made it twice as great.
I founde a water neyther deepe nor shallow which did glide
Without all noyse, so calme that scarce the moouing might be spide.
And throughly to the very ground it was so crispe and cleare,
That euery little stone therein did plaine aloft appeare.
The hore Sallowes and the Poplars growing on the brim
Vnset, vpon the shoring bankes did cast a shadow trim.
I entred in, and first of all I dipped but my feete:
And after to my knées. And not content to wade so sléte,
I put off all my clothes, and hung them on a shallow by
And threw my selfe amid the streame. which as I dallyingly
Did beate and draw, and with my selfe a thousand maistries trie,
In calling of mine armes abrode and swimming wantonly:
I felt a bubling in the streame I wist not how nor what,
And on the Riuers nearest brim I crept for feare. with that.
O Arethusa whither runst: and whither runst thou cride
Floud Alphey from his wanes againe with hollow voyce. I hide
Away vnclothed as I was. For on the further side
My clothes hung still. so much more hote and eger then was he,
And for I naked was, I seemde the rendier for to be.
My running and his fierce pursuite was like as when ye se
The fillie Doues with quiuering wings before the Gosshauke flie,
The Gosshauke sweeping after them as fast as he can flie.
To Orchomen, and Psophy land, and Cyllen I did holde
Out well, and thence to Menalus and Erymanth the colde,
And so to Ely. all this way no ground of me he wonne.
But being not so strong as he, this restlesse race to runne
I could not long endure, and he could hold it out at length.
Yet ouer plaines and woddie hilles (as long as lasted strength)
And stones, and rockes, and desert groundes I still maintaind my race.
The Sunne was full vpon my backe. I saw before my face
A lazie shadow: were it not that feare did make me séete,

But certenly he feared me with trampling of his hote:
And of his mouth the boysterous breath vpon my hatriues blewe.
Forwearied with the toyle of flight: Helpe Diane, I thy true
And truftie Squire (I said) thou oft haue caried after thee.
Thy bow and arrowes, now am like attached for to bee.
The Goddesse moued, toke a cloude of lush as flattred were
And cast vpon me. By whom thus in mistie darkenesse there
The Riuer poard vpon me still and hunted round about
The hollow cloude, for feare perchaunce I should haue scaped out.
And twice not knowing what to doe he walkt about the cloude
Where Diane had me hid, and twice he called out a loude
Hoe Arethuse, hoe Arethuse. What heart had I poore Nymph then?
Euen such as hath the silly Lambe that dares not stirre nor quietly tohem.
He heares the howling of the Wolfe about ye neare the folde.
Or such as hath the leuerets Hare that in her forme beholdes
The hunting hounds on euery side, and dares not moue a whit.
He would not thence, for why he sawe no footing out as yit.
And therefore watche he maketh thy cloud and eke the place
A chill colde sweat my limes all ouerspred, and vtterly apace
From all my bodie standing drops did fall of liuely hew.
Which way so ere I find my feete the place was like a flew.
The dewe ran trickling from my haire. In halfe the while I there
Was turnde to water, that I now haue tolde the tale ageine.
His loued waters Alphey knew, and putting off the shape
Of man the which he toke before bicause I should not scape,
Returned to his proper shape of water by and by
Of purpose for to ioyne with me and haue my company.
But Delia brake the ground, at which I sinking into blinde
Bycorners, vp againe my selfe at Ortigie doe winde,
Right deare to me bicause it doth Dianas surname beare,
And for bicause to light againe I first was rayses there.
Thus far did Arethusa speake: and then the fruitfull Dame
Two Dragons to hir Chariot put, and reyning hard the fame,
Midway betweene the Heauen and Earth she in the Ayer went,
And vnto Prince Triptolemus hir lightsome Chariot lent
To Pallas Citie lode with corne, commaunding him to sowe
Some part thereof in ground new broken vp, and some thereof to strow.

In ground long tilde before. Anon the yong man vp did ſtie
And flying ouer Europe and the Realme of Aſias hie,
Alighted in the Scithian land. There reyned in that coaſt
A King calde Lyncus, to whoſe houſe he entred for to hoſt,
And being there demaunded how and why he thither came,
And alſo of his natiue ſoyle and of his proper name,
I hight (quoth he) Triptolemus and borne was in the towne
Of Athens in the land of Greece, that place of high renowne
I neyther came by Sea nor Lande, but through the open Aire
I bring with me Dame Ceres giftes which being ſowne in faire
And fertile fields may fruitfull Garnells yelde and finer fare.
The ſauage King had ſpight. and to thintent that of ſo rare
And gracious gifts himſelfe might ſeeme firſt founder for to be,
He entertainde him in his houſe, and when a ſleepe was he,
He came vpon him with a ſword. but as he would haue killde him,
Dame Ceres turnde him to a Lynx, and waking forher willde him
His ſacred Temeware through the Ayre to driue abrode agen.
The chiefe of vs had ended this hir learned long. and then
The Nymphes with one content did iudge that we the Goddeſſes
Of Helicon had wonne the day. But when I ſawe that theſe
Vnnurtred Damſels ouercome began to fall a ſcolding,
I ſayd: ſo little fith to vs you thinke your ſelues beholding,
For bearing with your malapertneſſe in making chalenge, that
Beſides your former fault, ye eke doe fall to raying flat,
Abuſing thus our gentleneſſe: we will from hence proceede
The puniſhment, and of our wrath the rightfull hyre ſeede.
Euippyes daughters grind and fierce and ſet out threatnings light.
But as they were about to prate, and bent their fiſts to fmight
Their wicked handes with hideous noyſe, they ſaw the ſtumps of quilles
New budding at their nayles, and how their armes ſoft feather hilles.
Eche ſaw how others mouth did purle and harden into Will,
And ſo becomming vncouth Birdes to haunt the woods at will.
For as they would haue clapt their handes their wings did vp the beare,
And hanging in the Ayre the ſcoldes of woods did Pies them leaue.
Now alſo being turnde to Birdes they are as eloquent
As ere they were, as chattring ſtill, as much to babling bent.

Finis quinti Libri.

# ¶ THE SIXT BOOKE
## of Ouids Metamorphosis.

TRitonia vnto all these wordes attentiue bearing bendes,
And both the Muses learned song and rightfull wrath cõmendes.
And therevpon within hir selfe this fancie did arise.
It is no matter for to prayse: but let our selfe deuise
Some thing to be commended for: and let vs not permit
Our Maiestie to be despilde without reuenging it.
And therewithall she purposed to put the Lydian Maide
Arachne to hir neckeverse who (as had to hir beene saide)
Presumed to prefer hir selfe before hir noble grace
In making cloth. This Damsell was not famous for the place
In which she dwelt, nor for hir locke, but for hir Arte. Hir Sire
Was Idmon one of Colophon a pelting Purple Dier.
Hir mother was deceast: but she was of the baser sort,
And egall to hir Make in birth, in lining, and in port.
But though this Maide were meanly borne, and dwelt but in a shed
At little Hypep: yet hir trade hir fame abrode did spred
Euen all the Lydian Cities through. To see hir wondrous worke
The Nymphes that vnderneath the Vines of shadie Tmolus lurke
Their Vineyards oftentimes forsake. So did the Nymphes also
About Pactolus oftentimes their golden streames forgo.
And euermore it did them good not only for to see
Hir clothes already made, but while they eke a making be.
Such grace was in hir workmanship. For were it so that thee
The newshorne fleeces from the sheepe in bundels deftly makes,
Or afterward doth kemb the same, and drawes it out in flakes
Along like cloudes, or on the Rocke doth spinne the handwarpe twine,
Or else embroydreth, certenly ye might perceiue by prime
She was of Pallas bringing vp, which thing she nathelesse
Denyeth, and disdaining such a Mistresse to confesse,
Let hir contend with me she saide: and if she me amend
I will refuse no punishment the which she shall extend.
Minerua toke an olde Wiues shape and made hir haire seeme gray,
And with a staffe hir feebled limmes pretended for to stay.
Which done, she thus began to speake. Not all that age doth bring

Wee

We aught to shonne. Experience doth of long continuance spring.
Despise not mine admonishment. Seeke fame and chiefe report
For making cloth, and Arras worke, among the mortall sort.
But humbly giue the Goddesse place: and pardon of hir craue
For these thine vnaduised wordes. I warrant thou shalt haue
Forgiuenesse, if thou aske it hir. Arachne bent hir browes
And lowring on hir, left hir worke: and hardly she eschewes
From flying in the Ladies face. Hir countnance did bewray
Hir madie minde: which bursting forth in words she thus did say.
Thou commest like a doting fole: thy wit is spent with yeares:
Thy life hath lasted ouer long as by thy talke appeares.
And if thou any daughter haue, or any daughterinlawe,
I would she heard these wordes of mine: I am not such a Dawe,
But that without thy teaching I can well ynough aduise
My selfe. And least thou shouldest thinke thy wordes in any wise
Auaile, the selfe same minde I kepe with which I first begonne.
Why commes she not hirselfe I say: this matche why doth she shonne:
Then said the Goddesse: here she is. And therewithall she cast
Hir oldewiues riueled shape away, and sheawde hir selfe at last
Minerua like. The Nymphes did streight adore hir Maiestie.
So did the yong newmaried wiues that were of Migdonie.
The Maiden only vnabasht woulde nought at all relent.
But yet she blusht and sodenly a ruddynesse bespent
Hir cheekes which wanyd away againe, euen like as doth the Skie
Loke sanguine at the breake of day, and turneth by and by
To white at rising of the Sunne. As hote as any fire
She sticketh to hir tackling still. And through a fond desire
Of glorie, to hir owne decay all headlong forth she runnes.
For Pallas now no lenger warnes, ne now no lenger shunnes
Ne lickes the chalenge to delay. Immediatly they came
And toke their places seuerally, and in a seuerall frame
Eche streynde a web, the warpe whereof was fine. The web was tide
Upon a Beame. Betweene the warpe a slay of reede did slide.
The woofe on sharpened pinnes was put betwixt the warp, and wrought
With fingars. And as oft as they had through the warpe it brought,
They strake it with a Boxen combe. Both twayne of them made hast:
And girding close for handsomnesse their garments to their wast

Bestirde their cunning handes apace. Their earnestnesse was such
As made them neuer thinke of paine. They weaued verie much
Fine Purple that was dide in Tyre, and colours set so trim
That eche in shadowing other seemde the very same with him.
Euen like as after showres of raine when Phebus broken beames
Doe strike vpon the Cloudes, appeares a compasse bow of gleames
Which bendeth ouer all the Heauen: wherein although there shine
A thousand sundry colours, yet the shadowing is so fine,
That loke men nere so wistly, yet beguileth it their eyes:
So like and euen the self same thing eche colour seemes to rise
Whereas they meete, which further off doe differ more and more.
Of glittring golde with silken threede was weaued there good store,
And stories put in portrayture of things done long afore.
Minerua painted Athens towne and Marsis rocke therein,
And all the strife betweene hirselfe and Neptune, who should win
The honor for to giue the name to that same noble towne.
In loftie thrones on eyther side of Ioue were settled downe
Sir Peeres of Heauen with countnance graue and full of Maiestie,
And euery of them by his face discerned well might be.
The Image of the mightie Ioue was kinglike. She had made
Neptunus standing striking with his long threetyned blade
Vpon the ragged Rocke: and from the middle of the clift
She portrayd issuing out a horse, which was the noble gift
For which he chalengde to himselfe the naming of the towne.
She picturde out hirselfe with shielde and Morion on hir crowne
With Curet on hir brest, and Speare in hand with sharpened ende.
She makes the Earth (the which hir Speare doth seeme to strike) to sende
An Olyk tree with fruite thereon: and that the Gods thereat
Did wonder: and with victorie she finisht vp that plat.
Yet to thintent examples olde might make it to be knowne
To hir that for desire of praise so stoutly helde hir owne,
What guerdon she shoulde hope to haue for hir attempt so madde,
Foure like contentions in the foure last corners she did adde.
The Thracians Heme and Rodope the formost corner hadde:
Who being sometime mortall folke vsurpt to them the name
Of Ioue and Iuno, and were turnde to mountaines for the same.
A Pigmie womans piteous chaunce the second corner shewde,

Wherin

Whome Iuno turned to a Crane (because she was so lewde
As for to stand at strife with her for beautie) charging her
Against her native countriefolke continuall warre to stir.
The thirde had prowde Antigone who durst of prise contende
In beautie with the wife of Ioue: by whome she in the ende
Was turned to a Storke, no whit availed hir the towne
Of Troy, or that Laomedon hir father ware a crowne,
But that she clad in feathers white hir lazie wings must shape
And with a bobbed Bill bewayle the cause of hir misshape.
The last had chyldelesse Cinyras: who being turnde to stone,
Was picturde prostrate on the grounde, and weping all alone,
And culling fast betweene his armes a Temples greeces fine
To which his daughters bodies were translatede by wyrdy diuine.
The vtmost borders had a wreath of Dyll round about,
And this is all the worke the which Minerua portrayd out.
For with the tree that she hirselfe had made but late afore
She bounded in hir Arras cloth, and then did worke no more.

The Lydian maiden in hir web did portray to the full
How Europe was by cowlde Ioue beguilde in shape of Bull.
A swimming Bull, a swelling Sea, so lively had she wrought,
That Bull and Sea in very deede ye might them well haue thought.
The Ladie farned looking backe to landwarde and to crie
Upon hir women, and to feare the water shrinkling hie,
And shrinking vp hir fearfull fete. She portrayd also there
Astories struggling with an Erne which did awaye his beare.
And ouer Leda she had made a Swan his wings to splay.
She added also how by Ioue in shape of Satyr gaye
The faire Antiope with a paire of chyldren was beseed:
And how he tooke Amphitrios shape when in Alcmenas bed
He gate the worthie Hercules: and how he also came
To Danae like a shoure of golde, to Aegine like a flame,
A shepeherd to Mnemosyne, and like a serpent slye
To Proserpine. She also made Neptunus reaping vp
Upon a Mayde of Aeolus race in likenesse of a Bull,
And in the streame Enipeus shape begetting on a trull
The Giants Othe and Ephialt, and in the shape of Mars
Begetting one Theophane Bisaltides pope with Ram,

And

And in a lustie lyuelous shape she ouer that honering there
Dame Ceres with the yellow locks, and hir whole golden heare
Was turnde to crawling Snakes: vpon whome he gate the winged horse.
She made him in a Dolphins shape Melantho to enforce.
Of all these things she muſted not their proper shapes, nor yit
The full and iuſt resemblance of their places for to gyit.
In likenesse of a Countrie clowne was Phebus picturde there,
And how he now ware Neptunes wings, and now a Lions heare.
And how he in a shepeherdes shape was practising a wile
The daughter of one Macarie dame Isſa to beguile.
And how the faire Erygone by chaunce did suffer rape
By Bacchus who deceyued hir in likenesse of a grape.
And how that Saturnie in the shape of Oenet did beget
The double Chiron. Round about the utmoſt Verdge was set
A narrow Traile of prettie floures with leaues of Iuie fret.
Not Pallas, no nor spight it selfe could any quarrell picke
To this hir worke: and that did touch Minerua to the quicke.
Who therevpon did rende the cloth in pieces euery whit,
Bicause the lewdnesse of the Gods was blased so in it.
And with an Iuorie weauers combe of Box she fiercely smit
Arachne on the forehead full a dosen times and more.
The Mayde impacient in hir heart, did stomache this so sore,
That by and by she hung hirselfe. Howbeit as she hing,
Dame Pallas pitying hir estate, did stay hir in the string
From death, and said lewde Caitiue liue: but hang thou still for mee.
And least hereafter from this curſe that time may set thee free,
I will that this same punishment enacted firmely bee,
As well on thy posterite for euer as on thee.
And after when she should depart, with iuice of Hecats flawre
She sprinkled hir: and by and by the poyſon had such powre,
That with the touch therof hir haire, hir eares, and nose did fade:
And verie small it both hir head and all hir bodie made.
In steade of legs, to both hir sides stirke fingars long and fine:
The reſt is bellie. From the which she neretheleſſe doth twine
A slender threede, and practiseth in shape of Spider still
The Spinners and the Webbesters craftes of which she erſt had skill.
All Lydia did reporte hereby, and of this deede the fame

Through

Through Phrygie ran, & through the world was talking of the same.
Before hir marriage Niobe had known hir worke well,
When yet a Maide in Mœonie and Sipple she did dwell. * Lydia.
And yet Arachnes punishment at home before hir eyes,
To vse discreter kinde of talke it could hir not aduise.
Nor (as behoueth) to the Gods to yelde to humble wise.
For many things did make hir proud. Hir nephew did the towne
The which hir husband builded had, nor houses of renowne
Of which they both descended were, nor yet the puissaunce
Of that great Realme wherein they reigned so much hir minde did glaunce
(Although the liking of them alwaie greatly hir delighted)
As did the offspring of hir selfe. And certainly she thought
Hir self more worthie honour then the Goddesse Latone,
Sith she had borne so many babes, and she but seuen alone.
So thought hir selfe. For she inhoune sage Tyresias had begot,
The Prophet Manto through instinct of heauenly power, did skip
These kinde of wordes in open streets. Ho Thebanes get you hence
Apace, and vnto Latons and Latons children pay
And offer godly Frankincense, and incense them with Bay.
Latona by the mouth of me commaundeth you so to
The Thebane women by and by obeying thereunto,
Decke all their heades with Laurell leaues as Manto did require,
And praying with deuout intent their Incense for the fire.
Beholde out commeth Niobe amiddes hir troupe of garde
Of seruaunts and a goodly traine them followed after warde.
She was hirselfe in raiment made of roiall cloth of golde
Of Phrygia facion heetie braue and gorgeous to beholde.
And of hir selfe she was right faire and beautifull of face,
But that hir wrathfull stomake then did somewhat staine hir grace.
She mouing with hir worthy heade hir haire the which as then
Did hang on both hir shoulders faire, did gaine a little. and when
With lofty looke hir stately eyes she rolled had about,
What madnesse is it (quoth she) to preferr the heauenly rout
Of whome ye doe but heare, to such as daily are in sight?
Or why should Latona honored be with Altars more inright
To my most sacred Godhead did offer incense?
My Father was that Tantalus whome only as a guest
The Gods among them at their bordes admitted for to sit.

A ſiſter of the Phrygian is my mother, ſprong
By Graundſire on the mothers ſide of thoſe ſame Atlas twins
Atlas. That on his ſhoulders beareth vp the heauenly Axeltree.
Againe my other Graundfather is Ioue, and (as you ſee)
Poſſeſſe is my Father in law: wherin I glorie may,
The Realme of Phrygia here at hand verie vnto me lyeth.
In Cadmus pallace I the reof the Ladie doe remaine,
And ioyntly with my husbande I as partiall Princeſſe reigne
Both ouer this ſame towne whoſe walles my husbands harpe did frame,
And alſo ouer all the folke and people in the ſame.
In what ſoeuer corner of my houſe I caſt mine eye,
A woxlde of riches and of goods I ſtraight therin eſpie.
Moreouer for the beauty, ſhape, and fauor greatwen in me,
Right well I know I doe deſerue a Goddeſſe for to be.
Beſides all this, ſeuen ſonnes I haue and daughters ſeuen likewiſe,
By whoſe ſhall ſhortly ſonnes in lawes and daughters in lawes ariſe.
Iudge you now if that I haue cauſe of Fatelyneſſe to me.
How dare ye then preferre to me Latona that ſame fiend
The Titan Ceus vnpe, to whom ye heare vttered vnkind ſpeeches
The howgie Earth a liuely plat as childe on did bring?
From Heauen, from Earth, & from the ſeas your Goddeſſe banished was,
And as an outcaſt throughe the world from place to place did paſſe,
Vntill that Delos pitying her, ſayde thou doſt liue on land
And I on ſeas, and there vpon vnto her out of hand
A place vnſtable. Of two townes there brought a God was ſhee:
And this is but the ſeuenth part of the glorie borne by me.
Right happie am I, who can this denie? and ſhall be ſtill
Continue ſuch? who doubt of that? aduenture hath no will
Preſerue me. Am greater than that fortune may
Empeach me. Fate although the ſhould pull many things away,
Yet ſhould ſhe leaue me many ſtaies. My ſtore is out of feare.
Of thys my hoſtage and populous race ſuppoſe you that it were
Poſſible ſome of them ſhould miſſe: yet can I neuer be
So ſpoyled thus of mine: then rod ſhall take left vnto me.
Leaue quickly thys lewde ſacrifice, and put me out this way
That on your heades in ſteede thereof ſhall light a ſtraunge decay.
And left their holie rites vnſoote, and ſlothfully as they may

which

With secret whispring to themselues in hand they had pray:
How much from Cedes harbermelle the Cyprelle loued so much.
Disdeind she mine: and in the top of Cynthus stoode such
Complaint as this to both his twinnes. Loe I your mother beare,
Who in my bodie once you twaine with painefull trauell heare,
Loe I whose courage is so stout as you me iustly do
Of all the other Goddesses except Iuno finde alone,
Am lately doubted whether I a Goddesse be or no.
And if you helpe not children mine, the cause note standeth so
That I the honor must from hence of Titans quighe forgo.
But this is not mine only griefe. Me Tantas her doubte hath fast
Most railing words hath Niobe to my dishonor cast.
She durst prefer her Worthis to you: Shee me hath mo, she vaunts
Be barren in respect of her, and lesse to haue affiaunce
To shewe her fathers louelesse tongue which she by birth doth take
This said: Latona was about entreat more for to make.
Cease off (quoth Phebus) long complaint is nothing but delaye
Of punishment. And the selfe same troubles did Phebe also saye.
And by and by through the Ayre both ginning chiefly downe,
On Cadmus pallace hid in clouds and light for. The he toke.
A fielde was vnder neath the hill hath leuell, large and wide,
Betrampled euery day with hoofe that men therein did ride,
Where store of Carres and Iennets horse the clodded to dust had trode
A couple of Amphions sonnes all lustie courses rode.
In this same place. Their horses faire Coper clothes did beare
Of scarlet: and their bridles brauns with golde bedecked were.
Of whome as Niobs eldest sonne Ismenos kept to bring
His horse about, and rejoyst him in to make him keepe the ring,
He cride alas: and in his breast with that an arrow stacke
And by and by his dying hand let go the bridle slacke.
And on the right side of the horse he slipped to the ground,
The second brother Sipylus did hasten to poure the sound
Of Quivers clattring in the Ayre, and giuing streight the reyne
And spur togither to his horse, began to ride amayne:
As doth the master of a ship who when he sees a showre
Approching, by some token from the quarters as it comes and lowre
Doth clap on all his sayles possible he hastes him selfe from by

Though

Though nere so swift, yet wist it as he turned for to flie,
He was not able for to scape the Arrow which did stricke
Him through the necke. The nocke thereof did shaking vpward stricke,
The head appeared at his throte. And as he forward gaue
Himselfe in flying: so to ground he groueling also drawe,
And toppled by the horses mane and feete amid his race,
And with his warme newshedded blood berayēd all the place.
But Phedimus, and Tantalus the heire of the name
Of Tantalus his Graundfather, who customably came
From other dailie exercise to wrestling, had begun
To close, and eache at other nowe with brest to brest to run,
When Phebus Arrow being sent with force from streyned string
Did strike through both of them as they did fall together cling.
And so they sighed both at once, and both at once for paine
Fell downe to ground, and both of them at once their eyes did streine
To see their latest light, and both at once their ghostes did yeilde.
Alphenor this mischaunce of theirs with heauie heart beholde,
And scratcht and beate his louefull brest: and therewith flying out
To take them vp betwixt his armes, was na he wist about
This woorke of kindly pitie, killed. For Phebus with a Dart
of deadly dint did rive him through the Wulke and brake his hart.
And when the steale was pinched out, a peecall of his liuer
Did hang vpon the hooked heade: and so he did deliuer
His life and blood into the Ayre departing both together.
But Damasithon (on whose heade came neuer Syser) felt
No woundes than one. It was his chaunce to haue a greeuous gelt
Vpon the verie place at which the leg is first begun
And where the hamstrings by the ioynt with supple sinewes run.
And while to draw this arrow out he with his hand assaide,
Another through his vnwant went, and at the feathers staide.
The blood did driue out this againe, and spinning high did spout
A great way off, and pierst the Ayre with spurtling all about.
The last of all Ibonie with streched handes, and speche
Most humble (but in vaine) did say, O Gods I you beseche
Of mercie all in generall. He wist not what he saide.
Ne how that vnto all of them he ought not to haue praide.
The God that holde the Bow in hande was moued: but as they

Do

The Arrow was alredie gone in deede, that backe again
He could not call: Wherefore he the wounds wherin
Of which he dide, for why his heart it did but light by guil
The rumor of the mischiefe felde, and mouth of people, and
The weeping of hir seruants gaue the mother vnderstand
The sodaine frowe of this mischaunce. She wondred verie much
And frowned also that the Gods were able to doe such
A deede, or durst attempte it, yea she thought it more than right
That any of them ouer hir should haue so mickle might.
Amphion had forgone himselfe alreadie with a knife,
And ended all his sorrowes quite together with his life.
Alas, alas how greatly doth this Niobe differ here
From tother Niobe who a late disdaining any Pere
Did from Latonas Altars driue hir folke, and through the towne
With haultie lokke and stately gate went pranking vp and downe,
Then spighted at among hir selfe, but pitious now to those:
That heretofore for hir deserts had been hir greatest foes.
She falleth on the corses colde, and taking no regarde
Vnto hir kysses on hir sonnes as whome she alredie warde
Did know she neuer more should kisse, from whence she lifting those
Hir blew and bowed armes to heauen sayd: O thou cruell foe
Latona feede, yea feede thy selfe I say vpon my sorrow
And ouergorge thy stomacke, yea and glut thy cruell hart
With these my present painefull paines of bitter griping smart.
In corses seuen I seuen times deade am caried vnto graue.
Reioyce thou foe and triumph now in this thou semste to haue
The vpper hande. What? vpper hand? no no it is not so
As wretched as my case doth seeme, yet haue I left me mo
Than thou for all thy happinesse canst of thine owne account
Euen after all these corses yet I still doe thee surmount.
Vpon the ende of these same wordes the twanging of the stringe
In letting of the Arrow his woe clearly heard: which thing
Made euery one saue Niobe afraide. Hir heart was so
With sorrowe hardned, that she grew more bolde. Hir daughters tho
Were standing all with mourning weede and hanging haire before
Their brothers coffins. One of them in pulling from the sore
An Arrow sticking in his heare, fainte downe vpon his brother

With

With mouth to mouth, and so did yeelde hir sperting ghost. Another
In comforting the sorrowfull case and fastned of her mother
Upon the sodaine pride perceaue. Her kitchen was within
With double wayes: which made her her talking for to blin.
And shut hir mouth. Whil she thys ghost was gone. One all in hatne
Attempting for to scape by flight was in her flying slaine.
Another on hir sisters corse doth tumble downe starke dead.
This quakes and trembles pitenully, and she doth hide hir head.
And when that fyue with sundrye wounds dispatched were and gone,
At last as yet remained one: and for to saue that one,
Hir mother with hir bodie whole did cling about hir fast,
And wrying hir did ouer hir hir garments wholy cast:
And cried out: O leaue me one: this little one yet saue:
Of many but this only one the least of all I crane.
But whyle she prayd, for whome she prayd was kild. Then down she sate
Bereft of all hir children quite, and yeelding to hir fate.
Among hir daughters and hir sonnes and husband newly dead.
Hir cheekes wart hard, hir eyes could stirre no haire vpon hir head.
The colour of hir face was standard cleanly voide of blood,
And stedy vnder eyed was hir eyes vnmoued stood.
In all hir bodie was no life. For euen hir verie tung
And palat of hir mouth was hard, and eche to other clung.
Hir Pulses ceased to beate, hir necke did cease to bow,
Hir armes ne fist, hir feete to go, all power for ward was gon.
And into stone hir verie bowels also hard.
But yet she weepte: and being stylt by force of whirling wynd
Was caried into Phrygie. There vpon a mountaines top
She weepeth still in stone. From stone the drerie teares do drop.
Then all both men and women fearde Latonas spitefull yre
And for with greater sumptuous sacrifice and more earnester desires
Did worship the proud mother of this ofspring whom
Did beare at once both Phebus and the sister Phebe. And
And through occasion of this chaunce, (as much she meant to do
In teares fine) the people fell to telling stories new
Of lyghtners may amongst the rest this tale among told.

The auncient fable shall ye finde as of mankinde I write
Vnsayned also for their sighte to that same [illegible]

The

The baſeneſſe of the parties makes the thing it ſelfe obſcure.
Yet is the matter wonderfull. My ſelfe I you aſſure
Did preſently beholde the Pond, and ſaw the very place
In which this wondrous thing was done. My father then in caſe,
Not able for to trauell well by reaſon of his age,
To fetch home certaine Oxen thence made me to be his page,
Appointing me a countryman of Lycia to my guide.
With whome as I went plodding in the paſture groundes, I ſpide
Amids a certaine Pond an olde ſquare Aultar coloured blacke
With cinder of the ſacrifice that ſtill vpon it ſtacke.
About it round grew wauering Reedes. My guide anon did ſtay:
And ſoftly, O be good to me, he in himſelfe did ſay.
And I with like ſoft whiſpering did ſay be good to mée.
And then I aſkt him whether that the Altar wée did ſée
Belonged to the Waternymphes, or Faunes or other God
Peculiar to the place it ſelfe vpon the which we yod.
He made me aunſwere thus. My gueſt no God of countrie race
Is in this Altar worſhipped. That Goddeſſe claymes this place.
From whome the wife of mightie Ioue did all the world forfend:
When wandring reſtleſſe here and there full hardly in the end
Vnſetled Delos did receyue then floting on the waue,
As tide and weather to and fro the ſwimming Iland draue.
There maugre Iuno (who with might and main againſt hir ſtraue)
Latona ſtaying by a Date and Dyrk tree that ſted
In trauell, of a paire of twinnes was ſafely brought a bed.
And after hir deliuerance folke repoꝛt that ſhe for feare
Of Iunos wrath did flie from hence, and in hir armes did beare
Hir babes which afterwarde became two Gods. In which hir trauell
In Sommer when the ſcorching Sunne is wont to burne the grauell
Of Lycie countrie where the fell Chymera hath his place,
The Goddeſſe wearie with the long continuance of hir race,
Wart thirſtie by the meanes of drought with going in the Sunne.
Hir babes had alſo ſucke hir breſtes as long as milke wold runne.
By chaunce ſhe ſpide this little Pond of water here bylow.
And coũtrie Carles were gathering there theſe Dyſper twigs that grow
So thicke vpon a ſhrubbie ſtalke: and of theſe ruſhes grẽne:
And flags that in theſe marſhy plots ſo riſe of growing bẽne.

She comming hither kneeled downe the water vp to take
To cole hir thirst. The churlish cloynes forfended hir the Lake.
Then gently said the Goddesse: Sirs why doe you me forfend
The water? Nature doth to all in common water send.
For neither Sunne, nor Ayre, nor yet the Water priuate bée
I séeke but that which natures gift hath made to all things frée.
And yet I humbly craue of you to graunt it vnto mée.
I did not go about to wash my wertie limmes and skin,
I would but only quench my thirst. My throte is scalt within
For want of moysture: and my chappes and lippes are parching drie:
And scarsly is there way for wordes to issue out thereby.
A draught of water will to me be heauenly Nectar now.
And sure I will confesse I haue receiued life of you.
Yea in your giuing of a drop of water vnto mée,
The case so standeth as you shall preserue the liues of three.
Alas let these same silly soules that in my bosome stretch
Their little armes (by chaunce hir babes their pretie dolles did retch)
To pitie moue you. What is he so hard that would not yéeld
To this the gentle Goddesses entreatance méeke and meeld?
Yet they for all the humble wordes she could deuise to say,
Continued in their willfull mode of churlish saying nay,
And threatned for to sende hir thence onlesse she went away,
Reuiling hir most spightfully. And not contented so.
With handes and feete the standing Poole they troubled to and fro,
Until with trampling vp and downe maliciously, the soft
And slimie mud that lay beneath was raised vp aloft.
With that the Goddesse was so wroth that thirst was qyight forgot.
And vnto such vnworthie Carles hirselfe she humbleth not:
Ne speaketh meaner wordes than might beséeme a Goddesse well.
But holding vp hir handes to heauen: for euer mought you dwell
In this same Pond, she said: hir wish did take effect with spéede.
For vnderneath the water they delight to be in déede.
Now diue they to the bottome downe, now vp their heades they pop,
Another while with sprawling legs they swim vpon the top.
And oftentimes vpon the bankes they haue a minde to stond,
And oftentimes from thence againe to leape into the Pond.
And there they now doe practise still their filthy tongues to scold.

And

And shamelesselie (though vnderneath the water) they doe hold
Their former wont of brawling still amid the water cold.
Their voices stil are hoarse and harsh, their throtes haue puffed goawles,
Their chappes with brawling widened are, their hämer headed Joawles
Are ioyned to their shoulders iust, the neckes of them doe seeme
cut off, the ridgebone of their backe sticks vp of colour greene.
Their paunch which is the greatest part of all their trunch is gray,
And so they vp and downe the Pond made newly Frogges doe play.
When one of Lyce (I wote not who) had spoken in this sort,
Another of a Satyr streight began to make report,
Whome Phebus ouercomming on a pipe (made late ago
By Pallas) put to punishment. Why fleaëst thou me so,
Alas he cride it irketh me. Alas a sorie pipe
Deserueth not so cruelly my skin from me to stripe.
For all his crying ore his eares quight pulled was his skin.
Nought else he was than one whole wounde. The grieslie blood did spin
From euery part, the sinewes lay discouered to the eye,
The quinering veynes without a skin lay beating nakedly,
The panting bowels in his bulke ye might haue numbred well,
And in his brest the shere small strings a man might easly tell.
The Countrie Faunes, the Gods of Woods, the Satyrs of his kin,
The Mount Olympus whose renowme did ere that time begin,
And all the Nymphes, and all that in those mountaines kept their sheepe,
Or grazed cattell thereabouts, did for this Satyr weepe.
The fruitfull earth wart moyst therewith, and moysted did receyue
Their teares, and in hir bowels deepe did of the same conceyue.
And when that she had turned them to water, by and by
She sent them forth againe aloft to see the open Skie.
The Riuer that doth rise thereof beginning there his race,
In verie deepe and shoring bankes to Seaward runnes a pace
Through Phrygie, and according as the Satyr, so the streame
Is called Marsias, of the brookes the clearest in that Realme.
With such examples as these same the common folke returnde
To present things, and euery man through all the Citie mournde
For that Amphion was destroyde with all his issue so.
But all the fault and blame was laide vpon the mother tho.
For hir alonly Pelops mournde (as men report) and hee

In opening of his clothes did shewe that euerie man might see
His shoulder on the left side bare of Iuorie for to be.
This shoulder at his birth was like his tother both in hue
And flesh, vntill his fathers handes most wickedly him slue,
And that the Gods when they his limmes againe together drue,
To ioyne them in their proper place and forme by nature due,
Did finde out all the other partes, saue only that which grue
Betwene the throteboll and the arme. which when they could not get
This other made of Iuorie white in place thereof they set
And by that meanes was Pelops made againe both whole and sound
The neyghbor Princes thither came, and all the Cities round
About besought their kings to go and comfort Thebe: as Arge
And Sparta, and Mycene which was vnder Pelops charge.
And Calydon vnhated of the frowning Phebe yit,
The welthie towne Orchomenos, and Corinth which in it
Had famous men for workmanship in mettals: and the stout
Messene which full twentie yeares did hold besiegers out.
And Patre, and the lowly towne Cleona, Nelies Pyle,
And Troyzen not surnamed yet Pittheia for a while.
And all the other Borough townes and Cities which doe stand
Within the narrow balke at which two Seas doe mete at hand,
Or which do bound vpon the balke without in maine firme land.
Alonly Athens (who would thinke?) did neither come nor send.
Warre barred them from courtesie the which they did entend.
The King of Pontus with an host of sauage people lay
In siege before their famous walles and curstly did them fray.
Untill that Tereus King of Thrace approching to their ayde,
Did vanquish him, and with renowme was for his labor payde.
And sith he was so puissant in men and ready coyne,
And came of mightie Martis race, Pandion sought to ioyne
Aliance with him by and by, and gaue him to his Fere
His daughter Progne. At this match (as after will appeare)
Was neyther Iuno, President of mariage wont to be,
Nor Hymen, no nor any one of all the graces three.
The Furies snatching Tapers vp that on some Herce did stande
Did light them, and before the Bride did beare them in their hande.
The Furies made the Bridegraumes bed. And on the house did rucke

A curles

A curſed Owle the meſſenger of ill ſucceſſe and lucke.
And all the night time while that they were lying in their beds,
She ſate vpon the bedſteds top right ouer both their heds.
Such handſell Progne had the day that Tereus did hir wed.
Such handſell had they when that she was brought of childe a bed.
All Thracia did reioyce at them, and thankt their Gods, and wild
That both the day of Prognes match with Tereus ſhould be hild
For feaſtfull, and the day likewiſe that Itys firſt was borne:
So little know we what behoues. The Sunne had now outworne
Fiue Parneſts, and by courſe fiue times had run his yearly race,
When Progne flattring Tereus ſaide: If any loue or grace
Betweene vs be, ſend eyther me my ſiſter for to ſée,
Or finde the meanes that hither she may come to viſit mée.
You may aſſure your Fatherinlaw she ſhall againe returne
Within a while. Ye doe to me the higheſt great good turne
That can be, if you bring to paſſe I may my ſiſter ſée.
Immediatly the King commaundes his ſhippes a flote to bée.
And ſhortly after, what with ſayle and what with force of Ores,
In Athens hauen he arriues and landes at Pyrey ſhores.
Aſſone as of his fatherinlaw the preſence he obtainde,
And had of him bene courteouſly and friendly entertainde,
Unhappie handſell entred with their talking firſt togither.
The errandes of his wife the cauſe of his then comming thither
He had but new begon to tell, and promiſed that when
She had hir ſiſter ſéene, she ſhould with ſpeede be ſent agen:
When (ſée the chaunce) came Philomele in raiment very rich,
And yet in beautie farre more rich, euen like the Fairies which
Reported are the pleaſant woods and water ſprings to haunt,
So that the like apparell and attire to them you graunt.
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As if a man ſhould chaunce to ſet a gulfe of corne on fire,
Or burne a ſtacke of hay. Hir face in déede deſerued loue.
But as for him, to fleſhly luſt euen nature did him moue.
For of thoſe countries commonly the people are aboue
All meaſure prone to lecherie. And therefore both by kinde
His flame encreaſt, and by his owne default of vicious minde
He purpoſde fully to corrupt hir ſeruants with reward:

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Or for to bribe hir Nurce, that ſhe ſhould tenderly regarde
Hir dutie to hir miſtreſſeward. And rather than to fayle,
The Ladie euen hirſelfe with gifts he minded to aſſayle,
And all his kingdome for to ſpend. or elſe by force of hand
To take hir, and in maintenance thereof by ſword to ſtand.
There was not vnder heauen the thing but that he durſt it proue,
So far vnable was he now to ſtay his lawleſſe loue.
Delay was deadly. Backe againe with greedie minde he came
Of Prognes errands for to talke: and vnderneath the ſame
He worbes his owne vngratiouſneſſe. Loue gaue him power to frame
His talke at will. As oft as he demaunded out of ſquare,
Vpon his wines importunate deſire himſelfe he bare.
He alſo wept: as though his wife had willed that likewiſe.
O God, what blindneſſe doth the heartes of mortall men diſguiſe:
By working miſchiefe Tereus gets him credit for to ſeme
A louing man, and winneth praiſe by wickedneſſe extreme.
Yea and the fooliſh Philomele the ſelfe ſame thing deſires.
Who hanging on hir fathers necke with flattring armes, requires
Againſt hir life and for hir life his licence for to go
To ſee hir ſiſter. Tereus beholdes hir wilfully tho,
And in beholding handles hir with heart. For when he ſaw
Hir kiſſe hir father, and about his necke hir armes to draw,
They all were ſpurres to pricke him forth, and wood to feede his fire,
And fode of forcing nouriſhment to further his deſire.
As oft as ſhe hir father did betweene hir armes embrace,
So often wiſhed he himſelfe hir father in that caſe.
For nought at all ſhould that in him haue wrought the greater grace.
Hir father could not ſay them nay they lay at him ſo ſore.
Right glad thereof was Philomele and thanked him therefore.
And wretched wench ſhe thinkes ſhe had obtained ſuch a thing,
As both to Progne and hir ſelfe ſhould toy and comfort bring,
When both of them in verie deede ſhould afterward it rew.
To ward of his daily race and trauell Phebus drew,
And on the ſhoring ſide of Heauen his horſes downeward flew.
A princely ſupper was prepaarde, and wine in golde was ſet:
And after meate to take their reſt the Princes did them get.
But though the King of Thrace that while were abſent from hir ſight,

Yet

Yet swelted he: and in his minde revoluing all the night
Hir face, hir gesture, and hir hands, imaginde all the rest
(The which as yet he had not seene) as like his fancie best.
He fedes his flames himselfe. No winke could come within his eyes,
For thinking ay on hir. Assone as day was in the skies,
Pandion holding in his hand the hand of Tereus prest
To go his way, and shedding teares betoke him thus his guest.
Deare sonne in law I giue the here (sith godly cause constraines)
This Damsell. By the faith that in thy Princely heart remaines,
And for our late alliance sake, and by the Gods aboue,
I humbly the beseche that as a Father thou doe loue
And maintaine hir. and that as sone as may be (all delay
Will vnto me seeme ouer long) thou let hir come away.
The comfort of my carefull age on whome my life doth stay.
And thou my daughter Philomele (it is inough ywis
That from hir father set so farre thy sister Progne is)
If any sparke of nature doe within thy heart remayne,
With all the haast and spede thou canst returne to me againe.
In giuing charge he kissed hir: and betwene his chekes did raine
The tender teares. and as a pledge of faith he toke the right
Handes of them both, and ioyning them did eche to other plight.
Desiring them to beare in minde his commendations to
His daughter and hir little sonne. And then with much a doe
For sobbing, at the last he bad adew as one dismaid.
The foremisgiuing of his minde did make him sore afraid.
Assone as Tereus and the Maide togither were a bord,
And that their ship from land with Ores was haled on the ford,
The fielde is ours he cride aloude, I haue the thing I sought
And vp he skipt, so barborous and so beastly was his thought,
That scarce euen there he could forbeare his pleasure to haue wrought
His eye went neuer off of hir: as when the scarefull Erne
With hoked talants trussing vp a Hare among the Ferne,
Hath laid hir in his nest, from whence the prisoner can not scape,
The rauening fowle with greedie eyes vpon his pray doth gape.
Now was their iourney come to ende: now were they gone a land
In Thracia, when that Tereus toke the Ladie by the hand,
And led hir to a pelting graunge that peakishly did stand

In woods forgrowen. There waring pale and trembling sore for feare,
And dreading all things, and with teares demaunding sadly where
Hir sister was, he shet hir vp: and therewithall bewrayde
His wicked lust, and so by force because she was a Maide
And all alone he vanquisht hir, It booted nought at all
That she on sister, or on Sire, or on the Gods did call.
She quaketh like the wounded Lambe which frō the Wolues hore hath
Newe shaken thinkes hir selfe not safe: or as the Doue that farth
Hir fethers with hir owne blood stayned, who shodring still doth feare
The greedie Hauke that did hir late with griping talants teare.
Anon when that this mayedenelle was somewhat ouerpast,
She rent hir haire, and beate hir brest, and vp to heauenward cast
Hir hands in mourningwise, and said: O cankerd Carle, O fell
And cruell Tyrant, neyther could the godly teares that fell
A downe my fathers cheekes when he did giue thée charge of mée,
Ne of my sister that regarde that ought to be in thée,
Nor yet my chaast virginitie, nor conscience of the lawe
Of wedlocke, from this villanie thy barbrous heart withdrawe?
Behold thou hast confounded all. Thy sister thorough mée
Is made a Cacqueane: and thy selfe through this offence of thée
Art made a husband to vs both, and vnto me a foe
A iust deserued punishment for lewdly doing so.
But to thintent O periurde wretch no mischiefe may remaine
Vnwrought by thée, why doest thou from murdring me refraine?
Would God thou had it done before this wicked rape. From hence
Then should my soule most blessedly haue gone without offence.
But if the Gods doe see this deede, and if the Gods I say
Be ought, and in this wicked worlde beare any kinde of sway
And if with me all other things decay not, sure the day
Will come that for this wickednesse full dearly thou shalt pay.
Yea I my selfe reteating shame thy doings will bewray.
And if I may haue power to come abrode, them blase I will
In open face of all the world. or if thou kéepe me still
As prisoner in these woods, my voyce the verie woods shall fill,
And make the stones to vnderstand. Let Heauen to this giue eare
And all the Gods and powers therein if any God be there.
The cruell tyrant being chaakt and also put in feare

With

With these and other such hir wordes, both causes so him stung,
That drawing out his naked sworde that at his girdle hung,
He toke hir rudely by the haire, and wrung hir hands behind hir,
Compelling hir to holde them there whyle he himselfe did bind hir.
When Philomela sawe the sworde, she hoapt she should haue dide,
And for the same hir naked throte she gladly did prouide.
But as she pirnde and called ay vpon hir fathers name,
And strined to haue spoken still, the cruell tyrant came
And with a paire of pinsons fast did catch hir by the tung,
And with his sworde did cut it off. The strumpe whereon it hung
Did patter still. The tip fell downe and quiuering on the ground
As though that it had murmured it made a certaine sound.
And as an Adders tayle cut off doth skip a whyle: euen so
The tip of Philomelaas tongue did wriggle to and fro,
And nearer to hir mistresse ward in dying still did go.
And after this most cruell act, for certaine men report
That he (I scarcely dare beleue) did oftentimes resort
To maymed Philomela and abuse hir at his will:
Yet after all this wickednesse he keping countnance still,
Durst vnto Progne home repaire. And she immediatly
Demaunded where hir sister was. He sighing feynedly
Did tell hir falsly she was dead: and with his suttle teares
He maketh all his tale to seeme of credit in hir eares.
Hir garments glittring all with golde she from hir shoulders teares
And puts on blacke, and setteth vp an emptie herce, and keepes
A solemne obite for hir soule, and pitiously she weepes
And wayleth for hir sisters fate who was not in such wise
As that was, for to be bewailde. The Sunne had in the skies
Past through the twelue celestiall signes, and finisht full a yeare.
But what should Philomela doe? She watched was so neare
That start she could not for hir life. the walles of that same graunge
Were made so high of maine hard stone, that out she could not raunge.
Against hir tunglesse mouth did want the vtterance of the fact.
Great is the wit of pensiuenesse, and when the head is rackt
With hard misfortune, sharpe forecast of practise entereth in.
A warpe of white vpon a frame of Thracia she did pin,
And weaued purple letters in betweene it, which bewrayde

The

The wicked déede of Tereus. And hauing done, she praide
A certaine woman by hir signes to beare them to hir mistresse.
She bare them and deliuered them not knowing neretheleese
What was in them. The Tyrants wife vnfolded all the clout,
And of hir wretched fortune red the processe whole throughout.
She held hir peace (a wondrous thing it is she should so doe).
But sorrow tide hir tongue and wordes agréeable vnto
Hir great displeasure were not at commaundment at that stound.
And wéepe she could not. Right and wrong she recheneth to confound,
And on reuengement of the déede hir heart doth wholy ground.
It was the time that wiues of Thrace were wont to celebrate
The thrée yeare rites of Bacchus which were done a nightetimes late.
A nightetimes soundeth Rhodope of tinckling pannes and pots:
A nightetimes giuing vp hir house abrode Queene Progne trots.
Disguisde like Bacchus other froes and armed to the proofe
With all the frentickie furniture that serues for that behoofe.
Hir head was couered with a vine. About hir lose was tucke
A Reddéeres skin. a lightsome Launce vpon hir shoulder rucke.
In poast gaddes terrible Progne through the woods, and at hir héeles
A flocke of froes. and where the sting of sorrow which she féeles
Enforceth hir to furiousnesse, she feynes it to proceéde
Of Bacchus motion. At the length she finding out in déede
The outset Graunge howlde out, and crde now well, and open brake
The gates, and streight hir sister thence by force of hand did take,
And deeping hir in like attire of Bacchus, hid hir head
With Iuie leaues, and home to Court hir sore amazed led.
Allone as Philomela wist she set hir foote within
That curssed house, the wretched soule to shudther did begin.
And all hir face wart pale. Anon hir sister getting place
Did pull off Bacchus mad attire, and making bare hir face
Embraced hir betweene hir armes. But she considering that
Quéene Progne was a Cucqueane made by meanes of hir, durst nat
Once raise hir eyes: but on the ground fast fixed helde the same.
And where she wouldé haue taken God to witnesse that the shame
And villanie was wrought to hir by violence, she was fayne
To vse hir hand in stead of speache. Then Progne chaast a maine.
And was not able in hir selfe hir choler to restraine.

But

But blaming Philomela for hir weeping, said these wordes.
Thou must not deale in this behalfe with weeping, but with swordes:
Or with some thing of greater force than swords. For my part, I
Am readie, yea and fully bent all mischiefe for to trie.
This pallace will I eyther set on fire, and in the same
Bestow the cursed Tereus the worker of our shame:
Or pull away his tongue: or put out both his eyes: or cut
Away those members which have thee to such dishonor put:
Or with a thousand woundes expulse that sinfull soule of his.
The thing that I doe purpose on is great, what ere it is.
I know not what it may be yet. While Progne herebuto
Did set hir minde, came Itys in, who taught hir what to doe.
She staring on him cruelly, said. Ah, how like thou art
Thy wicked father, and without moe wordes a sorowfull part
She purposed, such inward ire was boyling in hir heart.
But notwithstanding when hir sonne approched to hir neare,
And lovingly had greeted hir by name of mother deare,
And with his prettie armes about the necke had hugde hir fast,
And flattring wordes with childish toyes in killing forth had cast,
The mothers heart of hirs was then constreyned to relent,
Allwaged wholy was the rage to which she erst was bent,
And from hir eyes against hir will the teares enforced went.
But when she saw how pitie did compell hir heart to yelde,
She turned to hir sisters face from Itys, and beheld
Now tone, now tother earnestly and said. Why tattles he
And she sittes dumbe bereft of tongue? as well why calles not she
Me sister, as this boy doth call me mother? Seest thou not
Thou daughter of Pandion what a husband thou hast got?
Thou growest wholy out of kinde. To such a husband as
Is Tereus, pitie is a sinne. No more delay there was.
She dragged Itys after hir, as when it happes in Inde
A Tyger gets a little Calfe that suckes upon a Hynde
And drags him through the shadie woods. And when that they had found
A place within the house far off and far above the ground,
Then Progne strake him with a sword now plainly seeing whether
He should, and holding up his handes, and crying mother, mother,
And sighing to hir necke: even where the brest and side doe bounde,

And

And neuer turnde away hir face. Inough had bene that wound
Alone to bring him to his ende. The tother sister slit
His throte. And while some life and soule was in his members yit,
In gobbits they them rent: whereof were some in Pipkins boyld,
And other some on hilling spits against the fire were broyld,
And with the gellied blood of him was all the chamber soyld.
To this same banket Progne bade hir husband knowing nought
Nor nought mistrusting of the harme and lewdnesse she had wrought.
And feyning a solemnitie according to the guise
Of Athens, at the which there might be none in any wise
Besides hir husband and hir selfe, she banisht from the same
Hir household folke and sojourners, and such as guestwise came.
King Tereus sitting in the throne of his forefathers, fed
And swallowed downe the selfe same flesh that of his bowels bred.
And he (so blinded was his heart) fetch Itys hither, sed.
No lenger hir most cruell joy dissemble could the Quéene.
But of hir murther coueting the messenger to béene,
She said: the thing thou askest for, thou hast within. About
He loked round, and asked where? To put him out of dout,
As he was yet demaunding where, and calling for him: out
Lept Philomele with scattred haire alaight like one that fled
Had from some fray where slaughter was, and threw the bloudy head
Of Itys in his fathers face. And neuer more was shée
Desirous to haue had hir speache, that able she might be
Hir inward joy with worthie wordes to witnesse franke and frée.
The tyrant with a hideous noyse away the table shoues:
And rores ẏ fiends from Hell. One while with yauning mouth he proues
To perbrake vp his meate againe, and cast his bowels out.
Another while with wringing handes he weeping goes about.
And of his sonne he termes himselfe the wretched graue. Anon
With naked sword and furious heart he followeth fierce vpon
Pandions daughters. He that had bene present would haue déemde
Their bodies to haue houered vp with fethers. As they séemde:
So houered they with wings in déede. Of whome the one away
To woodward flies, the other still about the house doth stay.
And of their murther from their brestes not yet the token goth,
For euen still yet are stainde with bloud the fethers of them both.

And

And he through sorrow and desire of vengeance waring wight,
Became a Bird vpon whose top a tuft of feathers light
In likenesse of a Helmets crest doth trimly stand vpright.
In stead of his long sword, his bill shootes out a passing space:
A Lapwing named is this Bird, all armed semes his face.
The sorrow of this great mischaunce did stop Pandions breath
Before his time, and long ere age determinde had his death.
Erechthey reigning after him the gouernment did take:
A Prince of such a worthinesse as no man well can make
Resolution, if he more in armes or iustice did excell.
Foure sonnes, and daughters foure he had. Of which a couple well
Did eche in beautie other match. The one of these whose name
Was Procris vnto Cephalus King Aeolus sonne became
A happie wife. The Thracians and King Tereus were a let
To Boreas: so that long it was before the God could get
His dearbeloued Orithya, while trifling he did stand
With faire entreatance rather than did vse the force of hand.
But when he saw he no reliefe by gentle meanes could finde,
Then turning vnto boystous wrath (which vnto that same winde
Is too familiar and too much accustomed by kinde)
He said I serued am but well: for why said I a part
My proper weapons, fiercenesse, force, and ire, and cruell hart?
And fell to fanning like a fole, which did me but disgrace?
For me is violence mete. Through this the pestred cloudes I chace.
Through this I tosse the Seas. Through this I turne vp knottie Okes,
And harden Snow, and beate the ground in hayle with sturdie strokes.
When I my brothers chaunce to get in open Ayre and Skie.
(For that is my fielde in the which my maistries I doe trie)
I charge vpon them with such brunt, that of our meeting smart
The Heauen betweene vs soundes, & from the hollow Cloudes doth start
Enforced fire. And when I come in holes of hollow ground,
And fiersly in those emptie caues doe roule my backe vp round,
I trouble euen the ghostes, and make the verie world to quake.
This helpe in woing of my wife (to speede) I should haue take.
Erechthey should not haue bene prayde my Fatherinlaw to be:
He should haue bene compelde thereto by stout extremitie.

In

In speaking there or other wordes as sturdie, Boreas gan
To slacke his wings. With wauing of the which he rayſed than
So great a gale, that all the earth was blasted therewithall,
And troubled was the maine brode Sea. And as he trayde his pall
Bedusked ouer highest tops of things, he swept the ground.
And hauing now in smokie cloudes himselfe enclosed round,
Betweene his duskie wings he caught Orithya straught for feare,
And like a louer, verie soft and easly did hir beare.
And as he flew, the flames of loue enkindled more and more
By meanes of stirring. Neither did he stay his flight before
He came within the land and towne of Cicons with his pray.
And there sone after being made his wife she hapt to lay
Hir belly, and a paire of boyes she at a burthen brings,
Who else in all resembled full their mother, saue in wings
The which they of their father toke. Notwithstanding (by report)
They were not borne with wings vpon their bodies in this sort.
While Calais and Zetes had no beard vpon their chin,
They both were calleto. But assone as haire did once begin
In likenesse of a yellow Downe vpon their cheekes to sprout,
Then (euen as comes to passe in Birdes) the feathers budded out
Togither on their pinyons tw, and spreaded round about
On both their sides. And finally when childhod once was spent
And youth come on, togither they with other Minyes went
To Colchos in the Galley that was first deuisde in Greece,
Vpon a sea as then vnknowen, to fetch the golden fleece.

Finis sexti Libri.

¶ The

## of Ouids Metamorphosis.

AND now in ship of Pagasa the Mynies cut the seas.
And leading under endlesse night his age in great disease
Of scarcitie was Phiney seene. and Boreas sonnes had chasse
Away the Maidenfaced foules that did his victels wasse.
And after suffring many things in noble Iasons band,
In muddie Phasis gushing streams at last they went a land.
There while they going to the King demaund the golden fléece
Brought thither certaine yeares before by Phryxus out of Greece,
And of their dreadfull labors wait an answere to receive:
Aeëtas daughter in hir heart doth mightie flames conceyue.
And after strugling verie long, when reason could not win
The vpper hand of rage: she thus did in hir selfe begin.
In vaine Medea dooste thou strive. some God what ere he is
Against thée bendes his force for what a wondrous thing is this?
Is any thing like this which men doe terme by name of Loue?
For why should I my fathers bestes estéeme so hard aboue
All measure? sure in very déede they are too hard and soze,
Why feare I least yon straunger whome I never saw before
Should perish? what should be the cause of this my feare so great?
Unhappie wench (and if thou canst) suppresse this uncouth heat
That burneth in thy tender brest. and if so be I couldo,
A happie turne it were, and more at ease then be I shoulde.
But now an uncouth maladie perforce against my will
Doth hale me. Loue persuades me one, another thing my skill,
The best I sée and like: the worst I follow headlong still.
Why being of the royall bloud so fondly dooste thou raue,
Upon a straunger thus to dote, desiring for to haue
An husband of another world? at home thou mightest finde
A louer méete for thine estate on whome to set thy minde.
And yet it is but euen a chaunce if he shall liue or no:
God graunt him for to liue. I may without offence pray so,
Although I loude him not: for what hath Iason trespast me?
Who woulde not pitie Iasons youth onlesse they cruell be?
What creature is there but his birth and prowesse might him moue?

And

And setting all the rest aside, who woulde not be in loue
With Iasons goodlie personage: my heart assuredly
Is toucht therewith. But if that I prouide not remedie,
With burning breath of blasting Bulles needes sindged must he bee.
Of seedes that he himselfe must sow a harvest shall he see
Of armed men in battell ray vpon the ground vp grow
Against the which it boueth him his manhode for to show.
And as a pray he must be set against the Dragon fell.
If I these things let come to passe, I may confesse right well
That of a Tyger I was bred: and that within my brest
A heart more harde than any steele or stonie roche doth rest.
Why rather doe I not his death with wrathfull eyes beholde?
And ioy with others seeing him to deter perill solde?
Why doe I not enforce the Bulles against him? why I say
Exhort I not the cruell men which shall in battell ray
Arise against him from the ground? and that same Dragon too
Within whose eyes came neuer sleepe? God shield I so should doo.
But prayer finally bootes, except I put to helping hand.
And shall I like a Captiue then betray my fathers land?
Shall I a straunger saue whome we nor none of ours doth know?
That he by me preserued may without me homeward row?
And take another to his wife, and leaue me wretched wight
To torments? If I will that he coulde worke me such a spight,
Or could in any others loue than only mine delight,
The Churle should die for me. But sure he beareth not the face
Like one that would doe so. His birth, his courage, and his grace
Ode put me clearly out of doubt he will not me deceyue,
No nor forget the great good turnes he shall by me receyue.
Yet shall he to me first his faith for more allurance plight
And solemly he shall be sworne to keepe the couenant right.
Why fearfle thou now without a cause? step to it out of hand:
And doe not any lenger time thus lingring fondly stand.
For ay shall Iason thinke himselfe beholding vnto thee:
And shall thee marrie solemly: yea honored shalt thou bee
Of all the Mothers greate and small throughout the townes of Greece
For sauing of their sonnes that come to fetch the golden fleece.
And shall I then leaue brother, father, father, kith and kine

And

And houſehold Gods, and natiue ſoyle, and all that is therein?
And ſaile I know not whither with a ſtraunger? yea: why not?
My father ſurely cruell is, my Countrie rude God wot:
My brother yet a verie babe: my ſiſter I dare ſay
Contented is with all hir heart that I ſhould go away:
The greateſt God is in my ſelfe: the things I doe forſake
Are trifles in compariſon of thoſe that I ſhall take.
For ſauing of the Greckiſh ſhip renoumed ſhall I bée.
A better place I ſhall enioy with Cities riche and frée,
Whoſe fame doth flouriſh freſh euen here, and people that excell
In ciuill life and all good Artes: and whome I would not ſell
For all the gods within the woride Duke Aeſons noble ſonne.
Whome had I to my lawfull Féere aſſuredly once wonne,
Moſt happie yea and bleſt of God I might my ſelfe account,
And with my head aboue the ſtarres to heauen I ſhould ſurmount.
But men repoꝛt that certaine rockes (I know not what) doe méete
Amid the waues, and monſtruouſly againe aſunder fléete:
And how Charybdis vtter foe to ſhips that paſſe thereby
Now ſowpeth in now ſpeweth out the Sea inceſſantly:
And rauening Scylla being hemde with cruell dogs about,
Amids the guiſe of Sicilie doth make a barking out.
What ſkilleth that? As long as I enioy the thing I loue,
And hang about my Iaſons necke, it ſhall no whit me moue
To ſaile the daungerous Seas: as long as him I may embꝛace
I cannot ſurely be afraide in any kinde of caſe.
Oꝛ if I chaunce to be afraide, my feare ſhall only tende
But foꝛ my huſband. Calliſte thou him thy huſband? doſte pꝛetende
Gay titles to thy foule offence Medea? nay not ſo:
But rather loke about how great a lewdneſſe thou doſte go.
And ſhun the miſchiefe whyle thou mayſt. She had no ſooner ſaid
Theſe woꝛdes, but right and godlineſſe and ſhamefaſtneſſe were ſtaid
Before hir eyes, and frantick loue did flie away diſmaid.

She went me to an Altar that was dedicate of olde
To Perſeys daughter Hecate (of whome the witches holde
As of their Goddeſſe) ſtanding in a thicke and ſecrete wood
So cloſe it couldꝛ not well be ſpide: and now the raging mood
Of furious loue was well alaide and clearely put to flight:

When spying Aesons sonne, the flame that seemed quenched quight
Did kindle out of hand againe. Hir cheekes began to glowe,
And flushing ouer all hir face the scarlet blood did flowe.
And euen as when a little sparke that was in ashes hid,
Uncouered with the whisking windes is from the ashes rid,
Eftsoones it taketh nourishment and kindleth in such wise,
That to his former strength againe and flaming it doth rise:
Euen so hir quailed loue which late ye would haue thought had quight
Bene vanisht out of minde, as sone as Iason came in sight
Did kindle to his former foree in bewing of the grace
With which he did auaunce himselfe then comming there in place.
And (as it chaunced) farre more faire and beautifull of face
She thought him then than euer erst. but sure it doth behoue
Hir iudgement should be borne withall bicause she was in loue.
She gapte and gased in his face with fixed staring eyen
As though she neuer had him seene before that instant time.
So farre she was beside hir selfe she thought it should not bee
The face of any worldly wight the which she then did see.
She was not able for hir life to turne hir eyes away.
But when he toke hir by the hand and speaking gan to pray
Hir softly for to succor him, and promise faithfully
To take hir to his wedded wife, she falling by and by
A weeping, said. Sir, what I doe I see apparantly.
Not want of knowledge of the troth, but loue shall me deceiue.
Yon shalbe saued by my meanes. And now I must receiue
A faithfull promise at your hand for sauing of your life.
He made a solemne vow, and sware to take hir to his wife,
By triple Hecates holie rites, and by what other power
So euer else had residence within that secret bower.
And by the Sire of him that should his Father in law become
Who all things doth behold, and as he hopte to ouercome
The dreadfull daungers which he had sone after to assay.
Duke Iason being credited receiude of hir streight way
Enchaunted herbes: and hauing learnde the vsage of the same,
Departed thence with merrie heart, and to his lodging came.

Nert Pyrne had chasde ỳ streaming stars: & folke by heapes did flocke
To Martis sacred field, and there stode thronging in a shocke,

To

To sée the straunge pastimes. The king most stately to beholde
With yuorie Pace aboue them all did sit in throne of golde.
Anon the brazenhoued Bulles from stonie nosethrils cast
Out flakes of fire: their scalding breath the growing grasse did blast.
And loke what noise a chimney full of burning fewell makes,
Or Flint in softning in the fell when first the fire it takes
By sprincling water therevpon: such noyse their boyling brests
Turmoyling with the firie flames enclosed in their chests,
Such noise their scorched throtebolles make. yet stoutly Iason went
To méete them. They their dreadfull eyes against him grimly bent,
And eke their hornes with yron tipt: and strake the dust about
In stamping with their clouen clees: and with their belowing out
Set all the fielde vpon a smoke. The Myneis séeing that
Were past their wits with sodaine feare. but Iason séeled nat
So much as any breath of theirs: such strength hath sorcerie.
Their dangling Dewlaps with his hand he coyd vnfearfully.
And putting yokes vpon their neches he forced them to drawe
The heauie burthen of the plough which erst they neuer sawe,
And for to breake the fielde which erst had neuer felt the share.
The men of Colchos séeing this, like men amazed fare.
The Mynies with their shouting out their mazednesse augment.
And vnto Iason therewithall giue more encouragement.
Then in a souldiers cap of stéele a Vipers téeth he takes,
And sowes them in the new plowde fielde. the ground the soking makes
The séede forestérpte in poyson strong, both supple lithe and soft,
And of these téeth a right straunge graine there growes anon aloft.
For euen as in the mothers wombe an infant doth begin
To take the liuely shape of man, and formed is within
To due proportion piece by piece in euery limme, and when
Full ripe he is, he takes the vse of Aire with other men:
So when that of the Vipers téeth the perfect shape of man
Within the bowels of the earth was formed, they began
To rise togither orderly vpon the fruitefull fielde:
And (which a greater wonder is) immediatly they wielde
Their weapons growing vp with them. whō when the Grékes beholde
Preparing for to push their Pikes (which sharply headed were)
In Iasons face, downe went their heades, their hearts did faint for feare:

And alſo ſhe that made him ſafe began abaſhe to bée.
For when againſt one naked man ſo huge an armie ſtée
Beheld of armed enmies bent, hir colour did abate
And ſodainly both voyd of blood and liuelie heate ſhe ſate.
And leaſt the chaunted wéedes the which ſhe had him giuen before
Should faile at néede, a helping charme ſhe whiſpred euermore,
And practiſde other ſecret Artes the which ſhe kept in ſtore.
He caſting ſtreight a mightie ſtone amid his thickeſt foes,
Doth voyde the battell from him ſelfe and turnes it vnto thoſe.
Theſe earthbred brothers by and by did one another wound
And neuer ceaſed till that all lay dead vpon the ground.
The Gréekes were glad, & in their armes did claſp their Champion ſtout,
And clinging to him eatneſtly embraced him about.
And thou O fond Medea tho couldſt well haue found in hart
The Champion for to haue embraſte, but that withheld thou wart
By ſhameſaſtneſſe. and yet thou hadſt embraced him, if dread
Of ſtayning of thine honor had not ſtaid thée in that ſtead.
But yet as far forth as thou maſt, thou dooſe in heart reioyce,
And ſecretly (although without expreſſing it in voyce)
Dooſe thanke thy charmes and ede the Gods as Authors of the ſame.

Now was remaining as the laſt concluſion of this game,
By force of chaunted herbes to make the watchfull Dragon ſléepe
Within whoſe eyes came neuer winke: who had in charge to kéepe
The goodly tréé vpon the which the golden fléeces hung.
With creſted head, and hooked pawes, and triple ſpirting tung.
Right ougly was he to beholde. When Iaſon had beſprent
Him with the iuice of certaine herbes from Lethey Riuer ſent,
And thrice had mumbled certaine woordes which are of force to caſt
So ſound a ſléepe on things that euen as dead a time they laſt,
Which make the raging ſurges calme and flowing Riuers ſtay.
The dreadfull Dragon by and by (whoſe eyes before that day
Will neuer erſt what ſléeping ment) did fall ſo faſt a ſléepe
That Iaſon ſafely toke the fléece of golde that he did kéepe.
Of which his bootie being proud, he led with him away
The Author of his good ſucceſſe another fairer pray:
And ſo with conqueſt and a wife he loſde from Colchos ſtrond,
And in Lariſſa hauen ſafe did go againe a land.

The

The auncient men of Thessalie togither with their wiues
To Church with offrings gone for saiuing of their childrens liues.
Great heapes of fuming frankincense were fryed in the flame
And vowed Bulles to sacrifice with hornes faire gilded came.
But from this great solemnitie Duke Aeson was away,
Now at deathes doore and spent with yeares. Then Iason thus gan say.
O wife to whome I doe confesse I owe my life in deede,
Though al things thou to me hast giuen, and thy deserts exceede
Beleefe: yet if enchauntment can, (for what so hard appeares
Which strong enchauntment can not doe?) abate thou from my yeares,
And adde them to my fathers life. As he these wordes did speake,
The teares were standing in his eyes. His godly fate did breake
Medeas heart: who therewithall bethought hir of hir fire
In leauing whome she had erpect a far vnlike desire.
But yet bewraying not hir thoughts, she said: O husband tie,
What wickednesse hath scapt your mouth? suppose you then that I
Am able of your life the terme where I will to bestow?
Let Hecat neuer suffer that. Your fate (as well you know)
Against all right and reason is. But I will put in prooфe
A greater gift than you require and more for your behoofe.
I will allay your fathers life by cunning to prolong,
And not with your yeares for to make him yong againe and strong:
So our threefourmed Goddesse graunt with present helpe to stand
A further of the great attempt the which I take in hand.
Before the Mone should circle wise close both hir hornes in one
Three nightes were yet as then to come. Assoone as that she shone
Most full of light, and did behold the earth with fulsome face,
Medea with hir haire not trust so much as in a lace,
But flaring on hir shoulders twaine, and barefoote, with hir gowne
Ungirded, gate hir out of doores and wandred vp and downe
Alone the dead time of the night: both Man, and Beast, and Bird
Were fast a sleepe: the Serpents slie in trayling forward stird
So softly as ye would haue thought they still a sleape had bene.
The moysting Ayre was whist. no leafe ye could haue mouing sene.
The starres alonly faire and bright did in the welkin shine
To which she lifting vp hir handes did thrise hirselfe ineline:
And thrice with water of the brooke hir haire besprincled thee:

And gasping thrise she opte his mouth: and bowing downe his knée
Upon the bare hard ground, she said: O trustie time of night:
Most faithfull vnto prinities, O golden starres whose light
Doth iointly with the Mone succéede the beames that blaze by day.
And thou thrée headed Hecate who knowest best the way
To compasse this our great attempt and art our chiefest stay:
Ye Charmes & Witchcrafts, & thou Earth which both with herbe & wéed
Of mightie working furnishest the Witzardes at their néede:
Ye Ayres and windes: ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye euerychone.
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charmes I made the calme Seas rough, & make ỹ rough Seas plaine,
And couer all the Skie with Cloudes and chase them thence againe.
By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers iaw.
And from the bowels of the Earth both stones and trées doe draw.
Whole woods and Forestes I remoue: I make the Mountaines shake,
And euen the Earth it selfe to grone and fearfully to quake.
I call vp dead men from their graues: and thée O lightsome Mone
I darken oft, though beaten brasse abate thy perill soone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and dawbes ỹ Sun at Noone.
The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake.
And caused their vnwieldie neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the Earthbred brothers you a mortall warre did set,
And brought a sleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes neuer shet.
By meanes whereof deceiuing him that had the golden fléece
In charge to kéepe, you sent it thence by Iason into Greece.
Now haue I néede of herbes that can by vertue of their iuice
To flowring prime of lustie youth old withered age reduce.
I am assurde ye will it graunt. For not in vaine haue I bone
These entreating sorceresse yet in vaine this Chariot all alone
By draught of Dragons hither comes. With that was fro the Skie
A Chariot softly glaunced downe, and stayed hard thereby.
Alsone as she had gotten vp, and with hir hand had coyd
The Dragons reined nekes, and with their bridles somewhat toyd,
They mounted with hir in the Ayre, whence loking downe she saw
The pleasant Temp of Thessalie, and made hir Dragons draw

To

To places further from resort: and there she toke the view
What herbes on high mount Pelion, and what on Ossa grew:
And what on mountaine Othris and on Pyndus growing were,
And what Olympus (greater than mount Pyndus far) did beare.
Such herbes of them as liked hir she pulide vp rote and rinde
Or cropt them with a hooked knife. And many she did finde
Upon the bankes of Apidane agreeing to hir minde:
And many at Amphrisus foords: and thou Enipeus eke
Didst yelde hir many pretie wordes of which she well did like.
Peneus and Sperchius streames contributarie were,
And so were Boebes rushie bankes of such as growed there.
About Anthedon which against the Iles Euboics standes,
A certaine kind of liuely grasse she gathered with hir handes,
The name whereof was scarsly knowen or what the herbe could doe
Untill that Glaucus afterward was chaunged thereinto.
Nine dayes with winged Dragons drawen, nine nights in Chariot swift
She searching euerie field and frith from place to place did shift.
She was no sooner home returnde but that the Dragons fell
Which lightly of hir gathered herbes had taken but the smell,
Did cast their sloughes and with their sloughes their crueled age forgot.
She would none other house than heauen to hide hir head as tho:
But kept hir stall without the doores; and as for man was none
That once might touch hir. Altars twayne of Turfe she builded; one
Upon hir lefthand vnto Youth, another on the right
To Hecat. Both the which alsoone as she had dight
With Verum and with other shrubbes that on the fields doe rise,
Not farre from thence she digde two pits; and making sacrifice
Did cut a couple of blacke Rams throtes and filled with their blood
The open pits, on which she pourde of warme milke pure and good
A boll full, and another boll of hony eke she added
And hauing to hir selfe therewith full bitterly she cried
On Pluto and his rauishe wife the soueraigne states of Hell,
And all the Elues and Gods that on or in the Earth doe dwell,
To spare olde Aesons life a while, and not in hast deprive
His limmes of that same aged soule which kept them yet aliue.
Whome when she had sufficiently with mumbling long besought,
She bade that Aeson straitlie rysie should out of doores be brought

Before the Altars. Then with charmes she cast him in so dirpe
A slumber, that vpon the herbes he lay for dead a sleepe.
Which done she willed Iason thence a great way off to go
And likewise all the Ministers that serued hir as tho:
And not presume those secretes with vnhallowed eyes to see.
They did as she commaunded them. When all were voyded, shee
With scattred haire about hir eares like one of Bacchus trees
Deuoutly by and by about the burning Altars goes:
And dipping in the pits of blood a sort of clifted brandes
Vpon the Altars kindled them that were on both hir handes.
And thrise with brimstone, thrise with fire, and thrise with water pure
She purged Aesons aged corse that slept and slumbred sure.
The medicine seething all the while a wallop in a pan
Did bralle, to spurt and leape a loft and gather froth began.
There boyled she the rootes, seedes, flowres, leaues, stalkes & iuice togither
Which from the fieldes of Thessalie she late had gathered thither.
She cast in also precious stones fetcht from the furthest East
And which the ebbing Ocean washe fine grauell from the West.
She put thereto the dewe that fell vpon a Monday night:
And flesh and feathers of a Witch a cursed odious wight
Which in the likenesse of an Owle abrode a nightes did flie,
And Infants in their cradels chaunge or sucke them that they die.
The iugles also of a * Wolfe which when he list could take *A Ware wolfe.*
The shape of man, and when he list the same againe forsake.
And from the Riuer Cyniphis which is in Lybie lande
She had the fine there scaled stones of water snayles at hande.
And of an endlesse liued heart the liuer had she got.
To which she added of a Crowe that then had liued not
So little as nine hundred yeares the head and Will also.
Now when Medea had with these and with a thousand mo
Such other kinde of nameles things wrought hir purpose through
For lengthning of the old mans life, she tooke a withered bough
Cut lately from an Olyf tree, and tumbling all togither
Did raise the bottome to the brim: and as she stirred hither
And thither with the withered sticke, behold it waxed greene.
Anon the leaues came budding out: and sodenly were seene
As many berries dangling downe as well the bough could beare.

And

And where the fire had from the pan the scumming cast, or where
The scalding drops did fall, the ground did springe like flowrish there.
And flowres with fodder fine and soft immediatly arose.
Which when Medea did behold, with naked knife she goes
And cuttes the olde mans throte: and letting all his old blood go
Supplies it with the boyled iuice: the which when Aeson tha
Had at his mouth or at his wounde receyued in, his heare
As well of head as beard from gray to coleblacke turned were.
His leane, pale, hore, and withered corse grew fulsome, faire and fresh:
His furrowed wrincles were fulfilde with yong and lustie flesh.
His limmes wart frolicke, laine and lithe: at which he wondring much,
Remembred that at fortie yeares he was the same or such.
And as from dull vnwieldsome age to youth he backward drew:
Euen so a liuely youthfull sprighe did in his heart renew.
The wonder of this monstruous act had Bacchus seene from his:
And finding that to youthfull yeares his Nurses might thereby
Restored bee, did at hir hand receiue it as a gift.
And least deceitfull guile should cease, Medea found a shift
To feyne that Iason and hir selfe were faine at odds in wroth:
And therevpon in humble wise to Pelias Court she goth.
Where forbicause the king himselfe was feebled sore with age,
His daughters entertainde hir whome Medea being sage,
Within a while through false pretence of feyned friendship brought
To take hir haite. For as she tolde what pleasures she had wrought
For Iason, and among the rest as greatest sadly tolde
How she had made his father yong that withred was and olde,
And taried long vpon that point: they hoped glad and faine
That their olde father might likewise his youthful yeares regaine.
And this they crauing instantly did proffer for hir paine
What recompence she would desire. She held hir peace a while
As though she doubted what to doe: and with hir suttle guile
Of counterfetted gramitie more eger did them make.
Assone as she had promisde them to doe it for their sake,
For more assurance of my graunt, your selues (quoth she) shall se:
The oldest Ram in all your flocke a Lambe streight made to bee
By force of my confections strong. Immediatly a Ram
So olde that no man thereabouts remembred him a Lam.

All as

Was thither by his warped hornes which turned inward to
To his hollow Temples, drawne: whose withred throte she slit in two.
And when she cleane had drayned out that little bloud that was
Upon the fire with herbes of strength she set a pan of brasse,
And cast his carcasse thereinto. The Speeme did abate
The largenesse of his limmes and seard his dossers from his pate,
And with his hornes abridged his yeares. Anon was plainly heard
The bleating of a new yeand Lambe from mid the kettleward.
And as they wondred for to heare the bleating, streight the Lam
Leapt out, and frisking ran to seeke the bodder of some Dam.
King Pelias daughters were amazde: and when they did beholde
Hir promise come to such effect, they were a thousand folde
More earnest at hir than before. Whyle Phoebus hauing plucke
The Collars from his horses neckes, in Iber had them ducke.
And now in heauen the streaming starres the fourth night shined cleare:
When false Medea on the fire had hanged water there.
With herbes that had no powre at all. The King and all his garde
Which had the charge that night about his person for to warde
Were through hir nightspels and hir charmes in deadly sleepe all cast.
And Pelias daughters with the Witch which eggde them forward, past
Into his chamber by the watch, and compast in his bed.
Then: wherefore stand ye doubting thus like fooles Medea sed.
On: drawe your swordes: and let ye out his old bloud, that I may
Fill vp his emptie veynes againe with youthfull bloud streight way.
Your fathers life is in your handes: it lieth now in you
To haue him olde and withred still or yong and lustie. Now
If any nature in ye be, and that ye doe not seeke
A fruiteleese hope, your dutie to your father doe with speede.
Expulse his age by sword, and let the filthy matter out.
Through these perswasions which of them so euer went about
To shewe hirselfe most naturall, became the first that wrought
Against all nature: and for feare she should be wicked thought,
She executes the wickednesse which most to shun she sought.
Yet was not any one of them so bolde that durst abide
To looke vpon their father when she strake, but wride aside.
Hir eyes: and so their cruell handes not marking where they hit
With faces turnde another way at all auenture smot.

The

He all beweltred in his bloud awaked with the smart,
And maimde and mangled as he was did giue a sodeyne start
Endeuoring to haue risen vp. but when he did beholde
Himselfe among so many swordes, he lifting vp his olde
Pale warryish armes, said: daughters mine what doe ye? who hath put
These wicked weapons in your hands your fathers throte to cut?
With that their heartes and handes did faint. And as he talked yet,
Medea drenking of his wordes, his windpipe quickly slit,
And in the scalding liquor tayne did drowne him by and by.
But had she not with winged wormes streight mounted in the skie,
She had not scaped punishment. but flying vp on hie
She ouer shadie Pelion flew where Chyron erst did dwell,
And ouer Othrys and the grounds renowmde for that befell
To auncient Geramb: who such time as old Deucalions flood
Vpon the face of all the Earth like one maine water stood,
By helpe of Nymphes with fethered wings was in the Ayer lift,
And so escaped from the floud vndrowned by the shift.
She left Aeolian Pytanie vpon hir left hand: and
The Serpent that became a stone vpon the Lesbian sand.
And Ida woods where Bacchus hid a Bullocke (as is sayd)
In shape of Stag the which his sonne had thereby conuayde.
And where the Sire of Corytus lies buried in the dust.
The fieldes which Meras (when he first did into barking brust)
Affraide with straungenesse of the noyse. And the Eurypils townes
In which the wines of Cos had hornes like Oxen on their crounes.
Such time as Hercles with his hoste departed from the Ile.
And Rhodes to Phoebus consecrate: and Ialyse where ere-while
The Telchines with their noysome sight did euery thing bewitch.
At which their hainous wickednesse Ioue taking rightfull pitch,
Did drowne them in his brothers waues. Moreouer she did passe
By Ceos and olde Garthey walles where Sir Alcidamas
Did wonder how his daughter should be turned to a Doue.
The Swannie Temp and Hyries Pole she viewed from aboue,
The which a sodeine Swan did haunt. For Phyllie there for loue
Of Hyries sonne did at his bidding Birdes and Lions tame,
And being willde to heale a Bull performed streight the same.
Dill wroothfull that his loue so oft so streightly should him vse,

When

When for his last reward he askt the Bull, he did refuse
To giue it him. The boy displeasde, said: well: thou wilt anon
Repent thou gaue it not: and leapt downe headlong from a stone.
They all supposde he had bene slaine: but being made a Swan
With snowie feathers in the Ayre to slacker he began.
His mother Hyrie knowing not he was preserued so,
Resolued into melting teares for pensiuenesse and wo,
And made the Pole that beares hir name. Not far from hence doth stand
The Citie Brauron, where sometime by mounting from the land
With wauing pinions Ophyes pupe dame Combe did eschue
Hir children which with naked swordes to slea hir did pursue.
Anon she kend Calaurie fieldes which did sometime pertaine
To chaste Diana where a King and eke his wife both twaine
Were turnde to Birdes. Cyllene hill vpon hir right hand stood,
In which Menephron like a beast of wilde and sauage mode
To force his mother did attempt. Far thence she spide where sad
Cephisus mourned for his Neece whome Phebus turned had
To vgly shape of swelling Seale: and Eumelles pallace faire
Lamenting for his sonnes mischaunce with wheeling in the Aire.
At Corinth with hir winged Snakes at length she did arriue.
Here men (so auncient fathers said that were as then aliue)
Did breede of dearthe Mushrommes. But after that hir téene
With burning of hir husbãds bride by witchcraft wreakt had béene
And that King Creons pallace she on blasing fire had seene,
And in hir owne deare childrens bloud had bathde hir wicked knife
Not like a mother but a beast bereuing them of life:
Least Iason should haue punisht hir she toke hir winged Snakes,
And flying thence againe in haste to Pallas Citie makes,
Which saw the auncient Periphas and righteous Phiney to
Together flying, and the Neece of Polypemon who
Was fastened to a paire of wings as well as tother two.
Aegeus enterteinde hir wherein he was to blame
Although he had no further gone but staid vpon the same,
He thought it not to be inough to die hir as his gueest
Onelie he toke hir to his wife. And now was Thesey prest,
Unknowne vnto his father yet, who by his knightly force
Had set from robbers cleare the balke that makes the streight diuorce

Betweene

Betwéene the seas Iónian and Aegean. To haue killde
This worthie knight, Medea had a Goblet readie fillde
With iuice of Flintwort venemous the which she long ago
Had out of Scythie with hir brought. The common bute is so
That of the teeth of Cerberus this Flintwort first did grow.
There is a caue that gapeth wide with darksome entrie low,
There goes a way slope downe by which with triple cheyne made new
Of strong and sturdie Adamant the valiant Hercle drew
The currish Yelhounde Cerberus: who dragging arsward still
And writhing backe his scowling eyes bicause he had no skill
To sée the Sunne and open day, for verie wodie wroth
Thrée barkings yelled out at once, and spit his slauering froth
Upon the grænish grasse. This froth (as men suppose) take rote
And thriuing in the barling soyle in burgeons forth did shote,
To bane and mischiefe men withall: and forbicause the same
Did grow vpon the bare hard Flints, folke gaue the foresaid name
Of Flintwort therevnto. The king by egging of his Quéene
Did reach his sonne this bane as if he had his enmie béene.
And Thesey of this treason wrought not knowing ought had tane
The Goblet at his fathers hand which helde his deadly bane:
When sodenly by the Iuorie hilts that were vpon his sword
Aegeus knew he was his sonne: and rising from the boorde
Did strike the mischiefe from his mouth. Medea with a charme
Did cast a mist and so scapte death deserued for the harme
Entended. Now albeit that Aegeus were right glad
That in the sauing of his sonne so happy chaunce he had,
Yet grieued it his heart full sore that such a wicked wight
With treason wrought against his sonne should scape so cleare e quight.
Then fell he vnto kindling fire on Altars euerie where
And glutted all the Gods with gifts. The thicke neckt Oxen were
With garlands wreathd about their hornes knockt downe for sacrifice.
A day of more solemnitie than this did neuer rise
Before on Athens (by report.) The auncients of the Towne
Made feastes: so did the meaner sort, and euery common clowne.
And as the wine did sharpe their wits, they sung this song. O knight
Of péerlesse prowesse Theseus, thy manhod and thy might
Through all the coast of Marathon with worthie honor soundes,

For

For killing of the Cretish Bull that wasted those same groundes.
The folke of Cremyon thinke themselues beholden vnto thée.
For that without disquietting their fieldes may tilled be.
By thée the land of Epidaure beheld the clubbish sonne
Of Vulcane dead. By thée likewise the countrie that doth runne
Along Cephisus bankes beheld the fell Procrustes flame.
The dwelling place of Ceres our Eleusis glad and faine
Beheld the death of Cercyon. That orpid Sinis who
Abusde his strength in bending trées and tying folke thereto,
Their limmes a sunder for to teare when loosened from the tops
The trées vnto their proper place did trice their streyned tops,
Was killde by thée. Thou made the way that leadeth to the towne
Alcathoe in Beotia cleare by putting Scyron downe.
To this same outlawes scattred bones the land denied rest,
And likewise did the Sea refuse to harborough such a guest:
Till after floting to and fro long while as men doe say
At length they hardened into stones: and at this present day
The stones are called Scyrons cliffes. Now if we should account
Thy déedes together with thy yeares, thy déedes would far surmount
Thy yeares. For thée most valiant Prince these publike vowes we kepe
For thée with cherefull heartes we quaffe these bolles of wine so dépe.
The Pallace also of the noyse and shouting did resounde
The which the people made for ioy. There was not to be founde
In all the Citie any place of sadnesse. Natheless
(So hard it is of perfect ioy to find so great excesse,
But that some sorrow therewithall is medled more or lesse,)
Aegeus had not in his sonnes recouerie such delight,
But that there followed in the necke a piece of fortunes spight.
King Minos was preparing war. who though he had great store
Of ships and souldiers yet the wrath the which he had before
Conceyued in his fathers brest for murthring of his sonne
Androgeus made him farre more strong and fiercer for to ronne
To rightfull battell to reuenge the great displeasure donne.
Howbeit he thought it best ere he his warfare did begin
To finde the meanes of forreine aides some friendship for to win.
And thereupon with flying fleete where passage did permit
Ye went to visit all the Iles that in those seas doe sit.

Anon

Anon the Iles Astypalcy and Anaphey both twaine
The first constreynde for feare of war the last in hope of gaine
Toke part with him. Low Myconey did also with him hold
So did the chalkie Cymoley, and Syphney which of olde
Was verie riche with veynes of golde, and Seyros full of holde
And valiant men, and Seryphey the smoth or rather fell,
And Parey which for Parbleskone both beare away the bell.
And Sythney which a wicked wench callde Arne did betray
For mony: who vpon vereit there of without delay
Was turned to a birde which yet of golde is gripple still,
And is as blacke as any cole, both fethers, feete and bill.
A Cadowe is the name of hir. But yet Olyarey,
And Didymey, and Andrey eke, and Tene, and Gyarey,
And Pepareth where Olive trees most plenteously doe grow,
In no wise would agree their helpe on Minos to bestow.
Then Minos turning lefthandwise did sayle to Oenope
Where reignde that time King Aeacus. This Ile had called be
Of old by name of Oenope: but Aeacus turnde the name
And after of his mothers name Aegina callde the same.
The common folke ran out by heapes desirous for to see
A man of such renowne as Minos bruted was to bee.
The Kings three sonnes Duke Telamon Duke Peley, and the yong
Duke Phocus went to meete with him. Old Aeacus also clung
With age, came after leysurely, and asked him the cause
Of his repaire. The ruler of the hundred Shires gan pause:
And musing on the inward griefe that nipt him at the hart,
Did shape him answere thus. O Prince vouchsafe to take my part
In this same godly warre of mine: assist me in the suit
Revengement of my murthred sonne that sleepeth in the dust.
I crave your comfort for his death. Aeginas sonne replide:
Thy suite is vaine: and of my Realme perforce must be denide.
For vnto Athens is no lande more sure than this alide:
Such leagues betweene vs are which shall infringde for me abide.
Away went Minos sad: and said: full dearly shalt thou bie
Thy leagues. He thought it for to be a better pollicie
To threaten war than war to make, and there to spend his store
And strength which in his other needes might much availe him more.

As

As yet might from Oenopia walles the Cretish fléete be hend.
When thitherward with puffed sayles and wind at will did tend
A ship from Athens, which anon arriuing at the strand
Set Cephal with Ambassade from his Countrimen a land.
The Kings thrée sonnes though long it were since last they had him séene:
Yet knew they him. And after olde acquaintance eft had béene
Renewde by shaking hands, to Court they did him streight conuay
This Prince which did allure the eyes of all men by the way,
As in whose stately person still remained to be séene
The markes of beautie which in flowre of former yeares had béene
Went holding out an Olive braunch that grew in Atticke lande
And for the reuerence of his age there went on eyther hand,
A Nobleman of yonger yeares. Sir Clytus on the right
And Butes on the left, the sonnes of one that Pallas hight.
When gréeting first had past betweene these Nobles and the King,
Then Cephal setting streight a broche the message he did bring,
Desired aide: and shewde what leagues stoode then in force betwéene
His countrie and the Aeginites, and also what had béene
Decréed betwixt their auncetors, concluding in the ende
That vnder colour of this war which Minos did pretende
To only Athens, he in déede the conquest did intende
Of all Achaia. When he thus by helpe of learned skill
His countrie message furthred had, King Aeacus leaning still
His left hand on his scepter, saide. My Lordes, I would not haue
Your state of Athens séeme so straunge as succor here to craue.
I pray commaund. For be ye sure that what this Ile can make
Is yours. Yea all that ere I haue shall hazard for your sake.
I want no strength. I haue such store of souldiers, that I may
Both ver my foes and also kéepe my Realme in quiet stay.
And now I thinke me blest of God that time doth serue to shewe
Without excuse the great good will that I to Athens owe.
God holde it sir (q Cephalus) God make the number grow
Of people in this towne of yours: it did me good a late
When such a goodly sort of youth of all one age and rate
Did méete me in the stréete. but yet me thinkes that many mille
Which at my former being here I haue beheld ere this.

At

At that the King did sigh, and thus with plaintfull voice did say.
A sad beginning afterward in better lucke did stay.
I would I plainly could the same before your faces lay.
Howbeit I will disorderly repeate it as I may.
And least I seeme to wearie you with overlong delay,
The men that you so mindefully enquire for lie in ground
And nought of them save bones and dust remaynoth to be found.
But as it hapt what losse thereby did unto me redound:
A cruell plague through Iunos wrath who dreadfully did hate
This Land that of hir husbands Lone did take the name a late,
Upon my people fell: as long as that the maladie
None other seemde than such as haunts mans nature dsually,
And of so great mortalitie the hurtfull cause was hid,
We strove by Phisicke of the same the Pacients for to rid.
The mischief overmaistred Art: yea Phisick was to seeke
To doe it selfe good. First the Aire with foggie stinking reeke
Did daily overdsepe the earth: and close culme Clouds did make
The wether faint: and while the Mone foure times hir light did take
And filde hir emptie hornes therewith, and did as often slake:
The warme South windes with deadly heate continually did blow.
Infected were the Springs, and Ponds, and streames that ebbe & flow.
And swarmes of Serpents crawld about the fieldes that lay untilde
Which with their poison euen the brookes and running waters filde.
In sodaine dropping downe of Dogs, of Horses, Sheepe and Kine,
Of Birds & Beasts both wild & tame as Oxen, Wolues, & Swine,
The mischiefe of this secret sore first outwardly appeares.
The wretched Plowman was amazde to see his sturdie Steeres
Amid the sorrow sinking downe ere halfe his worke was donne.
Whole flocks of sheepe did faintly bleate, and therewithall begonne
Their fleeces for to fall away and leaue the naked skin,
And all their bodies with the rot attainted were within.
The lustie Horse that erst was fierce in field renowne to win
Against his kinde grew cowardly: and now forgetting quight
The auncient honor which he praast so oft to get in sight,
Stoode sighing sadly at the Racke as wayting for to yelde
His wearie life without renowne of combat in the fielde.
The Boare to chase, the Hinde to runne, the cruell Beare to fall

Upon the herdes of Rother beaſtes had now no luſt at all.
A languiſhing was faine on all. In wayes, in woods, in plaines,
The filthie carions lay, whoſe ſtinche, the Ayre it ſelfe diſtaines.
(A wondrous thing to tell) not Dogges, not rauening Foules, nor yit
Horecoted Wolues would once attempt to taſt of them a bit.
Loke where they fell, there rotted they: and with their fauor bred
More harme, and further ſtill abrode the foule infection ſpred.
With loſſe that touched yet more nere, on Huſbandmen it crept,
And ragingly within the walles of this great Citie ſtept.
It toke men firſt with ſwelting heate that ſcalt their guts within:
The ſignes whereof were ſteaming breath and firie colourde ſkin
The tongue was harſh & ſwolne, the mouth through drought of burning
Lay gaping vp to hale in breath, and as the patient ſtreines, (veines
To draw it in, he ſuckes therewith corrupted Aire beſide.
No bed, no clothes though nere ſo thinne the patients could abide.
But laide their hardened ſtomackes flat againſt the bare colde ground
Yet no abatement of the heate therein their bodies found:
But het the earth, and as for Leache was none that helpe could bight
The Surgians and Phiſitions too were in the ſelfe ſame plight.
Their cureleſſe cunning hurt themſelues. The nerer any man
Approcheth his diſeaſed friend, and doth the beſt he can
To ſuccor him moſt faithfully, the ſoner did he catch
His bane. All hope of health was gone. No caſment nor diſpatch
Of this diſeaſe except in death and buriall did they finde.
Loke whereunto that eche mans minde and fancie was enclinde,
That followed he. he neuer paſt what was for his behoofe.
For why? that nought could doe them good was felt too much by proofe.
In euerie place without reſpect of ſhame or honeſtie
At Wels, at brookes, at ponds, at pits, by ſwarmes they thronging lie:
But ſoner might they quench their life than ſtaunch their thirſt thereby.
And therewithall ſo heauie and vnwieldie they become,
That wanting power to riſe againe, they died there. Yet ſome
The ſelfe ſame waters guzled ſtill without regard of feare,
So weary of their lothſome beds the wretched people were,
That out they lept: or if to ſtand their feeble force denide,
They wallowed downe and out of doores immediatly them hide:
It was a death to euery man his owne houſe to abide.

And

And for they did not know the cause wherefor the sickenesse came,
The place (because they did it know) was blamed for the same.
Ye should haue séene some halfe forclad go plundring here and there
By highways sides while that their legges were able them to beare.
And some lie weeping on the ground or rolling piteously
Their wearie eyes which afterwards should neuer sée the Skie:
Or stretching out their limmes to Heauen that ouerhangs on hie,
Some here, some there, and ponder some, in what so euer cosse
Death finding them enforced them to yéelde their fainting Ghosse.
What heart had I suppose you then, or ought I then to haue?
In faith I might haue lothde my life, and wisht me in my graue
As other of my people were. I could not cast mine eie
In any place, but that dead folke there strowed I did spie
Euen like as from a shaken twig when rotten Apples drop,
Or mast from Beches, Holmes or Okes whē Poales doe scare their top.
Yon stately Church with gréces long against our Court you sée:
It is the shrine of Iupiter. What Wight was he or shee
That on those Altars burned not their frankincense in vaine?
How oft, yea euen with Frankincense that partly did remaine
Still vnconsumed in their hands, did die both man and wife?
As ech of them with mutuall care did pray for others life?
How often dide the mother there in sewing for hir sonne,
Unheard vpon the Altarstone, hir prayer scarce begonne?
How often at the Temple dore euen while the Priest did bid
His Beades, and poure pure wine betwene their hornes, at sodaine slid
The Oxen downe without stroke giuen? Yea once when I had thought
My selfe by offring sacrifice Ioues fauor to haue sought,
For me, my Realme, and these thrée ymps, the Ore with grieuous grone
Upon the sodaine sunke me downe: and little bloud or none
Did issue scarce to staine the knife with which they slit his throte.
The sickly inwardes eke had lost the signes whereby we note
What things the Gods for certaintie would warne vs of before:
For euen the verie bowels were attainted with the sore.
Before the holie Temple dores, and (that the death might bée
The more dispitefull) euen before the Altars did I sée
The stinking corses scattred. Some with halters stopt their winde,
By death expulsing feare of death: and of a wilfull minde

Did haſte their ende, which of it ſelfe was coming on a pace.
The bodies which the plague had ſlaine were (O moſt wretched caſe)
Not caried forth to burſtall now. For why ſuch ſtore there was
That ſcarce the gates were wyde inough for Coffins forth to paſſe.
So eyther lothly on the ground vnburied did they lie,
Or elſe without ſolemnitie were burnt in bonfires hie
No reuerence nor regard was had. Men fell togither by
The eares for firing. In the fire that was prepared for one
Another ſtraungers corſe was burnt. And laſtly few or none
Were left to mourne. The fillie ſoules of Mothers with their ſmall
And tender babes, and age with youth as Fortune did befall
Went wandring gaſtly vp and downe vnmourned for at all.
In ſum: ſo farre outrageouſly this helpeleſſe ſpurren raues,
There was not wood inough for fire, nor ground inough for graues.
Aſknoted at the ſtourneſſe of ſo ſtout a ſtorme of ills
I ſaid O father Iupiter whoſe mightie power fulfills
Both Heauen and Earth, if flying fame report thée not amiſſe
In vouching that thou didſt embrace in way of Loue ere this
The Riuer Aſops daughter faire Aegina euen by name,
And that to take me for thy ſonne thou count it not a ſhame:
Reſtore thou me my folke againe, or kill thou me likewiſe.
He gaue a ſigne by ſodaine flaſh of lightning from the Skies,
And double peale of Thundercracks. I take this ſame (quoth I)
And as I take it for a true and certaine ſigne whereby
Thou doeſt confirme me for thy ſonne: ſo alſo let it be
A hanſell of ſome happie lucke thou mindeſt vnto me.
Hard by vs as it hapt that time, there was an Oken tree
With ſpreaded armes as barc of boughes as lightly ons ſhall ſee.
This tree (as all the reſt of Okes) was ſacred vnto Ioue
And ſprouted of an Acorne which was fet from Dodon groue.
Here markt we how the pretie Ants the gatherers vp of graine
One following other all along in order of a traine,
Great burthens in their little mouthes did painfully ſuſtaine:
And nimbly vp the rugged barke their beaten path maintaine.
As wondring at the ſwarme I ſtode, I ſaid, O father déere
As many people giue thou me, as Ants are créeping héere.
And fill mine empty walles againe. Anon the Oke did quake,

And

And vnconstreynde of any blast, his lothie braunches shake,
The which did yéld a certaine sound. With that for dreadfull feare
A shudring through my bodie strake and by swode stifte my heare.
But yet I kissed reuerently the ground and eke the trée.
Howbeit I durst not be so bolde of hope acknowne to bée.
Yet hoped I: and in my heart did shroude my secret hope.
Anon came night: and slépe vpon my carefull carcasse crepe.
Me thought I saw the selfe same Oke with all his boughes and twigs,
And all the Pismeres créping still vpon his rawnts and sprigs.
Which trembling with a sodaine brayd these Haruest folke of threw
And shed them on the ground about, who on the sodaine grew
In bignesse moze and moze: and from the earth themselues did lift:
And swode vpright against the trée: and therewithall did shift
Their moygernesse, and coleblacke hue, and number of their féete:
And clad their limmes with shape of man. Away my slépe did fléete.
And when I woke, musiking of my dreame I made my mone
That in the Gods I did perceiue but slender helpe or none.
But straight much trampling by and downe and shuffling did I heare,
And (which to me that present time did verie straunge appeare)
Of people talking in my house me thought I heard the reare.
Now while I musing on the the same supposde it to haue bén
Some fancie of the foolish dreame which lately I had séen,
Behold, in comes me Telamon in hast, and thrusting ope
My Chamber doze, said: Sir, a sight of things surmounting hope
And credit shall you haue: come forth. Forth came I by and by
And euen such men for all the world there standing did I spie.
As in my slépe I dreamed of, and knew them for the same.
They comming to me gréeted me their souereigne Lord by name.
And I (my vowes to loue performde) my Citie did deuide
Among my new inhabiters: and gaue them land beside
Which by decease of such as were late owners of the same
Lay wast. And in remembrance of the race whereof they came,
The name of Emets I them gaue. Their persons you haue séen:
Their disposition is the same that erst in them hath bén.
They are a sparing kinde of folke, on labor wholy set,
A gatherer, and an hoorder vp of such as they doe get.
These fellowes being like in yeares and courage of the minde,

Shall go a warfare wy allone as that the Easterne winde
Which brought you hither luckely, (the Easterne winde was it
That brought them thither) turning, to the Southerne coast doe flit.
With this and other such like talke they brought the day to ende.
The Euen in feasting, and the night in sleeping they did spende.
The Sunne next Morrow in the heauen with golden beames did burne,
And still the Easterne winde did blow and hold them from returne.
Str Pallas sonnes to Cephal came (for he their elder was)
And he and they to Aeacus Court togither forth did passe.
The King as yet was fast a sleepe. Duke Phocus at the gate
Did meete them, and receyued them according to their state.
For Telamon and Peleus alreadie forth were gone,
To muster Souldiers for the warres. So Phocus all alone
Did leade them to an inner roume, where goodly Parlours were,
And caused them to sit them downe. As he was also there
Now sitting with them, he beheld a Dart in Cephals hand
With golden head, the steale whereof he well might vnderstand
Was of some straūge and vnknowne tree. when certaine talke had past
A while of other matters there, I am (quoth he) at last
A man that hath delight in woods and lanes to follow game.
And yet I am not able sure by any meanes to ame.
What wood your Javeling steale is of. Of Ash it can not bee.
For then the colour should be browne. and if of Cornell tree,
It would be full of knubbed knots. I know not what it is:
But sure mine eies did neuer see a fairer Dart than this.
The one of those same brethren twaine replying to him said:
Nay then the speciall propertie will make you more dismaid,
Than doth the beautie of this Dart. It hitteth whatsoeuer
He throwes it at. The stroke thereof by Chaunce is ruled neuer.
For hauing done his feate, it flies all bloudie backe agen
Without the helpe of any hand. The Prince was earnest then
To know the truth of all: as whence so riche a present came,
Who gaue it him, and wherupon the partie gaue the same.
Duke Cephal answerde his demaund in all points (one except)
The which (as knowne apparantly) for shame he ouerlept:
His beautie namely, for the which he did receiue the Dart.
And for the losse of his deare wife right pensiue at the hart,

He

He thus began with weeping eies. This Dart O Goddesse sonne
(Ye ill would thinke it) makes me yirne, & long shall make me sonne,
If long the Gods doe giue me life. This weapon hath vndonne
My deare beloued wife and me. O would to God this same
Had neuer vnto me bene giuen. There was a noble Dame
That Procris hight (but you perchaunce haue oftner heard the name
Of great Orythia whose renowme was byted so by fame,
That blustring Boreas rauisht hir.) To this Orythia shee
Was sister. If a bodie should compare in ech degree
The face and natures of them both, he could none other deeme
But Procris worthier of the twaine of rauishment should seeme.
Hir father and our mutuall loue did make vs man and wife.
Then said I had (and so I had in deede) a happie life.
Howbeit Gods will was otherwise. for had it pleased him
Of all this while, and euen still yet in pleasure should I swim.
The second Month that she and I by band of lawfull bed
Had ioynde together bene, as I my masking Toyles did spred,
To ouerthrow the horned Stags, the early Morning gray
Then newly hauing chased night and gun to breake the day,
From Mount Hymettus highest tops that freshly flourish ay,
Espide me, and against my will conueyde me quight away.
I trust the Goddesse will not be offended that I say
The troth of hir. Although it would delight one to beholde
Hir ruddie cheekes: although of day and night the bounds she holde:
Although on iuice of Ambrosie continually she fede:
Yet Procris was the only Wight that I did loue in deede.
On Procris only was my heart: none other word had I
But Procris only in my mouth: still Procris did I crie.
I byned what a holy thing was wedlocke: and how late
It was ago since she and I were coupled in that state.
Which band (and specially so sone) it were a shame to breake.
The Goddesse being moued at the words that I did speake,
Said: cease thy plaint thou Carle, and keepe thy Procris still for me.
But (if my minde deceyue me not) the time will shortly be
That with thou wilt thou had hir not. And so in anger she
To Procris sent me backe againe. in going homeward as
Upon the Goddesse sayings with my selfe I musing was,

I gan to dreade bad measures least my wife had made some scape.
Hir youthfull yeares begarnished with beautie, grace and shape,
In maner made me to beleue the dede already done.
Againe hir maners did forbid misfrusting ouer sone.
But I had bene away: but euen the same from whom I came
A shrewde example gaue how lightly wiues doe run in blame:
But we poore Louers are afraide of all things. Herevpon
I thought to practise feates: which thing repented me anon:
And shall repent me while I liue. The purpose of my drifts
Was for tassault hir honestie with great rewards and gifts.
The Morning loding this my feare, to further my deuice,
My shape (which thing me thought I felt) had altered with a trice.
By meanes whereof anon vnknowne to Pallas towne I came,
And entred so my house: the house was clearely voide of blame:
And shewed signes of chastitie in mourning euer sith
Their maister had bene rapt away. A thousand meanes wherewith
To come to Procris speach had I deuisde: and scarce at last
Obteinde I it. Allone as I mine eie vpon hir cast,
My wits were rauisht in such wise that nigh I had forgot
The purpolde triall of hir troth. right much a doe God wot
I had to holde mine owne that I the truth bewrayed not.
To keepe my selfe from killing hir full much a doe I had.
As reason was I should haue done. She loked verie sad.
And yet as sadly as she lookte, no Wight alyue can show
A better countenance than did she. Hir heart did inward glow
In longing for hir absent spouse. How beautifull a face
Thinke you Sir Phocus was in hir whome sorrow so did grace?
What should I make report how oft hir chast behauiour staue
And ouercame most constantly the great assaults I gaue?
Or tell how oft she shet me vp with these same words? To one
(Where ere he is) I keepe my selfe, and none but he alone
Shall sure enioy the vse of me. What creature hauing his
Wits perfect would not be content with such a proufe as this
Of hir most stedfast chastitie? I could not be content:
But still to purchase to my selfe more woe I further went.
At last by proffering endlesse welth, and heaping gifts on gifts,
In ouerlading hir with words I drane hir to hir shifts.

Then

Then cride I out: Thine euill heart my selfe I tardie take.
Where of a straunge aduouterer the countenance I did make,
I am in déede thy husband. O vnfaithfull woman thou,
Euen I my selfe can testifie thy lewde behauior now.
She made none answere to my words, but being stricken dum
And with the sorrow of hir heart alonly ouercum,
Forsaketh hir entangling house, and naughtie husband quight:
And hating all the sort of men by reason of the spight
That I had wrought hir, straide abrode among the Mountaines hie,
And exercise Dianas feates. Then kindled by and by
A fiercer fire within my bones than euer was before,
When she had thus forsaken me by whome I set such store.
I prayde hir she would pardon me, and did confesse my fault.
Affirming that my selfe likewise with such a great assault
Of richesse might right well haue bene enforst to yelde to blame,
The rather if performance had ensewed of the same.
When I had this submission made, and she sufficiently
Reuengde hir wronged chastitie, she then immediatly
Was reconcilde: and afterward we lined many a yeare
In ioy and neuer any iarre betweéne vs did appeare.
Besides all this (as though hir loue had bene to small a gift)
She gaue me eke a goodly Grehound which was of foote so swift,
That when Diana gaue him hir, she said he should out go.
All others. and with this same Grehound she gaue this Dart also
The which you sée I hold in hand. Perchaunce ye faine would know
What fortune to the Grehound befell. I will vnto you show
A wondrous case. The straungenesse of the matter will you moue.
The krinkes of certaine Prophesies surmounting farre aboue
The reach of auncient wits to read, the Wakenymphes did expoūd:
And mindlesse of hir owne darke doubts Dame Themis being stound,
Was as a vechelesse Prophetesse throwne flat against the ground.
For which presumptuous déede of theirs she tooke iust punishment.
To Thebes in Beotia straight a cruell beast she sent,
Which wrought the bane of many a Wight. The countrifolk did fére
Him with their cattell and themselues, vntill (as was agréed)
That all the youthfull Gentlemen that dwelled there aboue
Assembling pitcht our coyded toyles the champion fields throughout.

But

But yet ne toyle was none so hie that could his wightnesse stop,
He mounted ouer at his ease the highest of the top.
Then euerie man let slip their Grewnds, but he them all outstript
And euen as nimbly as a birde in dalliance from them whipt.
Then all the field desired me to let my Lælaps go:
(The Grewnd that Procris vnto me did giue was named so)
Who struggling for to wrest his necke already from the band
Did stretch his collar. Scarsly had we let him of of hand
But that where Lælaps was become we could not vnderstand.
The print remained of his feete vpon the parched sand,
But he was clearly out of sight. Was neuer Dart I trow,
Nor Pellet from enforced Sling, nor shaft from Cretish bow,
That flew more swift than he did runne. There was not farre fro thence
About the middle of the Laund a rising ground, from whence
A man might ouerlooke the fieldes. I gate me to the knap
Of this same hill, and there beheld of this straunge course the hap
In which the beast seemes one while caught, and ere a man would think,
Doth quickly giue the Grewnd the slip, and from his bighting shrink:
And like a wilie Fore he runnes not forth directly out,
Nor makes a windlasse ouer all the champion fieldes about,
But doubling and indenting still anoydes his enmies lips,
And turning short, as swift about as spinning wheele he whips,
To disapoint the snatch. The Grewnd pursuing at an inch
Doth cote him, neuer losing ground: but likely still to pinch
Is at the sodaine shifted of. continually he snatches
In vaine: for nothing in his mouth saue only Aire he latches.
Then thought I for to trie what helpe my Dart at neede could shew.
Which as I charged in my hand by leuell aime to throw,
And set my fingars to the thongs, I lifting from bylow
Mine eies, did loke right forth againe, and straight amids the field
(A wondrous thing) two Images of Marble I beheld:
Of which ye would haue thought the tone had fled on still a pace
And that with open barking mouth the tother did him chase.
In faith it was the will of God (at least if any Goddes
Had care of them) that in their pace there should be found none oddes.
Thus farre: and then he held his peace. But tell vs ere we part
(Quoth Phocus) what offence or fault committed hath your Dart?

His

His Darts offence he thus declarde. My Lorde the ground of all
My griefe was ioy. those ioyes of mine remember first I shall.
It doth me good euen yet to thinke vpon that blissfull time
(I meane the fresh and lustie yeares of pleasant youthfull Prime)
When I a happie man enioyde so faire and good a wife,
And she with such a louing Make did lead a happie life.
The care was like of both of vs, the mutuall loue all one.
She would not to haue line with Ioue my presence haue forgone.
Ne was there any Wight that could of me haue wonne the loue,
No though Dame Venus had hir selfe descended from aboue.
The glowing brands of loue did burne in both our brests alike.
Such time as first with crased beames the Sunne is wont to strike
The tops of Towres and mountaines high, according to the wont
Of youthfull men, in woodie Parkes I went abrode to hunt.
But neither horse nor Hounds to make pursuit vpon the sent.
Nor Seruingman, nor knottie toyle before or after went.
For I was safe with this same Dart. when wearie wart mine arme
With striking Deere, and that the day did make me somewhat warme,
Withdrawing for to coole my selfe I sought among the shades
For Aire that from the valleyes colde came breathing in at glades.
The more excesse was my heate the more for Aire I sought.
I waited for the gentle Aire: the Aire was that that brought
Refreshing to my wearie limmes. And (well I beare in thought)
Come Aire I wonted was to sing. come ease the paine of me
Within my bosom lodge thy selfe most welcome vnto me,
And as thou heretofore art wont abate my burning heate.
By chaunce (such was my destinie) proceeding to repeate.
No words of dalliance like to these, I vsed for to say:
Great pleasure doe I take in thee: for thou from day to day
Doste both refresh and nourish me. Thou makest me delight
In woods and solitarie grounds. Now would to God I might
Receiue continuall at my mouth this pleasant breath of thine.
Some man (I wote not who) did heare these doubtfull words of mine,
And taking them amisse supposde that this same name of Aire
The which I calde so oft vpon, had bene some Ladie faire:
He thought that I had loude some Nymph. And therevpon streight way
He runnes me like a Harebrainde blab to Procris, to bewray.

This:

This fault as he surmised it: and there with Iunas tung.
Reported all the wanton words that he had heard me sung.
A thing of light beliefe is loue. She (as I since haue harde)
For sodeine sorrow swounded downe: and when long afterwarde
She came againe vnto hir selfe, she said she was accurst
And borne to cruell destinie: and me she blamed wurst
For breaking faith: and treating at a vaine surmised shame
She dreaded that which nothing was: she fearde a headlesse name.
She will not what to say or thinke. The wretch did greatly feare
Deceit: yet could she not beleue the tales that talked were.
Onelie she saw hir husbands fault apparant to hir eie,
She thought she would not him condemne of any villanie.
Next day as sone as Morning light had driuen the night away,
I went abrode to hunt againe: and speeding, as I lay
Vpon the grasse, I said come Aire and ease my painfull heate.
And on the sodaine as I spake there seemed for to beate
A certaine sighing in mine eares of what I could not gesse.
But ceasing not for that I still procéeded nathelesse:
And said O come most pleasant Aire. with that I heard a sound
Of rustling softly in the leaues that lay vpon the ground.
And thinking it had bene some beast I threw my flying Dart.
It was my wife. who being now sore wounded at the hart,
Cride out alas. Assone as I perceyued by the shrieke
It was my faithfull spouse, I ran me to the boiceward lieke
A madman that had lost his wits. There found I hir halfe dead
Hir scattred garments staining in the blood that she had shed,
And (wretched creature as I am) yet drawing from the wound
The gift that she hir selfe had giuen. Then softly from the ground
I lifted vp that bodie of hirs of which I was more chare
Than of mine owne. and from hir vest hir clothes in hast I tare.
And binding vp hir cruell wound I strined for to stay
The blood, and prayd she would not thus by passing so away
Forsake me as a murtherer: she waxing weake at length
And drawing to hir death a pace, enforced all hir strength
To vtter these few wordes at last. I pray thee humbly by
Our bond of wedlocke, by the Gods as well aboue the skie
As those to whome I now must passe, as euer I haue ought

Deser-

Deserued well by thée, and by Loue which hauing brought
Me to my death doth euen in death vnfaded still remaine
To nestle in thy bed and mine let neuer Aire obtaine.
This sed, she held hir peace, and I receyued the same
And tolde hir also how she was beguiled in the name.
But what auayled telling then? she quoathde: and with hir blood
Hir little strength did fade. Howbeit as long as that she cond
See ought, she stared in my face and gasping still on me
Euen in my mouth she breathed forth hir wretched ghost. But she
Did seeme with better cheare to die for that hir conscience was
Discharged quight and cleare of doubtes. Now in conclusion as
Duke Cephal weeping told this tale to Phocus and the rest.
Whose eyes were also moyst with teares to heare the pitious gest,
Behold King Aeacus and with him his eldest sonnes both twaine
Did enter in and after them there followed in a traine
Of well appointed men of warre new leuied: which the King
Deliuered vnto Cephalus to Athens towne to bring.

Finis septimi Libri.

# ¶THE EIGHT BOOKE
## of Ouids Metamorphosis.

The day ſcarce now beginning to diſcloſe the Morning bright,
And for to cleanſe the drouping Skie from darkeneſſe of the night.
The Eaſterne wind went downe & ſlakes of foggie Clouds gan (ſhow,
And from the South a merrie gale on Cephals ſayles did blow.
The which did hold ſo freſh and large, that he and all his men
Before that he was looked for arriued ſafe agen
In wiſhed Hauen. In that while King Minos with his fléete
Did waſt the coſt of Megara. And firſt he thought it méete
To make a triall of the force and courage of his men
Againſt the towne Alcathoe where Niſus reigned then.
Among whoſe honorable haire that was of colour gray,
One ſcarlet haire did grow vpon his crowne, whereon the ſtay
Of all his Kingdome did depende. Sixe times did Phœbe fill
Hir hornes with borrowed light, and yet the warre hung wauering ſtill
In fickle fortunes doubtfull ſcoales: and long with fléeting wings
Betwene them both flew victorie. A Turret of the Kings
Stood hard adioyning to the Wall which being touched rings
For Phœbus (ſo men ſay) did lay his golden Viall there,
And ſo the ſtones the ſound thereof did euer after beare.
King Niſus daughter oftentimes reſorted to this Wall
And ſtrake it with a little ſtone to raiſe the ſound withall,
In time of peace. And in the warre ſhe many a time and oft
Beheld the ſturdie ſtormes of Mars from that ſame place aloft.
And by continuance of the ſiege the Captaines names ſhe knew
Their armes, horſe, armor and aray in euerie band and crew.
But ſpecially aboue the reſt ſhe noted Minos face.
She knew inough and more than was inough as ſtode the caſe.
For were it that he hid his head in Helme with fethered creſt,
To hir opinion in his Helme he ſtayned all the reſt.
Or were it that he tooke in hand of fréele his target bright,
She thought in wielding of his ſhielde he was a comly Knight.
Or were it that he raiſde his arme to throw the piercing Dart,
The Ladie did commend his force and manhode ioynde with Art.
Or drew he with his arrow nockt his bended Bow in hand

She sware that so in all respectes was Phœbus wont to stand.
But when he shewde his vilage bare his Helmet laid aside,
And on a Milke white Steede braue trapt, in Purple Robe did ride,
She scarce was Mistresse of hir selfe hir wits were almost straught.
A happie Dart she thought it was that he in fingars caught,
And happie called she those reynes that he in hand had raught
And if she might haue had hir will, she could haue founde in hart,
Among the enmies to haue gone. she could haue found in hart,
From downe the highest Turret there hir bodie to haue throwne,
Among the thickest of the Tents of Gnossus to haue flowne.
Or for to ope the brazen gates and let the enmie in,
Or whatsoeuer else she thought might Minos fauor win.
And as she sate beholding still the King of Candies tent,
She said: I doubt me whether that I rather may lament
Or of this wofull warre be glad. It grieues me at the hart
That thou O Minos vnto me thy Louer enmie art.
But had not this same warfare bene, I neuer had him knowne.
Yet might he leaue this cruell warre, and take me as his owne.
A wife, a fere, a pledge for peace he might receiue of me.
O flowre of beautie, O thou Prince most pearlesse: if that she
That bare thee in hir woumbe were like in beautie vnto thee,
A right good cause had Ioue on hir enamored for to bee.
Oh happie were I if with wings I through the Aire might glide
And safely to King Minos Tent from this same Turret slide.
Then would I vtter who I am, and how the firie flame
Of Cupid burned in my brest, desiring him to name
What dowrie he would aske with me in loan of his loue,
Saue only of my Fathers Realme no question he should moue.
For rather than by traitrous meanes my purpose should take place,
Adue desire of hoped Loue. Yet oftentimes such grace
Hath from the gentle Conqueror proceeded erst, that they
Which tooke the foyle haue found the same their profit and their stay.
Assuredly the warre is iust that Minos takes in hand,
As in reuengement of his sonne late murthered in this land.
And as his quarrell seemeth iust, euen so it cannot faile,
But rightfull warre against the wrong must (I beleue) preuaile.
Now if this Citie in the ende must needes be taken, why

Should

Should his owne swoꝛde and not my Loue be meanes to win it by e
It were yet better he should spéede by gentle meanes without
The slaughter of his people, yea and (as it may fall out)
With spending of his owne blood tw. Foꝛ sure I haue a care
O Minos least some Souldier wound thée ere he be aware.
Foꝛ who is he in all the woꝛld that hath so hard a hart
That wittingly against thy head would aime his cruell Dart?
I like well this deuise. and on this purpose will I stand:
To yéelde my selfe endowed with this Citie to the hand
Of Minos: and in doing so to bꝛing this warre to ende.
But small it auaileth me the matter to intende.
The gates and ysiues of this towne are kept with watch and warde,
And of the Keyes continually my Father hath the garde.
My Father only is the man of whome I stand in dꝛéede,
My Father only hindꝛeth me of my desired spéede.
Would God that I were Fatherlesse. Tush euerie Wight may bée
A God as in their owne behalfe, and if their hearts be frée
From fearefulnesse. Foꝛ foꝛtune woꝛks against the fond desire
Of such as thꝛough faint heartednesse attempt not to aspire.
Some other féeling in hir heart such flames of Cupids fire.
Already would haue put in pꝛoke some pꝛactise to destroy
What thing so euer of hir Loue the furtherance might anoy
And why should any woman haue a bolder heart than I?
Thꝛow fire and swoꝛd I boldly durst aduenture foꝛ to slie.
And yet in this behalfe at all there nædes no swoꝛd noꝛ fire,
There nédeth but my fathers haire to accomplish my desire.
That Purple haire of his to me moꝛe pꝛecious were than golde:
That Purple haire of his would make me blest a thousand folde:
That haire would compasse my desire and set my heart at rest.
Night (chiefest Nurse of thoughts to such as are with care oppꝛest.)
Appꝛoched while she spake these woꝛds, and darknesse did encrease
Hir boldnesse. At such time as folke are wont to finde release
Of cares that all the day befoꝛe were woꝛking in their heds,
By slæpe which falleth first of all vpon them in their beds,
Hir fathers chamber secretly she entred: where (alasse
That euer Maiden should so farre the bounds of Nature passe)
She robbe hir Father of the haire vpon the which the fate

Depended

Depended both of life and death and of his royall state.
And ioying in hir wicked pray, she beares it with hir so
As if it were some lawfull spoyle acquired of the fo.
And passing through a posterne gate she marched through the mid
Of all hir enmies (such a trust she had in that she did)
Untill she came before the King. whom troubled with the sight
She thus bespake. Enforst O King by loue against all right
I Scylla Nisus daughter doe present vnto thée héere
My native soyle, my household Gods, and all that else is déere
For this my gift none other thing in recompence I craue
Than of thy person which I loue, fruition for to haue.
And in assurance of my loue receyue thou here of mée
My fathers Purple haire: and thinke I giue not vnto thée
A haire but euen my fathers head. And as these words she spake.
The cursed gift with wicked hand she profered him to take.
But Minos did abhorre hir gift: and troubled in his minde
With straungenesse of the heynous act so sore against hir kinde,
He answerde. O thou slaunder of our age the Gods expell
Thée out of all this world of theirs and let thée no where dwell.
Let rest on neither Sea nor Land be graunted vnto thée.
Assure thy selfe that as for me I neuer will agrée
That Candie Ioues owne fostred place (as long as I there raigne)
Shall vnto such a monstruous Wight a Harborow place remaine.
This said, he like a righteous Judge among his vanquisht foes
Set order vnder paine of death. Which done he willed those
That serued him to go a borde and Anchors vp to wey.
When Scylla saw the Candian fléete a flote to go away,
And that the Captaine yélded not so good reward as thée
Had for hir lewdnesse looked for: and when in fine she sée
That no entreatance could preuaile, then bursting out in ire
With stretched hands and scattred haire, as furious as the fire
She shraming cryëd out aloud. And whither dooste thou flie
Reiecting me the only meanes that thou hast conquerde by?
O cankerde Churle preserue before my native soyle, preferd
Before my father, whither flyste O Carle of heart most hard?
Whose conquest as it is my sinne, so doth it well deserue
Reward of thée, for that my fault so well thy turne did serue.

Doth neither thée the gift I gaue, nor yet my faithfull loue,
Nor yet that all my hope on thée alonly rested, moue:
For whither shall I now resort forsaken thus of thée?
To Megara the wretched soyle of my natiuitie?
Behold it lieth vanquished and troden vnder foote.
But put the case it flourisht still: yet could it nothing boote.
I haue forecloste it to my selfe through treason when I gaue
My fathers head to thée. Whereby my countrie folke I draue
To hate me iustly for my crime. And all the Realmes about
My lewde example doe abhorre. Thus haue I shet me out
Of all the world that only Crete might take me in. which if
Thou like a Churle denie, and call me vp without reliefe,
The Ladie Europ surely was not mother vnto thée:
But one of Affricke Sirts where none but Serpents fostred bée.
But euen some cruell Tiger bred in Armen or in Inde,
Or else the Gulfe Charybdis raisde with rage of Southerne winds.
Thou wert not got by Ioue: ne yet thy mother was beguilde
In shape of Bull: of this thy birth the tale is false compilde.
But rather some vnwieldie Bull euen altogither wilde
That neuer lowed after Cow was out of doubt thy Sire.
O father Nisus put thou me to penance for my hire.
Reioyce thou in my punishment thou towne by me betrayd.
I haue deserued (I confesse) most iustly to be payd
With death. But let some one of thē that through my lewdnesse smart,
Destroy me, why dooste thou that by my crime a gainer art,
Commit like crime thy selfe? Admit this wicked act of me
As to my land and Fatherward in deede most hainous be.
Yet oughtest thou to take it as a friendship vnto thée.
But she was méete to be thy wife, that in a Cow of tree
Could play the Harlot with a Bull, and in hir wombe could beare
A Barne, in whome the shapes of man and beasts confounded were.
Now sayst thou Carle? cōpell not these my words thine eares to glow!
Or doe the windes that driue thy shyps, in vaine my sayings blow?
In faith it is no wonder though thy wife Pasiphaē
Preferrde a Bull to thée for thou more cruell wert than he.
Now wo is me. To make more hast it standeth me in hand.
The water sounds with Oares, and hales from me and from my land.

In

In vaine thou striuest O thou Charle forgetfull quight of my
Desertes: for euen in spight of thee pursue thee still will I.
Upon thy courbed keele will I take holde: and hanging so
We drawen along the Sea with thee where euer thou do go.
She scarce had said these words, but that she leaped on the waue
And getting to the ships by force of strength that Loue hir gaue
Upon the king of Candies keele in spight of him she claue.
Whome when hir father spide (for now he houered in the aire,
And being made a Hobby Hauke did soare betweene a paire
Of nimble wings of yron Mayle) he soused downe a maine
To seaze vpon hir as she hung, and would haue torne hir faine
With bowing Beake. But she for feare did let the Caricke go:
And as she was about to fall, the lightesome Aire did so
Uphold hir that she could not touch the Sea as seemed tho.
Anon all fethers she became, and forth away did flie
Transformed to a prettie Bird that strieth to the Skie.
And for because like clipped haire hir head doth beare a marke,
The Grekes it Cyris call, and we doe name the same a Larke.
Assone as Minos came a land in Crete, he by and by
Performde his vowes to Iupiter in causing for to die
A hundred Bulles for sacrifice. And then he did adorne
His Palace with the enmies spoyles by conquest wonne beforne.
The slaunder of his house encreast: and now appeared more
The mothers filthie whoredome by the monster that she bore
Of double shape, an vgly thing. This shamefull infamie,
This monster borne him by his wife he mindes by pollicie
To put away, and in a house with many nookes and krinks
From all mens sights and speach of folke to shet it vp he thinks.
Immediatly one Dædalus renowmed in that lande
For fine deuise and workmanship in building, went in hand
To make it. He confounds his worke with sodaine stops and stayes,
And with the great vncertaintie of sundrie winding wayes
Leades in and out, and to and fro, at diuers dores astray.
And as with trickling streame the Broke Mæander seemes to play
In Phrygia, and with doubtfull race runnes counter to and fro,
And meeting with himselfe doth loke if all his streame or no
Come after, and retiring eft cleane backward to his spring

And marching eft to open Sea as ſtreight as any ſtring,
Indenteth with reuerſed ſtreame: euen ſo of winding wayes
Innumerable Dædalus within his worke conuayes.
Yea ſcarce himſelfe could find the meanes to winde himſelfe well out:
So buſie and ſo intricate the houſe was all about.
Within this Maze did Minos ſhet the Monſter that did beare
The ſhape of man and Bull. And when he twiſe had fed him there
With bloud of Atticke Princes ſonnes that giuen for tribute were,
The third time at the ninth yeares end the lot did chaunce to light
On Theſeus King Aegæus ſonne: who like a valiant Knight
Did ouercome the Minotaur: and by the pollicie
Of Minos eldeſt daughter (who had taught him for to tie
A clew of Linnen at the dore to guide himſelfe thereby)
As buſie as the turnings were, his way he out did finde,
Which neuer man had done before. And ſtreight he hauing winde,
With Minos daughter ſailde away to Dia: where (vnkinde
And cruell creature that he was) he left hir poor alone
Upon the ſhore. Thus deſolate and making dolefull mone
God Bacchus did both comfort hir and take hir to his bed.
And with an euerlaſting ſtarre the more hir fame to ſpred,
He toke the Chaplet from hir head, and vp to Heauen it threw.
The Chaplet thirled through the Aire: and as it gliding flew,
The precious ſtones were turnd to ſtarres which blaſed cleare & bright,
And toke their place (continuing like a Chaplet ſtill to ſight)
Amid betweene the kneeler downe and him that gripes the Snake.
Now in this while gan Dædalus a wearineſſe to take
Of liuing like a baniſht man and priſoner ſuch a time
In Crete, and longed in his heart to ſee his native Clime.
But Seas encloſed him as if he had in priſon be.
Then thought he: though both Sea and Land King Minos ſtop fro me.
I am aſſurde he cannot ſtop the Aire and open Skie.
To make my paſſage that way then my cunning will I trie.
Although that Minos like a Lord held all the world beſide:
Yet doth the Aire from Minos yoke for all men free abide.
This ſed: to vncouth Arts he bent the force of all his wits
To alter natures courſe by craft. And orderly he knits
A rowe of fethers one by one, beginning with the ſhort,

And

And ouermatching still eche quill with one of longer sort,
That on the shoring of a hill a man would thinke them grow.
Euen so the countrie Organpipes of Oten rades in row
Ech higher than another rise. Then fastned he with Flax
The middle quilles, and ioyned in the lowest sort with Wax.
And when he thus had finisht them, a little he them bent
In compasse, that the verie Birdes they full might represent.
There stode me by him Icarus his sonne a prety Lad.
Who knowing not that he in handes his owne destruction had.
With smiling mouth did one while blow the fethers to and fro
Which in the Aire on wings of Birds did flash not long ago:
And with his thumbes another while he chafes the yelow Wax
And lets his fathers wondrous worke with childish toyes and knax.
Allone as that the worke was done, the workman by and by
Did peyse his bodie on his wings, and in the Aire on hie
Hung wauering: and did teach his sonne how he should also flie.
I warne thee (quath he) Icarus a middle race to kepe.
For if thou hold to low a gate, the dankenesse of the depe
Will ouerlade thy wings with wet. And if thou mount to hie,
The Sunne will sindge them. Therfore see betweene the both thou flie.
I bid thee not behold the Starre Boötes in the Skie.
Nor loke vpon the bigger Beare to make thy course thereby,
Nor yet on Orions naked sword. But euer haue an eie
To kepe the race that I doe kepe, and I will guide thee right.
In giuing counsell to his sonne to order well his flight,
He fastned to his shoulders twaine a paire of vncouth wings.
And as he was in doing it and warning him of things,
His aged cheekes were wet, his hands did quake, in fine he gaue
His sonne a kisse the last that he aliue should euer haue.
And then he mounting vp aloft before him toke his way
Right fearfull for his followers sake: as is the Bird the day
That first she tolleth from hir nest among the braunches hie
Hir tender yong ones in the Aire to teach them for to flie.
So heartens he his little sonne to follow teaching him
A hurtfull Art. His owne two wings he waueth verie trim,
And loketh backward still vpon his sonnes. The fishermen
Then standing angling by the Sea, and shepeterdes leaning then

On shépehwkes, and the Ploughmen on the handles of their Plough,
Beholding them, amazed were: and thought that they that through
The Aire could flie were Gods. And now did on their left side stand
The Iles of Paros and of Dele and Samos Iunos land:
And on their right, Lebinthos and the faire Calydna fraught
With store of honie: when the Boy a frolicke courage caught
To flie at randon. Wherevpon forsaking quight his guide,
Of fond desire to flie to Heauen, aboue his bounder he stide.
And there the nerenesse of the Sunne which burnd more hote aloft,
Did make the Wax (with which his wings were glewed) lithe and soft.
Allone as that the Wax was molt, his naked armes he shakes,
And wanting wherewithall to waue no helpe of Aire he takes.
But calling on his father loud he drowned in the waue:
And by this chaunce of his those Seas his name for euer haue.
His wretched Father (but as then no father) cride in feare
O Icarus O Icarus where art thou? tell me where
That I may finde thée Icarus. He saw the fethers swim
Vpon the waues, and curst his Art that so had spighted him.
At last he toke his bodie vp and laid it in a graue,
And to the Ile the name of him then buried in it gaue.
And as he of his wretched sonne the corse in ground did hide,
The cackling Partrich from a thicke and leaue thorne him spide.
And clapping with his wings for ioy aloud to call began.
There was of that same kinde of Birde no mo but he as than.
In times forepast had none bene séene. It was but late anew
Since he was made a bird: and that thou Dædalus mayst rew:
For whyle the world doth last thy shame shall therevpon enslew.
For why thy sister ignorant of that which after hapt,
Did put him to thée to be taught full twelue yeares old and apt.
To take instruction. He did marke the middle bone that goes
Through fishes, and according to the paterne tane of those
He filed teeth vpon a piece of yron one by one
And so deuised first the Saw where erst was neuer none.
Moreouer he two yron thankes so ioynde in one round head,
That opening an indifferent space, the one point downe shall tread,
And tother draw a circle round. The finding of these things,
The spightfull heart of Dædalus with such a malice stings,

That

That headlong from the holy towre of Pallas downe he thrue
His Nephew feyning him to fall by chaunce. which was not true.
But Pallas (who doth fauour wits) did stay him in his fall
And chaunging him into a Bird did clad him ouer all
With fethers soft amid the Aire. The quickneſſe of his wit
(Which erſt was swift) did shed it selfe among his wings and féete.
And as he Partrich hight before, so hights he Partrich still.
Yet mounteth not this Bird aloft ne seemes to haue a will
To build hir nest in tops of trées among the boughes on hie
But flocketh nere the ground and layes hir egges in hedges drie.
And forbicause hir former fall she ay in minde doth beare.
She euer since all lofty things doth warely shun for feare.
And now forwearied Dædalus alighted in the land
Within the which the burning hilles of firie Aetna stand.
To saue whose life King Cocalus did weapon take in hand,
For which men thought him merciful. And now with high renowne
Had Theseus ceast the wofull pay of tribute in the towne
Of Athens. Temples decked were with garlands euery where,
And supplications made to loue and warlicke Pallas were.
And all the other Gods. To whome more honor for to show,
Gifts, blud of beasts, and frankincense the people did bestow
As in performance of their vowes. The right redoubted name
Of Theseus through the lande of Créece was spred by flying fame.
And now the folke that in the land of rich Achaia dwelt,
Praid him of succor in the harmes and perils that they felt.
Although the land of Calydon had then Meleager:
Yet was it faine in humble wise to Theseus to prefer
A supplication for the aide of him. The cause wherfore
They made such humble suit to him was this. There was a Bore
The which Diana for to wreake hir wrath conceyude before
Had thither as hir seruant sent the countrie for to waaſt.
For men report that Oenie when he had in storehouse plaaſt
The full encreaſe of former yeare, to Ceres did assigne
The firſtlings of his corne and fruits: to Bacchus, of the Vine:
And vnto Pallas Olife oyle. This honoring of the Gods
Of graine and fruits who put their help to toyling in the clods,
Ambitiously to all, euen those that dwell in heauen did clime.

Dianaas Altars (as it hapt) alonly at that time
Without reward of Frankincense were ouerskipt (they say)
Euen Gods are subiect vnto wrath. He shall not scape away
Unpunisht. Though vnworshipped he passed me wyth spight:
He shall not make his vaunt he scapt me vnreuenged quight,
Quoth Phœbe. And anon she sent a Boze to Oenies ground
Of such a hugenesse as no Bull could euer yet be found,
In Epyre: But in Sicilie are Bulles much lesse than he
His eies did glister blud and fire: right dreadfull was to se
His brawned necke, right dredfull was his haire which grew as thicke
With pricking points as one of them could well by other sticke.
And like a front of armed Pikes set close in battell ray
The sturdie bristles on his back stode staring vp alway.
The scalding foms with gnashing hoarse which he did cast aside,
Upon his large and brawned shield did white as Curdes abide.
Among the greatest Oliphants in all the land of Inde,
A greater tush than had this Boare, ye shall not lightly finde.
Such lightning flashed from his chappes, as seared vp the grasse.
Now trampled he the spindling corne to ground where he did passe
Now ramping vp their riped hope he made the Plowmen weepe.
And chanke the kernell in the eare. In vaine their flowres they sweepe:
In vaine their Barnes for Haruest long, the likely store they kepe.
The spreaded Vines with clustred Grapes to ground he rudely sent,
And full of Berries loden boughes from Olyfe trées he rent.
On cattell also did he rage. The shepeherd nor his dog,
Nor yet the Bulles could saue the herdes from outrage of this Hog.
The folke themselues were faine to flie. And yet they thought thē not
In safetie when they had themselues within the Citie got.
Untill their Prince Meleager, and with their Prince a knot
Of Lords and lustie gentlemen of hand and courage stout,
With chosen fellowes for the nonce of all the Lands about,
Inflamed were to win renowne. The chiefe that thither came
Were both *the twinnes of Tyndarus of great renowme and fame,
The one in all actiuitie of manhode, strength and force,
The other for his cunning skill in handling of a horse.
And Iason he that first of all the Gallie did inuent:
And Theseus with Pirithous betwene which two there went

*Castor & Pollux.

A happie leage of amitie: And *two of Thestles race:
And Lynce the sonne of Apharie and Idas swift of pace.
And fierce Leucyppus and the brane Acastus with his Dart
In handling of the which he had the perfect skill and Art.
And Cæny who by birth a wench, the shape of man had wonne
And Drias and Hippothous: and Phœnix eke the sonne
Of olde Amyntor: and *a paire of Actors ympes: and Phyle
Who came from Elis, Telamon was also there that while:
And so was also Peleus the great Achilles Sire:
And *Pherets sonne: and lolay the Thebane who with fire
Helpt Hercules the monstruous heades of Hydra of to seare.
The liuely Lad Eurytion and Echion who did beare
The pricke and prise for swetemanship, were present also there.
And Lelex of Narytium to. And Panopie beside:
And Hyle: and cruell Hippasus: and Nestor who at tide
Was in the Prime of lustie youth: Howeuer thither went
*Three children of Hippocoön from old Amicle sent.
And †he that of Penelope the fathrinlaw became.
And eke the sonne of Parrhasus Ancæus cald by name.
There was *the sonne of Ampycus of great forecasting wit:
And †Oeches sonne who of his wife was vnbetrayed yit.
And from the Citie Tegea there came the Paragone
Of Lycey forrest, Atalant, a goodly Ladie, one
Of Schœneyes daughters, then a Maide. The garment she did weare
A brayded button fastned at hir gorget. All hir heare
Untrimmed in one only knot was trussed. From hir left
Side hanging on hir shoulder was an Ivorie quiuer deft:
Which being full of arrowes, made a clattring as she went.
And in hir right hand she did beare a Bow already bent.
Hir furniture was such as this. Hir countnance and hir grace
Was such as in a Boy might well be cald a Wenches face,
And in a Wench be cald a Boyes. The Prince of Calydon
No sooner cast his eie on hir, but being caught anon
In loue, he wisht hir to his wife. but vnto this desire
God Cupid gaue not his consent. The secret flames of fire
He hating inward still did say: O happy man is he
Whom this same Ladie shall vouchsaue hir Husband for to be.

*Plexippus & Toxeus.

*Eurytus & Cteatus.

*Admetus.

*Enesimus, Alcon, & Dexippus.

† Lærtes.

*Mopsus.

†Amphiaraus.

The

The shortnesse of the time and shame would giue him leaue to say
No more: a worke of greater weight did draw him then away.
A wood thick growen with trées which stode vnfelled to that day
Beginning from a plaine, had thence a large prospect throughout
The falling grounds that euery way did muster round about.
Assone as that the men came there, some pitched vp the toyles,
Some toke the couples from the Dogs, and some pursude the foyles
In places where the Swine had trac̃t: desiring for to spie
Their owne destruction. Now there was a hollow bottom by,
To which the watershots of raine from all the high grounds drew.
Within the compasse of this pond great store of Dysyers grew:
And Sallowes lithe, and slackring Flags, and mouldy Rushes eke,
And lazie Reedes on little shankes, and other baggage like.
From hence the Boze was rowzed out, and fiercly forth he flies
Among the thickest of his foes like thunder from the Skies,
When Clouds in meeting force the fire to burst by violence out.
He beares the trées before him downe, and all the wood about
Doth sound of crashing. All the youth with hideous noyse and shout
Against him bend their Boarspeare points with hand & courage stout.
He rushes forth among the Dogs that held him at a bay,
And now on this side now on that, as any come in way,
He rippes their skinnes and splitteth them, and chaseth thẽ away,
Echion first of all the rout a Dart at him did throw,
Which mist and in a Maple trée did giue a little blow
The nert (if he that threw the same had vsed lesser might,)
The backe at which he aimed it was likely for to smight.
It ouerflew him. Iason was the man that cast the Dart.
Mopsus. With that the sonne of Ampycus sayd: Phœbus (if with hart
I haue and still doe worship thée) now graunt me for to hit
The thing that I doe leuell at. Apollo graunts him it
As much as lay in him to graunt. He hit the Swine in deede.
But neyther entred he his hide nor caused him to bleede.
For why Diana (as the Dart was flying) toke away
The head of it: and so the Dart could headlesse beare no sway.
But yet the woodie beast thereby was set the more on fire
And chafing like the lightning swift he vtereth forth his ire.
The fire did sparkle from his eyes: and from his hoyling breast

He

He breathed flaming flakes of fire conceyued in his chest.
And loke with what a violent brunt a mightie Bullet gots
From engines bent against a wall, or bulwarks full of foes:
With euen such violence rusht the Swine among the Hunts a mayne,
And ouerthrew Eupalamon and Pelagon both twaine
That in the right wing placed were. Their fellowes stepping to
And drawing them away, did saue their liues with much a do.
But as for poore Enesimus Hippocoons sonne had not
The lucke to scape the deadly dint. He would away haue got,
And trembling turnde his backe for feare. The Swine him ouertooke,
And cut his hamstrings, so that streight his going him forsooke.
And Nestor to haue lost his life was like by fortune ere
The siege of Troie, but that he tooke his rise vpon his speare:
And leaping quickly vp vpon a tree that stoode hard by,
Did safely from the place behold his foe whome he did flie.
The Boare then whetting sharpe his tushes against the Oken wood
To mischiefe did prepare himselfe with fierce and cruell mood.
And trusting to his weapons which he sharpened had a new,
In great Orithyas thigh a wound with hooked groyne he drew.
The valiant brothers those same twinnes of Tyndarus (not yet *Castor & Pollux.*
Celestiall signes) did both of them on coursers sit
As white as snow: and ech of them had shaking in his fist
A lightsome Dart with head of steele to throw it where he lyst.
And for to wound the brisled Boze they surely had not miss
But that he still recouered so the couerts of the wood,
That neyther horse could follow him, nor Dart doe any good.
Still after followed Telamon, whom taking to his feete
No heede at all for egernesse, a Vine rote did meete,
Which tripped vp his heeles, and flat against the ground him layd.
And while his brother Peleus relieued him, the Maid
Of Tegea tooke an arrow swift, and shot it from hir bow.
The arrow lighting vnderneath the hauers eare bylow,
And somewhat rasing of the skin, did make the blood to show.
The Maid hirselfe not gladder was to see that luckie blow,
Than was the Prince Meleager. He was the first that saw,
And first that shewed to his Mates the blud that she did draw:
And said for this thy valiant act due honor shalt thou haue.

The

The men did blush, and chearing vp eche other courage gane.
With shouting, and disorderly their Darts by heaps they threw.
The number of them hindred them, not suffring to ensew
That any lighted on the marke at which they all did ame.
Behold, enragde against his ende the hardie Knight that came
From Arcadie, rusht rashly with a Pollar in his fist
And said you ponglings learne of me what difference is betwixt
A wenches weapons and a mans: and all of you giue place
To my redoubted force. For though Diana in this chase
Should with hir owne shield him defend, yet should this hand of mine
Euen maugre Dame Dianaas heart confound this orped Swine.
Such boasting words as these through pride presumptuously he crakes:
And streyning out himselfe vpon his tiptoes streight he takes
His Pollar vp with both his hands. But as this bragger ment
To fetch his blow, the cruell beast his malice did preuent:
And in his coddes (the spending place of death) his tusshes puts,
And rippeth vp his paunche. Downe falles Ancæus and his guts
Come tumbling out besmeard with blood, and foyled all the plot.
Pirithous Ixions sonne at that abashed not:
But shaking in his valiant hand his hunting staffe did goe
Still stoutly forward face to face t'encounter with his foe
To whome Duke Theseus cride a farre. O dearer vnto mee
Than is my selfe, my soule I say, stay: lawfull we it see
For valiant men to keepe aloofe. The ouer hardie hart
In rash aduentring of him selfe hath made Ancæus smart.
This sed, he threw a weightie Dart of Cornell with a head
Of brasse: which being leueld well was likely to haue sped,
But that a bough of Chestnut tree thick leaued by the way
Did latch it, and by meanes therof the dint of it did stay.
Another Dart that Iason threw, by fortune mist the Boze,
And light betwene a Paskites chaps, and through his guts did goze,
And naild him to the earth. The hand of Prince Meleager
Plaid hittymissie. Of two Darts his first did flie to far,
And lighted in the ground: the nexr amid his backe stickt fast.
And while the Boze did play the fiend and turned round agast,
And grunting flang his some about togither mixt with blod
The giuer of the wound (the moze to skirre his enmies mod,)

Stept

Stept in, and vnderneath the shield did thrust his Boarspeare through.
Then all the Hunters shouting out demeaned ioy inough.
And glad was he that first might come to take him by the hand.
About the vgly beast they all with gladnesse gazing stand
And wondring what a field of ground his carcasse did possesse,
There durst not any be so bolde to touch him. Neretheless,
They euery of them with his bloud their hunting staues made red.
Then stepped forth Meleager, and treading on his hed
Said thus: O Ladie Atalant, receiue thou here my fée,
And of my glorie bouch thou take partaker for to bée.
Immediatly the vgly head with both the tusshes braue
And eke the skin with brisles stur right grisly, he hir gaue.
The Ladie for the giuers sake, was in hir heart as glad
As for the gift. The rest repinde that she such honor had.
Through all the rout was murmuring. Of whom with roring reare
And armes displayd that all the field might easly sée and heare,
The Thesties cried Dame come of and lay vs downe this geare.
And thou a woman offer not vs men so great a shame,
As we to toyle and thou to take the honor of our game.
Ne let that faire smoth face of thine beguile thée, least that hée
That being doted in thy loue did giue thée this our fée,
Be ouer farre to rescow thée. And with that word they take
The gift from hir, and right of gift from him. He could not brooke
This wrong: but gnashing with his teeth for anger that did boyle
Within, said fiersly: learne ye yau that other folkes dispoyle
Of honor giuen, what diffrence is betwéene your threats, and déedes.
And therewithall Plexippus brest (who no such matter dréedes)
With wicked weapon he did pierce. As Toxey doubting stood
What way to take, desiring both t'aduenge his brothers blood,
And fearing to be murthered as his brother was before,
Meleager (to dispatch all doubts of musing any more)
Did beate his sword for companie in bloud of him againe,
Before Plexippus bloud was cold that did thereon remaine.
Althæa going toward Church with presents for to yild
Due thankes and worship to the Gods that for hir sonne had kild
The Boare, beheld hir brothers brought home dead: and by and by
She beate hir brest, and filde the townes with shrieking pitesully,

And

And shifting all hir rich aray, did put on mourning weéde
But when she vnderstoode what man was doer of the déede,
She left all mourning, and from teares to vengeance did proceéde.
There was a certaine firebrand which when Oenies wife did lie
In childebed of Meleager, she chaunced to espie
The Destnies putting in the fire: and in the putting in,
She heard them speake these words, as they his fatall threéde did spin.
O lately borne, like time we giue to thée and to this brand.
And when they so had spoken, they departed out of hand.
Immediatly the mother caught the blazing bough away,
And quenched it. This bough she kept full charely many a day:
And in the kéeping of the same she kept hir sonne aliue.
But now intending of his life him clearly to depriue,
She brought it forth, and casting all the coales and shiuers to
We layéd by, she like a fee did kindle fire thereto.
Fowre times she was about to cast the firebrand in the flame:
Fowre times she pulled backe hir hand from doing of the same.
As mother and as sister both she stroue what way to go:
The diuers names drew diuersly hir stomacke to and fro.
Hir face wart often pale for feare of mischiefe to ensue:
And often red about the eies through heate of ire she grew.
One while hir looke resembled one that threatned crueltie:
Another while ye would haue thought she minded pitiousnesse.
And though the cruell burning of hir heart did drie hir teares,
Yet burst out some. And as a Boate which tide contrarie beares
Against the winde, feeles double force, and is compeld to yéelde
To both. So Thestius daughter now vnable for to weelde
Hir doubtfull passions, diuersly is caried of and on,
And chaungeably she wares calme, and stormes againe anon.
But better sister ginneth she than mother for to be.
And to thintent hir brothers ghostes with bloud to honor, she
In meaning to be one way kinde, doth worke another way
Against kinde. When the plagie fire wart strong she thus did say
Let this same fire my bowels burne. And as in cursed hands
The fatall wood she holding at the Hellish Altar stands:
She said ye triple Goddesses of wreake, ye Helhounds threé
Beholde ye all this furious fact and sacrifice of mee.

I wreake

I wreake, and do against all right: with death must death be payde:
On mischiefe mischiefe must be heapt: on corse must corse be laide.
Confounded let this wicked house with heaped sorrowes bée
Shall Oenie ioy his happy sonne in honor for to sée
And Thestie mourne bereft of his? May: better yet it were,
That eche with other companie in mourning you should beare.
Ye brothers Ghostes and soules new dead I wish no more, but you
To féele the solemne obsequies which I prepare as now:
And that mine offring you accept, which dearly I haue bought
The yssue of my wretched wombe. Alas, alas what thought
I for to doe? O brothers I beseech you beare with me.
I am his mother: so to doe my hands vnable be
His trespasse I confesse deserues the stopping of his breath:
But yet I doe not like that I be Author of his death.
And shall he then with life and limme, and honor to, scape frée?
And vaunting in his good successe the King of Calidon bée?
And you deare soules lie raked vp but in a little dust?
I will not surely suffer it. But let the villaine trust
That he shall die, and draw with him to ruine and decay
His kingdome, Countrie and his Sire that doth vpon him stay.
Why where is now the mothers heart and pitie that should raigne
In Parents? and the ten Monthes paines that once I did sustaine?
O would to God thou burned had a babie in this brand,
And that I had not tane it out and quencht it with my hand.
That all this while thou liued hast, my goodnesse is the cause.
And now most iustly vnto death thine owne desert thée drawes.
Receiue the guerdon of thy dede: and render thou agen
Thy twice giuen life, by bearing first, and secondarly when
I caught this firebrand from the flame: or else come drale with me
As with my brothers, and with them let me entumbed be.
I would, and cannot. What then shall I stand to in this case?
One while my brothers corses seeme to preasse before my face
With liuely Image of their deaths. Another while my minde
Doth yélde to pitie, and the name of mother doth me blinde.
Now wo is me. To let you haue the vpper hand is sinne:
But nethelesse the vpper hand O brothers doe you win.
Conditionly that when that I to comfort you withall

Haue

Haue wrought this feate, my selfe to you resort in person shall.
This sed, she turnde away hir face, and with a trembling hand
Did cast the deathfull brand amid the burning fire. The brand
Did eyther sigh, or seeme to sigh in burning in the flame,
Which sorie and vnwilling was to fasten on the same.
Meleager being absent and not knowing ought at all
Was burned with this flame: and felt his bowels to appall
With secret fire. He bare out long the paine with courage stout.
But yet it grieued him to die so cowardly without
The shedding of his bloud. He thought Anceus for to be
A happie man that side of wound. with fighting called he
Upon his aged father, and his sisters, and his brother,
And lastly on his wife to, and by chaunce vpon his mother.
His paine encreased with the fire, and fell therewith againe:
And at the selfe same instant quight extinguisht were both twaine.
And as the ashes colt and hore by leysure ouergrew
The glowing coales: so leysurly his spirit from him drew.
Then drouped stately Calydon. Both yong and olde did mourne
The Lords and Commons did lament. and maried wiues with torne
And tattred haire did crie alas. His father did beray
His hore head and face with dust, and on the earth flat lay,
Lamenting that he liued had to see that wofull day
For now his mothers giltie hand had for that cursed crime
Done execution on hir selfe by sword before hir time.
If God to me a hundred mouthes with sounding tongues should send,
And reason able to conceyue, and therevnto should lend
Me all the grace of eloquence that eve the Muses had,
I could not shew the woe wherewith his sisters were bestad.
Unmindfull of their high estate, their naked brests they smit,
Untill they made them blacke and blew. And whyle his bodie yit
Remained, they did cherish it, and cherish it againe.
They kist his bodie: yea they kist the chist that did containe
His corse. And after that the corse was burnt to ashes, they
Did presse his ashes with their brests: and downe along they lay
Upon his tumb, and there embraste his name vpon the stone,
And fillde the letters of the same with teares that from them gone.
At length Diana satisfide with slaughter brought vpon

The

The house of Oenie, lifts them vp with feathers cuerichone,
(Saue Gorgee and the daughterinlaw of noble Alcmene) and
Makes wings to stretch along their sides, and horned nebs to stand.
Vpon their mouthes. And finally the altring quight their faire
And native shape, in shape of Birds doth send them through the Aire.
The noble Theseus in this while with others hauing donne
His part in killing of the Boare, to Athens ward begonne
To take his way. But Acheloy then being swolne with raine
Did stay him of his iourney, and from passage him restraine.
Of Athens valiant knight (quoth he) come vnderneath my roofe,
And for to passe my raging streame as yet attempt no proofe.
This broke is wont whole trées to beare and euelong stones to carry
With hideous roring down his streame. I oft haue séene him harry
Whole Shepcotes standing nere his banks, with flocks of sheepe therin.
Nought boted buls their strēgth: nought stēdes by swiftnes there could win.
Yea many lustie men this broke hath swallowed, when ỹ snow
From mountaines molten, caused him his banks to ouerflow.
The best is for you for to rest vntill the Riuer fall
Within his boundes: and runne ageine within his chanell small.
Content (quoth Theseus): Acheloy, I will not sure refuse
Thy counsell nor thy house. And so he both of them did vse.
Of Pommy hollowed diuersly and ragged Pebble stone
The walles were made. The floore with Posse was soft to tread vpon.
The roofe thereof was checkerwise with shelles of Purple wrought
And Perle. The Sunne then full two parts of day to end had brought,
And Theseus downe to table sate with such as late before
Had friendly borne him companie at killing of the Bore.
A tone side sate Ixions sonne, and on the other sate
The Prince of Troyzen Lelex with a thin hearde hoarie pate.
And then such other as the broke of Acarnania did
Vouchsafe the honor to his bord and table for to bid,
Who was right glad of such a guest. Immediatly there came
Barefoted Nymphes who brought in meate. And when that of the same
The Lords had taken their repast, the meate away they toke,
And set downe wine in precious stones. Then Theseus who did looke
Vpon the Sea that vnderneath did lie within their sight,
Said: tell vs what is yonsame place, (and with his fingar right

Yée poynted therevnto) I pray, and what that Iland highte,
Although it seemeth mo than one. The Riuer answerd thus,
It is not one mayne land alone that kenned is of vs.
There are vppon a fyue of them. The distaunce of the place,
Doth hinder to discerne betweene eche Ile the perfect space.
And that the lesse yée wonder may at Phoebees act a late,
To such as had neglected her vppon contempt or hate,
Theis Iles were sumtyme Waternimphes: who hauing killed Neate,
Twyce fyue, and called to theyr feast the Country Gods to eate,
Forgetting mee kept frolicke cheere. At that gan I to swell,
And ran more large than euer erst. and being ouer fell
Instomacke and in streame, I rent the wood from wood, and field
Frō field, & with the ground the Nymphes as then with stomacks meeld.
Remembring mée, I tumbled to the Sea. The waues of mee
And of the sea the ground that erst all whole was wont to bée
Did rend a sunder into all the Iles you yonder sée,
And made a way for waters now to passe betweene them frée.
They now of Vrchins haue theyr name. But of theis Ilands, one
A great way of (behold yée) stands a great way of alone,
As you may sée. The Mariners do call it Perimell.
With her (shée was as then a Nymph) so farre in loue I fell,
That of her maydenhod I her spoyld: which thing displeasd so sore
Her father Sir Hippodamas, that from the craggy shore
He threw her headlong downe to drowne her in the sea. But I
Did latch her streight, and bearing her a flote did lowd thus crie.
O Neptune with thy threetynde Mace who hast by lot the charge
Of all the waters wylde that bound vppon the earth at large,
To whom wee holy streames do runne, in whome wee take our end,
Draw neere, and gently to my bone effectually attend.
This Ladie whome I beare a flote myselfe hath hurt. Wée méene
And vpright. If Hippodamas perchaunce were fatherlesse,
Or if that he extremitie through outrage did not sécke,
He oughted to haue pitied her and for to beare with mée.
Now help vs Neptune I thée pray, and condescend that shée
Whom from the land her fathers wrath and cruelnesse doth chace
Who through her fathers cruelnesse is drownd: may find the grace.
To haue a place; or rather let hirselfe become a place.

And

And I will still embrace the same. The King of Seas did moue
His head, and as a token that he did my sute approue,
He made his surges all to shake, The Nymph was sore afrayd.
Howbéet shée swam, and as shée swam, my hand I softly layd
Upon her brest which quiuered still. And whyle I toucht the same,
I sensibly did féele how all her body hard became:
And how the earth did ouergrow her bulk. And as I spake,
New earth encloshe hir swimming limbes, which by and by did take
Another shape, and grew into a mighty Ile. With that
The Riuer ceast and all men there did wonder much thereat.
Pirithous being ouer hault of mynde and such a one
As did despyse bothe God and man, did laugh them euerychone
To scorne for giuing credit, and sayd thus. The wordes thou spaakst
Are feyned fancies Acheloy: and ouerstrong thou maakst
The Gods: to say that they can giue and take way shapes. This scoffe
Did make the héerers all amazde, for none did like thereof.
And Lelex of them all the man most rype in yéeres and wit,
Sayd thus. Unmeasurable is the powre of heauen, and it
Can haue none end. And loke what God doth mynd to bring about,
Must take effect. And in this case to put yée out of dout,
Upon the hilles of Phrygie néere a Teple there stands a tree
Of Oke enclosed with a wall. Myself the place did sée.
For Pithey vnto Pelops féelds did send mée where his father
Did sumtyme reigne. not farre fro thence there is a pole which rather
Had bene dry ground inhabited. But now it is a meare
And Pewrecocks, Cotes, and Cormorants do bréede and nestle there.
The mightie Ioue and Merçurie his sonne in shape of men
Resorted thither on a tyme. A thousand houses when
For rome to lodge in they had sought, a thousand houses bard
Theyr dores against them. Neuertheless one Cotage afterward
Receyued them, and that was but a pelting one in déede.
The rose therof was thatched all with straw and fennish réede.
Howbéet two honest auncient folke, (of whom shee Baucis hight
And he Philemon) in that Cote theyr fayth in youth had plight:
And in that Cote had spent theyr age. And for they pacientlie
Did beare theyr simple pouertie, they made it light thereby,
And shewed it no thing to bée reppued at atall.

It skilles not whether there for Hyndes or Maister you do call.
For all the houshold were but two: and both of them obeyde,
And both commaunded. When the Gods at this same Cotage staid,
And ducking downe their heads, within the low made Wicket came,
Philemon bringing ech a stole, bade rest vpon the same
Their limmes: and buste Baucis brought them quishons homely géire.
Which done, the embers on the harth she gan abrode to stéire,
And laid the coales together that were raakt vp ouer night,
And with the brands and dried leaues did make them gather might,
And with the blowing of hir mouth did make them kindle bright.
Then from an inner house she fetcht seare sticks and clifted brands,
And put them broken vnderneath a Skillet with hir hands.
Hir Husband from their Gardenplot fetcht Coleworts. Of the which
She threaded small the leaues, and with a Forke toke downe a flitch
Of reeste Bacon from the Balke made blacke with smoke, and cut
A péece thereof, and in the pan to boyling did it put.
And while this meate a séething was, the time in talke they spent,
By meanes whereof away without much tedousnesse it went.
There hung a Boatvle of Béeche vpon a spirget by a ring.
The same with warmed water fild the two old folke did bring
To bathe their guests foule féete therein. Amid the house there stood
A Couch whose bottom sides and féete were all of Hallow wood,
And on the same a Mat of Sedge. They cast vpon this bed
A couering which was neuer wont vpon it to be spred
Except it were at solemne feastes: and yet the same was olde
And of the coursest, with a bed of sallow méete to holde.
The Gods sate downe. The aged wife right chare and buste as
A Bée, set out a table. of the which the thirde fote was
A little shorter than the rest. A tylesherd made it euen
And toke away the shortnesse: and when they had it dressed
To stand vp leuell, with greene Mintes they by and by it wipte.
Then set they on it *Pallas fruite with double colour stripte.
And Cornels kept in pickle moyst, and Endive, and a rote
Of Radish, and a tolly lump of Butter fresh and sote,
And Egges reare rosted. All these Cates in earthen dishes came.
Then set they downe a grauen cup made also of the same
Selfe kinde of Plate, and Mazers made of Beech whose inner syde

*Olyst.

Was

Was rubd with yellow wax. And when they pawsed had a tyde,
Whote meate came pypping from the fyre. And shortly therevpon
A cup of grene hedg wyne was brought. This tane away, anon
Came in the latter course, which was of Nuts, Dates, dryed figges
Sweete smelling Apples in a Pawnd made flat of Oyster twigges,
And Prunes and Plums and Purple grapes cut newly from the tre,
And in the middes a honnycomb new taken from the Bee.
Besydes all this there did ensew good countnance ouermore,
With will not pure nor nigardly. Now all the whyle before,
As often as Philemon and Dame Baucis did perceyue
The emptie Cup to fill alone, and wyne to fill receyue,
Amazed at the straungenesse of the thing, they gan streyght way
With fearfull harts and hands hild vp to frame themselues to pray.
Desyring for they slender cheere and fare to pardoned bee.
They had but one poore Goose which kept theyr little Tennantree,
And this to offer to the Gods theyr guestes they did intend.
The Gander wyght of wing did make the slow old folke to spend
Theyr paynes in vayne, and mokt them long. At length he seemd to flye.
For succor to the Gods themselues, who bade he should not dye.
For wee bee Gods (quoth they) and all this wicked townelhip shall
Abye their gylt. On you alone this mischeef shall not fall.
No more but giue you vp your house, and follow vp this hill
Together, and vpon the top thereof abyde our will.
They bothe obeyd. And as the Gods did lead the way before,
They lagged slowly after with theyr staues, and labored sore
Against the rysing of the hill. They were not mickle more
Than full a flyghtshot from the top, when looking backe they saw
Now all the towne was drowned saue their lyttle shed of straw.
And as they wondred at the thing and did bewayle the case
Of those that had theyr neyghbours beene, the old poore Cote so base
Wherein they had beene owners erst, became a Church. The proppes
Were turned into pillars bowge. The straw vppon the toppes
Was yellow, so that all the roof did seeme of burnisht gold:
The flore with Marble paued was. The dores on eyther fold
Were grauen. At the sight hereof Philemon and his make
Began to pray in feare. Then Ioue thus gently them bespake.
Declare thou ryghtuowse man, and thou O woman meete to haue

A ryghtwowse howsband what yée would most chéefly wish or craue.
Philemon taking conference a little with his wyfe,
Declared bothe theyr méenings thus. We couet during lyfe,
Your Chapleynes for to bée to kéepe your Temple. And bycause
Our yéeres in concord wée haue spent, I pray when death neere drawes,
Let bothe of vs togither leaue our lines: that neyther I
Behold my wynes decease, nor shée sée myne when I do dye.
Theyr wish had sequele to theyr will. As long as lyfe did last,
They kept the Church. And béeing spent with age of yeares forepast,
By chaunce as standing on a tyme without the Temple dore
They told the fortune of the place, Philemon old and poore
Saw Baucis sworthly greene with leaues, & Baucis saw likewyse
Philemon braunching out in boughes and twigs before hir eyes.
And as the Bark did ouergrow the heades of bothe, eche spake
To other whyle they myght. At last they eche of them did take
Theyr leaue of other bothe at once, and therewithall the bark
Did hyde theyr faces both at once. The Phrygians in that park
Do at this present day still shew the trées that shaped were
Of theyr twoo bodies, growing yit togither ioyntly there.
Theis things did auncient men report of credit herie good.
For why there was no cause why they should lye. As I there stood
I saw the garlands hanging on the boughes, and adding new
I sayd let them whom God doth loue be Gods. and honor dew
Bée giuen to such as honor him with feare and reuerence trew.

The lulld his peace, and bothe the thing and he that did it tell
Did moue them all, but Theseus most. Whom being mynded well
To heere of woondrous things, the broke of Calydon thus bespake.
There are O valiant knyght sum folke that had the powre to take
Straunge shape for once, and all their lynes continewed in the same.
And othersam to sundrie shapes haue power themselues to frame.
As thou O Protevv dwelling in the sea that cléepes the land.
For now a ywnker, now a boare, anon a Lyon, and
Streyght way thou didst become a Snake, and by and by a Bull
That people were afrayd of thée to sée thy horned skull.
And oftentymes thou seemde a stone, and now and then a trée,
And counterfetting water shéere thou seemedst oft to bée
A Riuer: and another whyle contrarie thereunto

Thou

Thou wart a syre. No lesser power than also thus to dw
Had Erisichons daughter whom Avvtolychus toke to wyfe.
Her father was a person that despysed all his lyfe
The powre of Gods, and neuer did vouchsauf them sacrifyse.
He also is reported to haue heatwen in wicked wyse
The groue of Ceres, and to fell her holy woods which ay
Had vndiminisht and vnhackt continewed to that day
There stood in it a warrie Oke which was a wood alone.
Vppon it round hung fillets, crownes, and tables, many one,
The vowes of such as had obteynd theyr hearts desyre. Full oft
The Wodnymphes vnderneath this tree did fetch theyr frisks aloft
And oftentymes with hand in hand they daunced in a round
About the Trunk, whose bignesse was of timber good and sound
Full fiftéene fadom. All the trées within the wood besyde,
Were vnto this, as weedes to them: so farre it did them hyde.
Yit could not this moue Triops sonne his axe therefro to hold,
But bade his seruants cut it downe. And when he did behold
Them stunting at his heft, he snatcht an axe with furious mood
From one of them, and wickedly sayd thus. Although thys wood
Not only were the derling of the Goddesse, but also
The Goddesse euen herselfe: yet would I make it ere I go
To kisse the clowers with her top that pranks with braunches so.
This spoken, as he sweaht his axe aslyde to fetch his blow,
The manall Oke did quake and sygh, the Acornes that did grow
Thereon togither with the leaues to wex full pale began,
And shrinking in for feare the boughes and braunches loked wan.
Allone as that his cursed hand had wounded once the tree,
The blood came spinning from the carf, as freshly as yee see
It sprue from a Bullocks necke whose throte is newly cut
Before the Altar, when his flesh to sacrifyse is put.
They were amazed euerychone. And one among them all
To let the wicked act, durst from the tree his hatchet call.
The lewd Thessalian facing him sayd: Take thou heere to thée
The guerdon of thy godlynesse. and turning from the tree,
He chopped of the fellowes head. Which done, he went agen
And heawed on the Oke. Streight from amid the tree as then
There issued such a sound as this. Within this tree dwell I

A Nymph to Ceres very déere, who now before I dye
In comfort of my death do giue thée warning thou shalt dye
Thy doing déere within a whyle. he goeth wilfully
Still thorough with his wickednesse, vntill at length the Oke
Pulld partly by the force of ropes, and cut with axis stroke,
Did fall, and with his weyght bare downe of vnder wood great store.
The Woodnymphes with the losses of the woods and theyrs syght sore
Amazed, gathered on a knot, and all in mourning wede
Went sad to Ceres, praying her to wreake that wicked déede
Of Erisichons. Ceres was content it should be so.
And with the mouing of her head in nodding to and fro,
Shée shooke the feeldes which laden were with frutefull Harueſt tho.
And thereuithall a punishment most piteous shée procédes
To put in practyse: were it not that his most heynous dedes,
No pitie did deserue to haue at any bodies hand.
With helpelesse hungar him to pyne, in purpose shée did stand.
And forasmuch as shée herselfe and famin myght not méete.
(For fate forbiddeth famin to abyde within the léete
Where plentie is) shée thus bespake a fayrie of the hill.
There lyeth in the vtmost bounds of Tartarie the chill
A Dréerie place, a wretched soyle, a barreine plot: no grayne,
No frute, no trée, is growing there: but there doth ay remayne
Unwéldsome cold, with trembling feare, and paleneſſe white as clowt,
And fodlesse famin. Will thou her immediatly without
Delay to shed herselfe into the stomacke of the wretch,
And let no plentie staunch her force, but let her working stretch
Aboue the power of mee. And least the longnesse of the way
May make thée wearie, take thou héere my charyot: take I say
My draggons for to beare thee through the aire. In saying so
She gaue hir them. The Nymph mounts vp, and flying thence as tho
Alyghts in Scythy land, and vp the cragged top of hye
Mount Caucasus did cause hir Snakes with much a do to flye.
Where séeking long for famin, shée the gaptwthd elfe did spye
Amid a barreine stony feeld a ramping vp the grasse
With ougly nayles, and chanking it. Her face pale coloured was.
Hir heare was harsh and shirle, her eyes were sunken in her head.
Her lyppes were pore with filth, her teth were furd and rusty read.

Her skinne was starched, and so shére a man myght well espye
The verie bowels in her bulk how every one did lye.
And eke aboue her courbed ioynes her withered hippes were séene.
In stead of belly was a space where belly should haue béene.
Her brest did hang so sagging downe as that a man would wéene
That scarcely to her ridgebone had hir ribbes béene fastened well.
Her leannesse made her ioynts boine big, and knépannes for to swell.
And with exceeding mighty knubs her héeles behynd beynd out.
Now when the Nymph behild this elfe a farre, (she was in dout
To come to nére her:) shée declarde her Ladies message. And
In that same little whyle although the Nymph alwt did stand,
And though shée were but newly come, yit séemed shée to féele
The force of famin. Wherupon shée turning backe her whéele
Did reyne her dragons vp aloft: who streyght with courage stróe
Conueyd her into Thessaly. Although that famin hée
Ay contrarye to Ceres worck, yit did shée then agrée
To do her will. and glyding through the Ayre supported by
The wynd, she found thappoynted house: and entring by and by
The captifs chamber where he slept (it was in tyme of nyght)
Shée hugged him betwéene her armes there snorting bolt vpryght.
And breathing her into him, blew vppon his face and brest,
That hungar in his emptie beynes myght worke as hée did rest.
And when she had accomplished her charge, shee then forsoke
The frutefull Clymates of the world, and home ageine betoke
Herselfe vnto her fruteless fields and former dwelling place.
The gentle slépe did all this whyle with fethers soft embrace
The wretched Erisichons corse. Who dreaming streight of meate
Did stirre his hungry iaws in vayne as though he had to eate
And chanking teeth on teeth a pace he grindes them in his head,
And occupies his emptie throte with swallowing, and in stead
Of food deuoures the lither ayre. But when that slépe with nyght
Was shaken of, immediatly a furious appetite
Of féeding gan to rage in him, which in his grédy gummes
And in his meatlesse maw doth reigne vnstauncht. Anon there cummes
Before him whatsoeuer liues on sea, in aire or land:
And yit he crieth still for more. And though the platters stand
Before his face full furnished, yit doth he still complayne

Of

Of hungar, craning meate at meale. The food that would fulfeme
Whole houſholdes, Townethips, Shyres and Realmes ſuffyce not him
The more his pampred panch conſumes, ỹ more it maketh mone (alone
And as the ſea receyues the brookes of all the worldly Realmes,
And yit is neuer ſatisfyde for all the forreine ſtreames.
And as the fell and rauening fyre refuſeth neuer wood,
But burneth faggots numberleſſe, and with a furious mood
The more it hath, the more it ſtill deſyreth euermore,
Encreacing in deuouring through encreaſement of the ſtore:
So wicked Eriſicthons mouth in ſwallowing of his meate
Was euer hungry more and more, and longed ay to eate.
Meate tolld in meate: and as he ate the place was empty ſtill.
The hungar of his brinkleſſe Maw the gulf that nowght might fill
Had brought his fathers goods to nowght. But yit continewed ay:
His curſed hungar vnappeaſd: and nothing could alay
The flaming of his ſtarued throte. At length when all was ſpent,
And into his vnfilled Maw bothe goods and lands were ſent,
An only daughter did remayne vnworthy to haue had
So lewd a father. Hir he ſold, ſo hard he was beſtad.
But ſhée of gentle courage could no bondage well abyde.
And therfore ſtretching out her hands to ſeaward there beſyde,
Now ſaue mée quoth ſhée from the yoke of bondage I thée pray,
O thou that my virginitie enioyeſt as a pray.
Neptunus had it. Who to this her prayer did conſent.
And though her maiſter loking backe (for after him ſhé went)
Had newly ſéene her: yit he turnd hir ſhape and made hir man,
And gaue her loke of fiſherman. Her mayſter loking than
Upon her, ſayd. Good fellow thou that on the ſhore doſt ſtand
With angling rod and bayted hooke and hanging lyne in hand,
I pray thée as thou doſt deſyre the Sea ay calme to thée,
And fiſhes for to bycght thy bayt, and ſtriken ſtill to bée,
Tell where the frizzletopped wench in courſe and fluttrith géere
That ſtode right now vppon this ſhore (for well I wote that héere
I ſaw her ſtanding) is become. For further than this place
No ſwteſtep is appearing. Shée perceyuing by the cace
That Neptunes gift made well with her, and béeing glad to ſée
Herſelf enquyrd for of herſelf, ſayd thus: who ere you bée

I pray

I pray you for to pardon mée. I turned not myne eye
A toneſyde ne a twther from this place, but did apply
My labor hard. And that you may the leſſer ſtand in doiwt,
So Neptune further ſtill the Art and craft I go abowt,
As now a whyle no liuing Wyght vppon this leuell ſand
(Myſelf excepted) neyther man nor woman héere did ſtand.
Her maiſter did beléeue her words: and turning backward wens
His way beguyld: and ſtreight to her her native ſhape was ſent.
But when her father did perceyue his daughter for to haue
A bodye ſo tranſformable, he oftentymes her gaue
For monny. but the damzell ſtill eſcaped now a Mare
And now a Cow, and now a Bird, a Hart, a Hynd, or Hare,
And euer fed her hungry Syze with vndeſerued fare.
But after that the maladie had waſted all the meates
As well of froze as that which ſhée had purchaſt by her feates:
Poſt curſed keptike as he was with bigheing hée did rend
His fleſh, and by diminiſhing his bodye did intend
To ſede his bodye, till that death did ſpéede his fatall end.
But what méene I to buſye mée in forreine matters thus?
To alter ſhapes within prezing is lawfull euen to vs
My Lords. For ſumtime I am ſuch as you do now mée ſée
Sumtyme I wynd mée in a Snake: and oft I ſéeme to bée
A Capteine of the herd with hornes. For taking hornes on mée
I loſt a tyne which héretofore did arme mée as the print
Doth playnly ſhew. with that ſame word he ſyghed and did ſtint.

Finis octaui Libri.

# ¶ THE NINTH BOOKE of Ouids Metamorphosis.

What ayleth thée (quoth Theseus) tw sygh so sore? and how
Befell it thée tw get this mayme that is vppon thy brow?
The noble streame of Calydon made answer, who did weare
A Garland made of rádes and flags vpon his sedgie heare.
A grieuous pennance pou enioyne. for who would gladly shew
The combats in the which himself did take the ouerthrow?
Yit will I make a iust report in order of the same.
For why? tw haue the lowzler hand was not so great a shame,
As was the honor such a match tw vndertake. And much
It comforts mée that he who did mée ouercome, was such
A valiant champion. If perchaunce you erst haue heard the name
Of Deyanyre the fayrest Mayd that euer God did frame
Shée was in myne optnion. And the hope tw win her loue
Did mickle enuy and debate among hir lowers moue.
With whome I entring tw the house of him that should haue bée
My fathrilaw, Parthaons sonne (I sayd) accept thou mée
Thy Sonnylaw. And Hercules in self same sort did vow.
And all the other suters streight gaue place vntw vs tuow.
He vaunted of his father Ioue, and of his famous dédes,
And how ageinst his stepdames spyght his prowesse still procédes.
And I ageine a tother syde sayd thus. It is a shame
That God should yéld tw man. (this stryfe was long ére he became
A God). Thou seest mée a Lord of waters in thy Realme
Where I in wyde and wynding banks dw beare my flowing streame.
No straunger shalt thou haue of mée sent farre from forreine land:
But one of household, or at least a neyghbour héere at hand.
Alonly let it bée tw mée no hindrance that the wyfe
Of Ioue abhorres mée not, ne that vpon the paine of lyfe
Shée lets mée not tw talk. For where thou bostest thée tw bé
Alcmenas sonne, Ioue eyther is not father vnto thée:
Or if he bée it is by sin. In making Ioue thy father,
Thou maakst thy mother but a whore. now chose thée whither rather
Thou had tw graunt this tale of Ioue surmised for tw bé,
Or else thy selfe begot in shame and borne in bastardie.

At

At that he grimly bendes his browes, and much a doo he hath
To hold his hands. so sore his hart inflamed is with wrath.
He said no more but thus. My hand doth serue mée better than
My tong. Content I am (so I in feighting vanquish can)
That thou shalt ouercome in woordes. And therewithall he gan
Mée fiercely to assaile. Mée thought it was a shame for mée
That had euen now so stoutly talkt, in dooings faint to bée.
I casting of my grésnish cloke thrust stifly out at length
Mine armes and streynd my pawing armes to hold him out by strength,
And framed euery limme to cope. With both his hollow hands
He caught by dust and sprincked mée: and I likewise with sands.
Made him all yelow too. One whyle hée at my necke doth snatch
Another whyle my cléere crisp legges he striueth for to catch,
Or trippes at mée: and euerywhere the dauntage he doth watch.
My weightinesse defended mée, and cléerly did disseate
His stoute assaults as when a wane with hideous noyse doth beate
Against a Rocke, the Rocke doth still both sauf and sound abyde
By reason of his massinesse. Mée drew a whyle a syde.
And then incountring fresh ageine, wée kept our places stowt
Full minded not to yéeld an inch, but for to hold it owt.
Now were wée standing foote to foote. And I with all my brest
Was leaning forward, and with head ageinst his head did rest,
And with my gripping fingars I ageinst his fingars thrust.
So haue I séene two myghtie Bulles together fiercely iust
In seeking as their pryse to haue the fayrest Cow in all
The féeld to bée their make, and all the herd bothe greate and small
Stand gazing on them fearfully not knowing vnto which
The conquest of so greate a gayne shall fall. Three tymes a twich
Gaue Hercules and could not wrinch my leaning brest him fro
But at the fourth he shooke mée of and made mée to let go
My hold: and with a push (I will tell truthe) he had a knacke
To turne me of, and heauily he hung vpon my backe.
And if I may beléeued bée (as sure I méene not I
To daunt my selfe vayngloriously by telling of a lye,)
Mée thought a mountaine whelmed me. But yit with much a doo
I wrestled in my sweating armes, and hardly did vndoo
His griping hands. He following still his dauntage, suffred not

Mée

Mée once to breath or gather ſtrength. but by and by he got
Mée by the necke. Then was I fayne to ſinke with knée to ground,
And kille the duſt. Now when in ſtrength to weake myſelf I found,
I toke mée to my ſlights, and ſlipt in ſhape of Snake away
Of wondrous length. And when that I of purpoſe him to fray
Did bend myſelf in ſwelling rolles, and made a hideous noyſe
Of hiſſing with my forked tong, he ſmyling at my toyes,
And laughing them to ſcorne ſayd thus. It is my Cradle game
To vanquiſh Snakes O Acheloy. Admit thou ouercame
All other Snakes, yet what art thou compared to the Snake
Of Lerna, who by cutting of did ſtill encreaſement take?
For of a hundred heades not one ſo ſone was paarde away,
But that vppon the ſtumpe therof there budded other tway.
This ſprouting Snake whoſe braunching heads by ſlaughter did reuiue
And grow by cropping, I ſubdewd, and made it could not thriue.
And thinkeſt thou (who being none wouldſt ſéeme a Snake) to ſcape
Who dooſt with forged weapons feyght and vnder borowed ſhape?
This ſayd, his fingars of my necke he faſtned in the nape
Mée thought he graand my throte as though he did with pinſons nip
I ſtruggled from his churliſh thumbes my pinched chappes to ſlip
But do the beſt and worſt I could he ouercame mée ſo.
Then thirdly did remayne the ſhape of Bull. and quickly tho
I turning to the ſhape of Bull rebelld againſt my foe.
He ſtepping to my left ſyde cloce, did fold his armes about
My wattled necke, and following mée then running maynely out
Did drag mée backe, and made mee pitch my hornes againſt the ground,
And in the dépeſt of the ſand he ouerthrew mée round.
And yit not ſo content, ſuch hold his cruell hand did take
Vppon my welked horne, that he a ſunder quight it brake,
And pulld it from my mayned brew. The waterfayries came
And filling it with frute and flowres did conſecrate the ſame,
And ſo my horne the Treſory of plenteouſneſſe became.

Aſſone as Acheloy had told this tale a wayting Mayd
With ſtaring heare that lay on both hir ſhoulders and arayd
Like one of Dame Dianas Nymphes with ſolemne grace forth came
And brought that rich and precious horne, and heaped in the ſame
All kynd of frutes that Harueſt ſendes, and ſpecially ſuch frute

As

As serues for latter course at meales of euery sort and sute.
Assone as daylight came ageine, and that the Sunne rayes
Did shyne vpon the tops of things, the Princes went their wayes.
They would not tarry till the floud were altogither saine
And that the Riuer in his banks ran low ageine and caime.
Then Acheloy amid his waues his Crabtree face did hyde.
And head disarmed of a horne. And though he did abyde
In all parts else bothe sauf and sound, yit this deformitye
Did cut his comb: and for to hyde this blemish from the eye.
He hydes his hurt with Sallow leaues, or else with sedge and rede.
But of the selfsame Payd the lone killd thée fierce Nesse in déde,
When percing swiftly through thy back an arrow made thée bléde.
For as Ioues issue with his wyfe was onward on his way
In going to his countryward, enforst he was to stay
At swift Euenus bank, bycause the streame was risen sore
Aboue his bounds through rage of rayne that fell but late before
Ageín so full of whorlpooles and of gulfes the channell was.
That scarce a yoan could any where fynd place of passage. As
Not caring for himself but for his wyfe he there did stand,
This Nessus came vnto him (who was strong of body and
Knew well the fordes,) and sayd vse thou thy strength O Hercules
In swimming. I will fynd the meanes this Ladie shall with ease
Bée set vppon the further bank. So Hercules betoke
His wyfe to Nessus. Shée for feare of him and of the broke
Looke pale. Her husband as he had his quiuer by his syde
Of arrowes full, and on his backe his heauy Lyons hyde,
(For to the further bank he erst his club and bow had cast)
Said. sith I haue begonne, this broke bothe must and shalbée past,
He neuer casteth further doubts, nor seekes the calmest place,
But through the roughest of the streame he cuts his way a pace.
Now as he on the further syde was taking vp his bow,
He heard his wedlocke shrieking out, and did hir calling know:
And cryde to Nesse (who went about to deale vnfaythfully
In running with his charge away) Hoalwe whither dost thou fly
Thou Rogue thou, vppon a vaine hope by swiftnesse to escape
My hands? I say giue eare thou Nesse for all thy double shape,
And meddle not with that thats myne. Though no regard of mée

Right:

Might moue thée to refrayne from rape, thy father yit might bée
A warning, who for offring shame to Iuno now doth féele
Continuall torment in his limbes by turning on a whéele.
For all that thou hast hoples féete which dee so bolde thee make,
Yit shalt thou not escape my hands. I will thee ouertake
With wound and not with féete. He did according as he spake.
For with an arrow as he fled he strake him through the backe,
And out before his brist agéine the hooked iron stacke.
And when the same was pulled out, the blood a mayne ensewd
At both the holes with poyson foule of Lerna Snake embrewd:
This blood did Nessus take, and said within himselfe: well: sith
I nedes must dye, yet will I not dye vnreuendged. And with
The same he stayned a shirt, and gaue it vnto Dyanyre,
Alluring hir it had the power to kindle Cupids fyre.
A greate whyle after when the déedes of worthy Hercules
Were such as filled all the world, and also did appease
The hatred of his stepmother, As he vppon a day
With conquest from Oechalia came, and was about to pay
His vowes to Ioue vppon the Mount of Cenye, tatling fame
(Who in reporting things of truth delyghts to sauce the same
With tales, and of a thing of nowght doth euer greater grow
Through false and newly forged lyes that thée tirsell doth sow)
Told Dyanyre that Hercules did call a liking to
A Ladie called Iólee. And Dyanyra (who
Was iealous ouer Hercules,) gaue credit to the same.
And when that of a Leman first the tidings to hir came,
She being stricken to the hart, did fall to teares alone,
And in a lamentable wise did make most wofull mone.
Anon she said: what méene theis teares thus gushing frō myne eyene
My husbands Leman will reioyce at theis same teares of myne.
Nay, sith she is to come, the best it were to shonne delay,
And for to worck sum new deuyce and practyse whyle I may,
Béefore that in my bed her limbes the filthy strumpet lay.
And shall I then complayne? or shall I hold my tong with skill?
Shall I returne to Calydon? or shall I tarry still?
Or shall I get me out of dores, and let them haue their will?

What

What if that I (Meleager) remembring mée tw bée
Thy sutter, tw attempt sum act notorious did agrée?
And in a harlots death did shew (that all the world myght sée)
What greef can cause the womankynd tw enterpryse among?
And specially when therevnto they forced are by wrong.
With wauering thoughts tyght violétly her mynd was tossed lóg.
At last shée did preferre before all others, for tw send
The shirt bestayned with the blod of Nessus tw the end
Tw quicken vp the quayling loue. And so not knowing what
She gaue, she gaue her owne remorse and greef tw Lychas that
Did know as little as herself: and wretched woman, shee
Desyred him gently tw her Lord presented it tw sée.
The noble Prince receyuing it without mistrust therein,
Did weare the poyson of the Snake of Lerna next his skin.
Tw offer incense and tw pray tw Ioue he did begin,
And on the Marble Altar he full boawles of wyne did shed,
When as the poyson with the heate resoluing, largely spred
Through all the limbes of Hercules. As long as ere he could,
The stoutnesse of his hart was such, that sygh no whit he would.
But when the mischeef grew so great all pacience tw surmount,
He thrust the altar from him streight, and filled all the mount
Of Oeta with his roring out. He went about tw teare
The deathfull garment from his backe, but where he pulled, there
He pulld away the skin: and (which is lothsum tw report)
It eyther cleaued tw his limbes and members in such sort
As that he could not pull it of, or else it tare away
The flesh, that bare his myghty bones and grilly sinewes lay.
The scalding venim boyling in his blod, did make it hisse,
As when a gad of steele red whot in water quenched is.
There was no measure of his paine. The frying venim hent
His inwards, and a purple swet from all his body went.
His sindged sinewes shrinking crakt, and with a secret strength
The poyson euen within his bones the Marée melts at length.
And holding vp his hands tw heauen he sayd with hideous réere.
O Saturnes daughter féede thy selfe on my distresses héere.
Yea féede. and cruell wyght this plage behold thou from aboue
And glut thy sauage hart therewith. Or if thy so may moue

Thée vntw pitie, (for tw thée I am an peter so)
Bereéue mée of my hatefull soule distrest with helpelesse wo,
And borne tw endelesse toyle. For death shall vntw mee bée sweéte,
And for a cruell stepmother is death a gift most méete,
And is it I that did destroy Busiris who did foyle
His temple flowres with straungers blod? Is't I that did dispoyle
Antæus of his mothers help? Is't I that could not bée
Abashed at the Spanyard who in one had bodies three?
Nor at the tryplebeaded shape O Cerberus of thee?
Are you the hands that by the hornes the Bull of Candie drew?
Did you king Augies stable clenze whom afterward pée slew?
Are you the same by whom the fowles were seaard from Stymphaly?
Caught you the Stag in Maydenwod which did not runne but fly?
Are you the hands whose puissance receyued for your pay
The golden belt of Thermodon? Did you conuey away
The Apples from the Dragon fell that waked nyght and day?
Against the force of mée, defence the Centaures could not make,
Nor yit the Boare of Arcadie; nor yit the ougly Snake
Of Lerna, who by losse did grow and double force still take.
What? is it I that did behold the pampred Jades of Thrace
With flaungers full of flesh of men on which they fed a pace?
Is't I that downe at syght thereof, theyr greazy flaungers threw,
And bothe the fatted Jades themselues and eke their mayster slew?
The Nemean Lyon by theis armes lyes dead vppon the ground.
Theis armes the monstrous Giant Cake by Tyber did confound.
Vppon theis shoulders haue I borne the weyght of all the skie.
Ioues cruell wyfe is wéerye of commaunding mée. Yit I
Unwéerie am of doing still. But now on mée is lyght,
An vncoth plage, which neyther force of hand, nor vertues myght,
Nor Arte is able tw resist. Like wasting fyre it spréedes
Among myne inwards, and through out on all my body féedes.
But all this whyle Eurysthye lines in health. And sum men may
Beéleue there bée sum Goddes in déede. Thus much did Hercule say.
And wounded ouer Oeta hygh, he stalking gan tw stray,
As whey a Bull in maymed bulk, a deadly Dart doth beare,
And that the power of the déede is shrunke aslyde for feare.
Oft syghing myght you him haue séene, oft trembling, oft about

To teare the garment with his hands from top to to throughout.
And throwing downe the myghtye trées, and chauffing with the hilles,
Or calling vp his handes to heauen where Ioue his father dwelles.
Behold as Lychas trembling in a hollow rock did lurk,
He spyed him. And as his greef did all in furie worck,
He sayd. Art thou syr Lychas he that broughtest vnto mée
This plagye present? of my death must thou the worcker bée?
Hée quaakt and chaakt, and looked pale, and fearfully gan make
Excuse. But as with humbled hands hee knéeling to him spake,
The furious Hercule caught him vp, and swindging him about
His head a halfe a dozen tymes or moze, he flong him out
Into th'Euboyan sea with foze surmounting any sling.
He hardened into peble stone as in the ayze he hing.
And euen as rayne congeald by wynd is sayd to turne to snowe,
And of the snow round rolled vp a thicker masse to growe,
Which falleth downe in hayle: so men in auncient tyme repoze,
That Lychas being swindged about by violence in that soze,
(His blood then being drayned out, and hauing left at all
No moysture,) into peble stone was turned in his fall.
Now also in th'Euboyan sea appéeres a hygh shoze rocke
In shape of man ageinst the which the shipmen shun to knocke,
As though it could them feele: and they do call it by the name
Of Lychas still: But thou Ioues imp of great renowme and fame,
Didst fell the trées of Oéta high, and making of the same
A pyle, didst giue to *Pœans sonne thy quiuer and thy bow, *Philoctet.
And arrowes which should help agein Troy towne to ouerthrow.
He put to fyze, and as the same was kindling in the pyle,
Thy selfe didst spred thy Lyons skin vpon the wood the whyle,
And leaning with thy head ageinst thy Club, thou laydst thée downe
As chéerfully, as if with flowzes and garlonds on thy crowne
Thou hadst bene set a banquetting among full cups of wyne.
Anon on euery syde about those careleste limbes of thyne
The syze began to gather strength, and crackling noyse did make,
Allayling him whose noble hart soz daliance did it take.
The Goddes soz this defender of the earth were soze afrayd
To whom with chéerefull countenance Ioue perceyuing it thus sayd.
This feare of yours is my delyght, and gladly euen with all

My hart I dw reioyce O Gods that mortall folk mé call
Their king and father, thinking mée ay myndfull of their weale,
And that myne offspring should dw well your selues dw show such zeale.
For though that you dw attribute your fauor tw desert,
Considring his most wondrous acts: yit I tw for my part
Am bound vntw you. Nertheless, for that I would not haue
Your faythfull harts without iust cause in fearfull passions waue,
I would not haue you of the flames in Oeta make account.
For as he hath all other things, so shall he them surmount.
Saue only on that part that he hath taken of his mother,
The fyre shall haue no power at all. Eternall is the tother,
The which he takes of mée, and cannot dye, ne yéld tw fyre.
When this is rid from earthly drosse, then will I lift it hygher,
And take it intw heauen: and I beléeue this déede of myne
Will gladsome bée tw all the Gods. If any tw reppyne,
If any dw reppyne I say that Hercule should become
A God, reppyne he still for mée, and loke he sowre and glum,
But let him know that Hercules deserueth this reward,
And that he shall ageinst his will alow it afterward.
The Gods allented euerychone. And Iuno séemd tw make
No euill countnance tw the rest, vntill hir husband spake
The last. for then her loke was such as well they might perceyue,
Shée did her husbands noting her in euill part conceyue.
While Ioue was talking with the Gods, as much as fyre could waste
So much had fyre consumde. And now O Hercules thou haste
No carkesse for tw know the by. That part is quyght bereft
Which of thy mother thou didst take. Alonly now is left
The likenesse that thou tookst of Ioue. And as the Serpent slye
In casting of his withered slough, renewes his péeres thereby,
And wereth lustyer than before, and loketh crisp and bryght
With scoured scales: so Hercules as sone as that his spryght
Had left his mortall limbes, gan in his better part tw thryue,
And for tw séeme a greater thing than when he was alyue,
And with a stately maiestie ryght reuerend tw appéere.
His myghty father take him vp aboue the cloudy sphére,
And in a charyot placed him among the streaming starres.
Yowge Atlas felt the weyght thereof. But nothing this disbarres

Eurysthyes

Eurysthyes malice. Cruelly he prosecutes the hate
Vppon the offspring, which he bare against the father late.
But yit to make her mone vnto and wayle her miserie
And tell her sonnes great workes, which all the world could tell,
Old Alcmen had Dame Iólee. By Hercules last will
In wedlocke and in hartie loue shée ioyned was to Hill,
By whome shée then was big with chyld: when thus Alcmena sayd.
The Gods at least bé mercifull and send thée then theyr ayd,
And short thy labor, when the frute the which thou gostе withall
Now béeing rype enforceth thee wyth fearfull voyce to call
Vppon Ilithya president of chyldbirthes, whom the ire
Of Iuno at my trauelling made deaf to my desire.
For when the Sun through twyce fyue signes his course had fully run,
And that the paynfull day of birth approched of my sonne,
My burthen strayned out my wombe, and that that I did beare
Became so greate, that of so hoorge a masse yée well myght sweare
That Ioue was father. Neyther was I able to endure
The trauell any lenger tyme. Euen now I you assure
In telling it a shudring cold through all my limbes doth strike,
And partly it renewes my peynes to thinke vppon the like.
I beeing in most cruell throwes myghts seuen and dayes eke seuen,
And tyred with continuall pangs, did lift my hands to heauen,
And crying out aloud did call Lucina to myne ayd,
To lose the burthen from my wombe. Shée came as I had prayd:
But so corrupted long before by Iuno my most foe,
That for to martir mée to death with peyne she purposde tho.
For when shée heard my piteous plaints and gronings, downe shée sate
On yon same altar which you sée there standing at my gate.
Upon her left knée shée had pitcht her right ham, and besyde
Shée stayd the birth with fingars one within another tyde
In lattis wyse. And secretly she whisperde witching spells
Which hindred my deliuerance more than all her doings ells.
I labord still: and forst by payne and torments of my fitts,
I rayld on Ioue (although in vayne) as one besyde her witts.
And ay I wished for to dye. The words that I did speake,
Were such as euen the hardest stones of very flint myght breake.
The wyues of Thebee béeing there, for fauf deliuerance prayd

And giuing chéerfull wordes, did bid I should not bée dismayd.
Among the other women there that to my labor came,
There was an honest yeomans wyfe, Galantis was her name.
Her heare was yellow as the gold, she was a iolly Dame,
And stoutly serued mée, and I did loue her for the same.
This wyfe (I know not how) did smell some packing gone about
On Iunos part. And as she oft was passing in and out,
Shée spyde Lucina set vppon the altar holding fast
Her armes togither on her knées, and with her fingars cast
Within ech other on a knot, and sayd vnto her thus.
I pray you who so ere you bee, reioyce you now with vs,
Thy Lady Alcmen hath her wish, and sauf is brought a bed.
Lucina leaped vp amazde at that that shée had sed.
And let her hands a sunder slip. And I immediatly
With loosening of the knot, had sauf deliuerance by and by.
They say that in deceyuing Dame Lucina Galant laught.
And therfore by the yellow locks the Goddesse wroth hir caught,
And dragged her. And as she would haue risen from the ground,
Shée kept her downe, and into legges her armes shée did confound.
Her former stoutnesse still remaynes: her backe doth kéepe the hew
That erst was in her heare: her shape is only altered new.
And for with lying mouth shée helpt a woman laboring, shée
Doth kindle also at her mouth. And now she haunteth frée
Our houses as shée did before, a Weasle as wée sée.
With that shée syghes to think vppon her seruants hap, and then
Her daughterinlaw immediatly replied thus agen.
But mother, shée whose altred shape doth moue your hart so sore,
Was neyther kith nor kin to you. What will you say therefore,
If of myne owne déere sufter I the wondrous fortune show?
Although my sorrow and the teares that from myne eyes do flow,
Do hinder mée, and stop my spéeche. Her mother (you must know
My father by another wyfe had mée) bare neuer mo
But this same Ladie Dryopee, the fayrest Ladye tho
In all the land of Oechalye Whom béeing then no mayd
(For why the *God of Delos and of Delphos had her frayd)
Andræmon taketh to hys wyfe, and thinkes him well apayd.
There is a certaine leaning Lake whose bowing banks do show

*Apoll.

A likenesse of the salt sea shore. Vppon the brim do grow
All round about it Pirletrées. My suster thither goes
Vnwares what was her destinie, and (which you may suppose
Was more to bée disdeyned at) the cause of comming there
Was to the fayries of the Lake fresh garlonds for to beare.
And in her armes a babye her swéete burthen shée did hold.
Who sucking on her brest was yit not full a twelue month old.
Not farre from this same pond did grow a Lote trée florisht gay
With purple flowres and beries swéete, and leaues as gréne as Bay.
Of theis same flowres to please her boy my suster gathered sum,
And I had thought to do so to, for I was thither cum.
I saw how from the sliuered flowres red drops of blod did fall,
And how that shuddring horribly the braunches quaakt withall,
You must perceyue that (as to late the Countryfolk declare)
A Nymph cald Lotos flying from fowle Pryaps filthy ware,
Was turned into this same trée reseruing still her name.
My suster did not know so much. who when shee backward came
Afrayd at that that shée had séene, and hauing sadly prayd
The Nymphes of pardon, to haue gone her way agen assayd:
Her féete were fastned downe with rootes. Shee stryued all she myght
To plucke them vp. but they so sure within the earth were pyght,
That nothing saue her vpper partes shée could that présent moue.
A tender barke growes from beneath vp leysurly aboue,
And softly ouerspreddes her loynes. which when shee saw, shée went
About to teare her heare, and full of leaues her hand shée hent.
Her head was ouergrowen with leaues. And little Amphise (so
Had Eurytus his Graundsyre naamd her sonne not long ago)
Did féele his mothers dugges wer hard. And as he still them drew
In sucking, not a whit of milke nor moysture did ensiew.
I standing by thée did behold thy cruell chaunce: but nought
I could relieue thee suster myne. yit to my powre I wrought
To stay the growing of thy trunk and of thy braunches by
Embracing thée. Yea I protest I would ryght willingly
Haue in the selfe same barke with thee bene closed vp. Behold,
Her husband good Andræmon and her wretched father old.
Sir Eurytus came thither and enquyrd for Dryope.
And as they askt for Dryope, I shewd them Lote the trée.

They kist the wood which yit was warme, and falling downe bylow,
Did hug the rootes of that their tree. My sister now could show
No part which was not wood except her face. A deawe of teares
Did stand vppon the wretched leaues late formed of her heares.
And whyle she might, and whyle her mouth did giue her way to speake,
With such complaynt as this, her mynd shee last of all did breake.
If credit may be giuen to such as are in wretchednesse,
I sweare by God I neuer yit deserued this distresse.
I sutter peyne without desert. My lyfe hath guiltlesse béene.
And if I lye, I would theis boughes of mine which now are gréene,
Myght withered bée, and I heawen downe and burned in the fyre.
This infant from his mothers wombe remoue you I desyre:
And put him forth to nurce, and cause him vnderneath my tree
Oft tymes to sucke, and oftentymes to play. And when that hée
Is able for to speake I pray you let him gréete mé héere,
And sadly say in this same trunk is hid my mother déere.
But lerne him for to shun all ponds and pulling flowres from trées,
And let him in his heart beléeue that all the shrubs he sees,
Are bodyes of the Goddesses. Adew déere husband now,
Adew déere father, and adew déere sister. And in yow
If any loue of mée remayne, defend my boughes I pray
From wound of cutting hooke and ax, and bit of beast for ay.
And for I cannot stoope to you, rayse you yourselues to mé,
And come and kisse mée whyle I may yit touche and kissed bee.
And lift mée vp my little boy. I can no lenger talke,
For now about my tillye necke as if it were a stalke
The tender rynd beginnes to creepe, and ouergrowes my top.
Remoue your fingars from my face. the spreading barke doth stop
My dying eyes without your help. Shee had no sooner left
Her talking, but her lyfe therewith togither was bereft.
But yit a good whyle after that her native shape did fade,
Her newmade boughes conteined warme. Now whyle that Iole made
Report of this same wondrous tale, and whyle Alcmena (who
Did weepe) was dryling vp the teares of Iole weeping too,
By putting to her thomb: there hapt a sodeine thing so straunge,
That vnto mirth from prauitee their harts it streight did chaunge.
For at the duzzin maner bwen a very boy as then

With short soft Downe about his chin, renoked backe ageñ
To youthfull yeares, stood Iolay with countnance smoth and trim.
Dame Hebee Iunos daughter had bestowde this gift on him,
Entreated at his earnest sute. Whom myndíng fully there
The giuing of like gift ageine to any to forswcare,
Dame Themis would not suffer. For (quoth shée) this present howre
Is cruell warre in Thebee towne, and none but Ioue hath powre
To banquish stately Canapey. The brothers shall a like
Wound eyther other. And alyue a Prophet shall go séeke
His owne quicke ghoste among the dead, the earth him swallowing in.
The sonne by taking vengeance for his fathers death shall win
The name of kynd and wicked man, in one and self same cace.
And slaygbt with mischéeles, from his wits and from his natiue place
The furies and his mothers ghoste shall restlesselye him chace,
Untill his wyfe demaund of him the fatall gold for mæde,
And that his cousin Phegies sword do make his sydes to bléede.
Then shall the fayre Callirrhoee Achelous daughter pray
The myghty Ioue in humble wyse to graunt her children may
Retyre ageine to youthfull yéeres, and that he will not sée
The death of him that did reuenge unbenged for to bée.
Ioue moued at her sute shall cause his daughtrinlaw to giue
Like gift, and backe from age to youth Callirrhoës children driue.
When Themis through foresyght had spoke theis wordes of prophesie,
The Gods began among themselues dayne talke to multiplie,
They mayld why others myght not giue like gift as well as shée.
First Pallants daughter grudged that her husband old should bée.
The gentle Ceres murmurde that her Iasions heare was hore.
And Vulcane would haue calld ageine the yéeres long spent before
By Erichthonius. And the nyce Dame Venus hauing care
Of tyme to come, the making yong of old Anchises sware.
So euery God had one to whom he specialli favor bare.
And through this partiall loue of theyrs seditiously increask
A hurlyburly, till the time that Ioue among them preast,
And sayd. So small by you stand in awe of me this howre,
As thus to rage? Thinkes any of you himself to haue such powre,
As for to alter destinye? I tell you Iolay
Recouered hath by destinye his yéeres erst past away.

Callirrhoës

Callirrhoës chyldren must returne to youth by destiny,
And not by force of armes, or fate sustreynd ambitiously.
And to th'entent with merier myndes yée may this matter beare,
Euen I myselfe by destinyes am ruled. which if I were
Of power to alter, thinke you that our Aeacus should stepe
By reason of his feeble age? or Radamanth should drepe?
Or Minos, who by reason of his age is now disdeynd,
And lines not in so sure a state as heretofore he reygnd?
The wordes of Ioue so mooud the Gods that none of them complaynd,
Sith Radamanth and Aeacus were both with age constreynd:
And Minos also: who (as long as lusty youth did last,)
Did euen with terror of his name make myghty Realmes agast.
But then was Minos weakened sore, and greatly stood in feare
Of Milet one of Deyons race: who proudly did him beare
Vppon his father Phœbus and the stoutnesse of his youth.
And though he feard he would rebell: yit durst he not his mouth
Once open for to banish him his Realme: vntill at last
Departing of his owne accord, Miletus swiftly past.
The Goteses and did build a towne vppon the Asian ground,
Which still reteynes the name of him that first the same did found.
And there the daughter of the brawle Mæander which doth go
So often backward, Cyane a Nymph of body so
Exceeding comly as the lyke was seldome heard of, as
Shée by her fathers wynding bankes for pleasure walking was,
Was knowen by Milet: vnto whom a payre of twinnes shée brought,
And of the twinnes the names were Caune and Byblis. Byblis ought
To bée a mirror vnto Maydes in lawfull wyse to loue.
This Byblis cast a mynd to Caune. but not as did behoue
A sister to her brotherward. When first of all the fyre
Did kindle, shée perceyud it not. Shée thought in her desyre
Of killing him so oftentymes no sin, no yit no harme
In cleeping him about the necke so often with her arme.
The glittering glosse of godlynesse beguyld her long. Her loue
Began from euill vnto worse by little to remoue.
Shée commes to sée her brother deckt in braue and trim attyre,
And for to séeme exceeding fayre it was her whole desyre.
And if that any fayrer were in all the flocke than shee,

It spyghts her. In what case she was as yit shée did not sée.
Her heate ertéded not so farre as for to bow: and yit
Shée suffred in her troubled brist full many a burning fit.
Now calleth shée him mayster, now shée vtter hateth all
The names of kin. Shée rather had he should her Byblis call
Than sister. yit no filthy hope shée durst permit to crépe
Within her mynd awake. But as shée lay in quiet slépe,
Shée oft behild her loue: and oft she thought her brother came
And lay with her, and (though a slépe) shée blushed at the same.
When slépe was gone, she long lay dumb still musing on the syght,
And said with wauering mynd. Now wo is mée most wretched wyght.
What ménes the image of this dreame that I haue séene this nyght?
I would not wish it should bée trew. Why dreamed I then so?
Sure hée is fayre although hée should bée iudged by his fo.
Hée likes mée well. and were he not my brother, I myght set
My loue on him, and he were mée ryght worthy for to get,
But vnto this same match the name of kinred is a let.
Well. So that I wake do still mée vndefyled kepe,
Let come as often as they will such dreammings in my slépe.
In slépe there is no witnesse by. In slépe yit may I take
As greate a pleasure (in a sort) as if I were awake.
Oh Venus and thy tender sonne Sir Cupid, what delyght,
How présent féeling of your sport hath touched mée this nyght?
How lay I as it were resolud both marée, flesh, and bone?
How gladdes it mée to thinke thereon? Alas to soone was gone
That pleasure, and to hastye and despyghtfull was the nyght
In breaking of my ioyes. O Lord if name of kinred myght
Betweene vs two remoued mée, how well it would agrée
O Caune that of thy father I the daughter in law should bée?
How fitly myght my father haue a sonne in law of thée?
Would God that all sane auncestors were common to vs twayne
I would thou were of nobler stocke than I. I cannot sayne
O perle of beautie what shée is whom thou shalt make a mother.
Alas how ill befalles it mée that I could haue none other
Than those same parents which are thyne? So only skill my brother
And not my husband mayst thou bée. The thing that hurts vs bothe
Is one, and that betwéene vs ay inseparably gothe.

What

what méene my dreames thée? what effect haue dreames? or may there bée
Effect in dreames? The Gods are farre in better case than wée.
For why? the Gods haue matched with theyr suffers as wée sée.
So Saturne did alie with Ops the neerest of his blood.
So Tethys with Oceanus: So Ioue did think it good
To take his sister Iuno to his wyfe. What then? the Goddes
Haue lawes and charters by themselues. And sith there is such oddes
Betwéene the state of vs and them, why should I sample take,
Our worldly matters equall with the heauenly things to make?
This wicked loue shall eyther from my hart be driuen away,
Or if it can not bée expulst, God graunt I perish may.
And that my brother kille me layd on Herce to go to graue.
But my desyre the full consent of both of vs doth craue.
Admit the matter liketh me. He will for sin it take.
But yit the sonnes of Aeolus no scrupulousnesse did make
In going to theyr sisters beds. And how come I to know
The feates of them? To what intent theis samples do I show?
Ah whither am I headlong driuen? auaunt foule filthy fyre:
And let mée not in otherwyse than sisterlyke desyre
My brothers loue. Yit if that he were first in loue with mée,
His fondnesse to inclyne vnto perchaunce I could agrée.
Shall I therefore who would not haue retected him if hée
Had sude to mée, go sue to him? and canst thou speake in déede?
And canst thou vtter forth thy mynd? and tell him of thy néede?
My loue will make mée speake. I can. Or if that shame do stay
My tong, a sealed letter shall my secret loue bewray.
This likes her best. vppon this poynt now rests her doubtful mynd
So raysing vp herself vppon her left syde shée enclynd,
And leaning on her elbow sayd. Let him aduyse him what
To do, for I my frantiche loue will vtter playne and flat.
Alas to what vngratiousnesse intend I for to fall?
What furie raging in my hart my senses doth appall?
In thinking so, with trembling hand shée framed her to wryght
The matter that her troubled mynd in musing did indyght.
Her ryght hand holdes the pen, her left doth hold the empty war.
Shée ginnes. Shée douts, shée wryghtes: shée in the tables findeth lacks.
Shée notes, shée blurres, dislikes, and likes: and chaungeth this for that.

Shée

Shée layes away the booke, and takes it vp. Shée wotes not what
She would herselfe. What euer thing shée myndeth for to do
Pilliketh her. A shamefastnesse with boldenesse myxt thereto
Was in her countnance. Shée had once writ Suster: But agen
The name of Suster for to raze shée thought it best. And then
Shée snatcht the tables vp, and did theis following words ingraue.
The health which if thou giue her not shée is not like to haue
Thy louer wisheth vnto thée. I dare not ah for shame
I dare not tell thée who I am, nor let thée heare my name.
And if thou do demaund of mée what thing I do despyze,
Would God that nameles I myght pleade the matter I requyze,
And that I were vnknowen to thee by name of Byblis, till
Assurance of my sute were wrought according to my will.
As tokens of my wounded hart myght theis to thée appeere:
My colour pale, my body leane, my heauy mirthlesse chéere,
My watry eyes, my sighes without apparant causes why,
My oft embracing of thée: and such kisses (if perdye
Thou marked them) as very well thou might haue felt and found
Not for to haue béene Susterlike. But though with greeuous wound
I then were stricken to the hart. although the raging flame
Did burne within: yit take I God to witnesse of the same,
I did as much as lay in mée this outrage for to tame.
And long I stryued (wretched wench) to scape the violent Dart
Of Cupid. More I haue endurde of hardnesse & of smart,
Than any wench (a man would think) were able to abyde.
Force forceth mée to shew my case which faine I still would hyde,
And mercy at thy gentle hand in fearfull wyse to craue.
Thou only mayst the lyfe of mée thy louer spill or saue.
Chose which thou wilt. No crany craues this thing: but such a one
As though shée bée alyde so sure as surer can bée none,
Yit couets shée more surely yit alyed for to bée,
And with a nearer kynd of band to link her selfe to thée.
Let aged folkes haue skill in law: to age it doth belong
To keepe the rigor of the lawes and search out ryght from wrong.
Such youthfull yéeres as ours are yit rash folly doth beseme.
Wée know not what is lawfull yit. And therefore wée may deme
That all is lawfull that wée list: ensewing in the same

The

The dooings of the myghtye Goddes. Set dread of worldly shame
Nor yit our fathers roughnesse, no nor fearfulnesse should let
Our purpose. Only let all feare asyde be wholy set.
Wee vnderneath the name of kin our pleasant scapes may hyde.
Thou knowest I haue libertie to talke with thee a syde.
And openly wee kysse and cull. And what is all the rest
That wants? Haue mercy on mee now, who playnly haue confest
My ease: which thing I had not done, but that the biter rage
Of loue constreynes mee therevnto the which I cannot swage.
Deserue not on my tumb thy name subscribed for to haue,
That thou art he whose cruelnesse did bring mee to my graue.
Thus much shee wrate in vayne, and war did want her to endyght.
And in the margent she was fayne the latter verse to wryght.
Immediatly to scale her shame shee takes a precious stone,
The which shee moystes with teares: frō tung the moysture quight was gone.
Shee calld a seruant shamefastly, and after certaine fayre
And gentle wordes, my trusty man I pray thee beare this payre
Of tables (quoth shee) to my (and a great whyle afterward
Shee added) brother. Now through chaunce or want of good regard
The table slipped downe to ground in reaching to him ward
The handsell troubled sore her mynd. But yit shee sent them. And
Her seruant spying tyme did put them into Caunyes hand.
Mæanders nephew sodeinly in anger flong away
The tables ere he half had red, (scarce able for to stay
His flocke from the seruants face who quaakt) and thus did say.
Auaunt thou bawdye ribawd whyle thou mayst. For were it not
For shame I should haue killed thee. Away afrayd he got,
And told his mistresse of the feerce and cruell answer made
By Caunye. By and by the hew of Byblis gan to fade,
And all her body was benumd with Icie colde for feare
To heere of this repulse. Assone as that her senses were
Returnd ageine, her furious flames returned with her witts.
And thus shee sayd so oft that scarce yit tong the ayer hitts
And worthely. For why was I so rash as to discouer
By hasty wryghting this my wound which most I ought to couer.
I should with dowtfull glauncing wordes haue felt his humor furst,
And made a trayne to trye him if pursue or no he durst.

I should haue beiued firſt the coaſt, to ſée the weather cléere,
And then I myght haue launched ſaue and boldly from the péere.
But now I hoyſt vp all my ſayles before I tryde the wynd:
And therfore am I driuen vppon the rockes againſt my mynd,
And all the ſea doth ouerwhelme mée. Neyther may I fynd
The meanes to get to harbrough, or from daunger to retyre.
Why did not open tokens warne to bridle my deſyre,
Then when the tables falling in deliuering them declaard
My hope was vaine? And ought not I then eyther to haue ſpaard
From ſending them as that day? or haue chaunged whole my mynd?
Nay rather ſhifted of the day? For had I not béene blynd
Euen God himſelf by ſothfaſt ſignes the ſequele ſéemd to bid.
Yea rather than to wyrghting thus my ſecrets to commit,
I ſhould haue gone and ſpoke myſelf, and preſently haue ſhownde
My feruent loue. He ſhould haue ſéene how teares had from mée flowde.
Hée ſhould haue ſéene my piteous looke ryght louer like. I could
Haue ſpoken more than into thoſe my tables enter would.
About his necke againſt his will, myne armes I myght haue wound
And had he ſhaakt me of, I myght haue ſéemed for to ſwound.
I humbly myght haue kiſt his féete, and knéeling on the ground
Beſought him for to ſaue my lyfe. All theis I myght haue proued,
Wherof although no one alone his ſtomacke could haue moued,
Yit all togither myght haue made his hardened hart relent.
Perchaunce there was ſome fault in him that was of meſſage ſent.
He crept vnto him bluntly (I beléeue) and did not watch
Conuenient tyme, in merrie kew at leyſure him to catch.
Theis are the things that hindred mée. For certeinly I knowe
No ſturdy ſtone nor maſſy ſteele doth in his ſtomacke growe.
He is not made of Adamant. He is no Tygers whelp.
He neuer ſucked Lyoneſſe. He myght with litle help
Bée vanquiſht. Let vs giue freſh charge vppon him. Whyle I liue
Without obteyning victorie I will not ouer giue.
For firſtly (if it lay in mée my doings to renoke)
I ſhould not haue begonne at all. But ſéeing that the ſtroke
Is giuen, the ſecond poynt is now to giue the puſh to win.
For neyther he (although that I myne enterpryſe ſhould blin)
Can euer whyle he lyues forget my déede. And ſith I thynk,

My

My loue was lyght, or elſe I meant to trap him, he ſhall thynke.
Or at the leaſt he may ſuppoſe that this my rage of loue
Which broyleth ſo within my breſt, proceedes not from aboue
By Cupids ſtroke, but of ſome foule and filthy luſt. In fyne
I cannot but to wickednelle now more and more inclyne.
By wryghting is my ſute commenſt: my meaning doth appeere:
And though I ceaſe: yit can I not accounted bee for cleere.
Now that that doth remayne behynd is much as in reſpect
My fond deſyre to ſatiſfy: and little in effect
To aggrauate my fault withall. Thus much ſhee ſayd. And ſo
Unconſtant was her wauering mynd ſtill floting to and fro,
That though it nkt her for to haue attempted, yit proceedes
Shee in the ſelf ſame purpoſe attempting, and exceedes
All meaſure. and vnhapy wench ſhee takes from day to day
Repulſe vpon repulſe, and yit ſhee hath not grace to ſtay.
Sone after when her brother ſaw there was with her no end,
He fled his countrie forbycauſe he would not ſo offend,
And in a forreine land did buyld a Citie. Then men ſay,
That Byblis through deſpayre and thought all wholy did diſmay.
Shee tare her garments from her breſt, and furiouſly ſhee wrong,
Her hands, and beete her armes, and like a bedlem with her tong
Confeſſed her vnlawfull loue. But beeing of the ſame
Diſpoynted, ſhee forſoke her land and hatefull houſe for ſhame,
And followed after flyng Caune. And as the Frocs of Thrace
In doing of the three yeere rites of Bacchus: in lyke cace
The maryed wyues of Bubaſie ſaw Byblis howling out
Through all theyr champion feldes The which ſhee leauing, ran about
In Caria to the Leiegs who are men in battell ſtout,
And ſo to Lycia. Shee had paſt Crag, Limyre, and the broke
Of Xanthus, and the countrie where Chymæra that ſame poke
Hath Goatiſh body, Lions head and brſt, and Dragons tayle,
When woods did want: and Byblis now beginning for to quayle
Through weerynelle in following Caune, ſank down and layd her bed
Againſt the ground, and kiſt the leaues that wynd from trees had fled.
The Nymphes of Caria went about in tender armes to take
Her often vp. They oftentymes perſwaded her to ſlake
Her loue. And words of comfort to her deaſe eard mynd they ſpake.

Shee

Shée ſtill lay dumbe: and with her nayles the grænſh herbes shée hild,
And moyſted with a ſtreame of teares the graſſe vpon the fèeld.
The waternymphes (ſo folk repoꝛt) put vnder her a ſpꝛing,
Whych neuer myght be dꝛyde: and could they giue a greater thing?
Immediatly euen like as when yée wound a pitchtrée rynd,
The gum doth iſſue out in dꝛoppes: oꝛ as the weſterne wynd
With gentle blaſt togither with the warmth of Sunne, vnbynd
The yce: oꝛ as the clammy kynd of cement which they call
Bitumen iſſueth from the ground full fraughted therewithall:
So Phœbus néece Dame Byblis then conſuming with her teares,
Was turnd to a fountaine, which in thoſe ſame vallyes beares
The tytle of the founder ſtill, and guſheth freſhly out
From vnderneath a Sugarcheſt as tk it were a ſpowt.
The fame of this ſame wondꝛous thing perhappes had filled all
The hundꝛed Townes of Candye had a greater not befall
Soꝛe néerer home by Iphys meanes tranſfoꝛmed late befoꝛe.
Foꝛ in the ſhyꝛe of Pheſtos hard by Gnoſſus dwelt of poꝛe
A yeoman of the meaner ſoꝛt that Lyctus had to name.
His ſtocke was ſimple, and his welth accoꝛding to the ſame.
Nawbéet his lyfe ſo vpꝛyght was, as noman could it blame.
He came vnto his wyfe then big and ready downe to lye,
And ſayd: two things I wiſh thée. One, that when thou out ſhalt cryе,
Thou mayſt diſpatch with little payne: the other that thou haue
A Boay. Foꝛ Gyꝛles to bꝛing them vp a greater coſt do craue.
And I haue no abilitie. And therefoꝛe if thou bꝛing
A wench (it goes againſt my heart to thinke vppon the thing)
Although againſt my will, I charge it ſtreyght deſtroyed bée.
The bond of nature néedes muſt beare in this behalf with mée.
This ſed, both wept exceédingly, as well the huſband who
Did giue commaundement, as the wyfe that was commaunded to.
Yit Telethuſa earneſtly at Lyct her huſband lay,
(Although in vayne) to haue good hope, and of himſelfe moꝛe ſtay.
But he was full determined. Within a whyle, the day
Appꝛoched that the frute was rype, and shée did loke to lay
Her belly euery myнute: when at miднyght in her reſt
Stood by her (oꝛ did ſéeme to ſtand) the Goddeſſe Iſis, dꝛeſt
And trayned with the ſolemne pomp of all her rytes. Two hoꝛnes

Vppon her forehead lyke the mone, with eares of ryppened cornes
Stood glistring as the burnisht gold. Moreouer shée did weare
A rich and stately diademe. Attendant on her were
The barking bug Anubis, and the saint of Bubast, and
The pydecote Apis, and the God that giues to vnderstand
By fingar holden to his lippes that men should silence kéepe,
And Lybian wormes whose stinging doth enforce continuall séepe,
And thou Osyris whom the folk of Aegypt euer séeke,
And neuer can haue sought inough, and Rittle ratties eke.
Then euen as though that Telethusa had fully béene awake,
And séene theis things with open eyes, thus Isis to her spake.
My seruant Telethusa, cease this care, and breake the charge
Of Lyst. And when Lucina shall haue let thy frute at large,
Bring vp ths same what ere it bée I am a Goddesse who
Delyghts in helping folke at néede. I hither come to do
Thée good. thou shalt not haue a cause hereafter to complayne
Of seruing of a Goddesse that is thankfull for thy payne.
When Isis had this comfort giuen, shée went her way agayne.
A toyfull wyght rose Telethusa, and lifting to the sky
Her hardened hands, did pray hir dreame myght worke effectually.
Her throwes increast, and forth alone anon the burthen came,
A wench was borne to Lystus who knew nothing of the same.
The mother making him beléeue it was a boy, did bring
It vp, and none but shée and nurce were priuie to the thing.
The father thanking God did giue the chyld the Graundsyres name,
The which was Iphys. Ioyfull was the mother of the same,
Because the name did serue alike to man and woman bothe,
And so the lye through godly guile forth vnperceyued gothe.
The garments of it were a boyes. The face of it was such
As eyther in a boy or gyrle of beautie vttered much.
When Iphys was of thirtéene yéeres, her father did insure
The browne Ianthee vnto her, a wench of lyke demure,
Commended for her fauor and her person more than all
The Maydes of Phestos: Telest, men her fathers name did call.
He dwelt in Dyctis. They were bothe of age and fauor léeke,
And vnder both one schoolemayster they did for nurture séeke.
And hereupon the hartes of both, the dart of Loue did stricke.

And

And wounded both of them alike. But vnlike was theyr hope.
Both longed for the wedding day together for to cope.
For whom Ianthee thinkes to bee a man, shee hopes to see
Her husband. Iphys loues whereof shee thinkes shee may not bee
Partaker, and the selfe same thing augmenteth still her flame.
Herself a Mayden with a Mayd (ryght straunge) in loue became.
Shee scarce could stay her teares. What end remaynes for mee (q shee)
How straunge a loue? how vncoth? how prodigious reygnes in mee?
If that the Gods did fauor mee, they should destroy mee quyght.
Or if they would not mee destroy, at least wyse yit they myght
Haue giuen mee such a maladie as myght with nature stond,
Or nature were acquainted with. A Cow is neuer fond
Vppon a Cow, nor Mare on Mare. The Ram delyghts the Ewe,
The Stag the Hynde, the Cocke the Hen. But neuer man could shew,
That female yit was tane in loue with female kynd. O would
To God I neuer had beene borne. Yit least that Candy should
Not bring forth all that monstruous were, the daughter of the Sonne
Did loue a Bull. Howbeit there was a Male to dote vppon.
My loue is furiouser than hers, if truthe confessed bee.
For shee was fond of such a lust as myght bee compast. Shee
Was serued by a Bull beguyld by Art in Cow of tree.
And one there was for her with whom aduowtrie to commit.
If all the conning in the worlde and slyghts of suttle wit
Were heere, or if that Dædalus himselfe with vncowth wing
Of Wax should hither fly againe, what comfort should he bring?
Could he with all his conning crafts now make a boay of mee?
Or could he O Ianthee chaunge the native shape of thee?
Nay rather Iphys settle thou thy mynd and call thy witts
Aboute thee: shake thou of theis flames that folishly by fitts
With out all reason reigne. Thou seest what Nature hathe thee made
(Onlesse thow wilt deceyue thy selfe.) So farre forth wysely wade,
As ryght and reason may suppoort, and loue as women ought
Hope is the thing that braedes desyre, hope feedes the amorous thought.
This hope thy sex denieth thee. Not watching doth restreyne
Thee from embracing of the thing wherof thou art so fayne.
Nor yit the Husbands iealowsie, nor rowghnesse of her Syre,
Nor yit the coynesse of the Wench doth hinder thy desyre.

And yit thou canſt not her enioy. No though that God and man
Should labor to their vttermoſt and do the beſt they can
In thy behalfe, they could not make a happy wyght of thée.
I cannot wiſh the thing but that I haue it. Frank and frée
The Goddes haue giuen mée what they could. As I will, ſo will hée
That muſt become my fatherinlaw. ſo willes my father to.
But nature ſtronger than them all conſenteth not thereto.
This hindreth mée, and nothing elſe. Behold the bliſſull tyme,
The day of Mariage is at hand. Iänthee ſhalbée myne,
And yit I ſhall not her enioy. Amid the water wée
Shall thirſt. O Iuno preſident of mariage, why with thée
Comes Hymen to this wedding where no bridegroome you ſhall ſée,
But bothe are Brydes that muſt that day togither coupled bée?
This ſpoken, ſhée did hold hir peace. And now the tother mayd
Did burne as whote in loue as ſhée. And earneſtly ſhee prayd
The brydale day myght come with ſpéede. The thing for which ſhée longd
Dame Telethuſa fearing ſore, from day to day prolongd
The tyme, oft feyning ſikneſſe, oft pretending ſhée had ſéene
Ill tokens of ſucceſſe. at length all ſhifts conſumed béene.
The wedding day ſo oft delayd was now at hand. The day
Before it, taking from her head the kercheef quyght away,
And from her daughters head likewyſe, with ſcattred heare ſhe layd
Her handes vpon the Altar, and with humble voyce thus prayd.
O Iſis who doſt haunt the towne of Paretonie, and
The fields by Maræotis lake, and Pharos which doth ſtand
By Alexandria, and the Nyle diuided into ſeuen
Great channels, comfort thou my feare, and ſend mée help from heauen,
Thyſelf O Goddeſſe, euen thyſelf, and theis thy reliques I
Did once behold and knew them all: as well thy company
As eke thy ſounding rattles, and thy creſſets burning by,
And myndfully I marked what commaundement thou didſt giue.
That I eſcape vnpuniſhed, that this ſame wench doth liue,
Thy counſell and thy heſt it is. Haue mercy now on twayne,
And help vs. With that word the teares ran downe her cheekes amayne.
The Goddeſſe ſéemed for to moue her Altar: and in déede
She moued it. The temple dores did tremble like a réede.
And hornes in likeneſſe to the Mone about the Church did ſhyne.

And

And Kattles made a raughtith noyse. At this same luckie signe,
Although not wholy careleſſe, yit ryght glad shee went away.
And Iphys followed after her with larger pace than ay
Shee was accuſtomd. And her face continued not so whyght.
Her ſtrength encreaſed, and her lokis moze sharper was to syght.
Her heare grew shozter, and shee had a much moze lively spryght,
Than when shee was a wench. Foz thou O Iphys who ryght now
A modther wert, art now a boay. With offrings both of yow
To Church retyze, and there retoyce with fayth vnfearfull. They
With offrings went to Church ageine, and there theyz vowes did pay.
They also set a table by, which this brief méter had.
The vovves that Iphys vovvd a vvench he hath performd a Lad.
Nert mozrow ouer all the wozld did shine with lightsome flame,
When Iuno, and Dame Venus, and Sir Hymen ioyntly came
To Iphys mariage, who as then transſozmed to a boay
Did take Iánthee to his wyfe, and so her loue enioy

Finis noni Libri.

# ¶ THE TENTH BOOKE of Ouids Metamorphosis.

FRom thence in saffron coloured robe flew Hymen through ye ayre,
And into Thracia being called by Orphy did repayre.
He came in deede at Orphyes call: but neyther did he bring
The wordes of that solemnitie, nor merry countenance vsing,
Nor any handsell of good lucke. His torch with drizling smoke
Was dim: the same to burne out cleere, no stirring could prouoke.
The end was worser than the signe. For as the Fayde did rome
Abrode accompanyde with a trayne of Nymphes to bring her home,
A serpent lurking in the grasse did sting her in the ancle:
Whereof shee dyde incontinent, so sunke the wand did reuele.
Whom when the Thracian Poet had bewayld sufficiently
On earth, the Ghostes departed hence he minding for to trie,
Downe at the gate of Taenarus did go to Limbo lake.
And thence by gastly folk and soules late buried he did take
His iourney to Persephonee and to the king of Ghostes
That like a Lordly tyran reignes in those vnpleasant coastes.
And playing on his tuned harp he thus began to sound.

O you the Souereines of the world set vnderneath the ground,
To whome wee all (what euer thing is made of mortall kynd)
Repayre, if by your leaue I now may freely speake my mynd,
I come not hither as a spye the sights for to see.
Nor yet the foule three headed Gate whose heares all Adders bee
To tye in cheynes. The cause of this my voyage is my wyfe
Whose foote a Viper stinging did abridge her youthfull lyfe.
I would haue borne it patiently: and so to doo I frame.
But Loue surmounted powre. This God is knowen great force to haue
Aboue on earth. And whether he reigne here or no I doubt.
But I beleeue hee reignes here too. If fame that flies abowt
Of former rape report not wrong, Loue coupled also yow.
By theis same places full of feare: by this howge Chaos now,
And by the stillnesse of this waste and emptye kingdome, I
Beseech yee of Eurydicee vnfolde the destinye
That was so swiftly rolled vp. All things to you belong.
And though wee lingring for a whyle our pageants doo prolong,

yet

Yit sone or late we all to one abyding place do come:
We haste vs hither all: this place becomes our latest home:
And you do ouer humaine kynd reigne longest tyme. Now when
This woman shall haue lined full her tyme, she shall agen
Become your owne. The vse of her but for a whyle I craue.
And if the Destinyes for my wyfe denye me for to haue
Release, I fully am resolud for euer here to dwell.
Reioyce you in the death of both. As he this tale did tell,
And played on his instrument, the bludlesse ghostes shed teares:
To tyre on Titius growing hart the gredy Geppe forbeares:
The shunning water Tantalus endeuereth not to drink:
And Danaus daughters ceast to fill theyr tubbes that haue no brink.
Ixions wheele stod still: and downe sate Sisyphus vppon
His rolling stone. Then first of all (so fame for truth hath gone)
The Furies beeing striken there with pitie at his song
Did weepe. And neyther Pluto nor his Ladie were so strong
And hard of stomacke to withhold his suit petition long.
They called forth Eurydice who was as yit among
The newcome Ghosts and limped of her wound. Her husband twise
Her with condition that he should not backe vppon her looke,
Untill the tyme that he were past the bounds of Limbo quyght:
Or else to lose his gyft. They take a path that steepe vpryght
Rose darke and full of foggye mist. And now they were within
A kenning of the vpper earth, when Orphye did begin
To doubt him least she followed not, and thrugh an eager loue
Desyrous for to see her he his eyes did backward moue.
Immediatly she slipped backe. He retching out his hands,
Desyrous to be caught and for to ketch her grasping stands.
But nothing saue the slippry aire (vnhappy man) he caught.
She dying now the second tyme complaynd of Orphye naught.
For why what had she to complayne, onlesse it were of loue:
Which made her husband backe agen his eyes vppon her moue?
Her last farewell she spake so ost, that scarce he heard the sound,
And then reuolted to the place in which he had her found.
This double dying of his wyfe set Orphye in a stound,
No lesse than hym who at the syght of Gorgon dreadfull Hound
That on the middle mettle of thyre body beare an yron cheyne,

Was striken in a sodein feare and could it not restreyne,
Untill the tyme his former shape and nature being gone,
His body quyght was ouergrowne, and turned into stone.
Or than the swlish Olenus, who on himself did take
Anothers fault, and giltlesse néedes himself would giltie make,
Togither with his wretched wyfe Lethæa, for whose pryde
They both becomming stones, do stand euen yit on watry Ide.
He would haue gone to Hell ageine, and earnest sute did make:
But Charon would not suffer him to passe the Stygian lake.
Seuen dayes he sate forlorne vppon the bank and neuer eate
A bit of bread. Care, teares, and thought, and sorrow were his meate
And crying out vppon the Gods of Hell as cruell, hée
Withdrew to lofty Rhodopee and Heme which beaten bée
With Northern wynds. Three tymes the Sunne had passed through the
And watry signe of Pisces and had finisht full the yére. (Sheere
And Orphye (were it that his ill successe hée still did rew,
Or that he vowed so to do) did vtterly eschew
The womankynd. Yit many a one desyrous were to match
With him, but he them with repulse did all althe dispatch.
He also taught the Thracian folke a fashion of Males to make
And of the flowring pryme of beayes the pleasure for to take.
There was a hyll, and on the hyll a verie leuell plot.
Fayre gréene with grasse. But as for shade or couert was there not.
Allwone as that this Poet borne of Goddes, in that same place
Sate downe and touche his tuned string, a shadow came a pace.
There wanted neyther Chaons trée, nor yit the trees to which
Fresh Phaetons sisters turned were, nor Béeche, nor Holme, nor Wich
Nor gentle Asp, nor wyuelesse Bay, nor lofty Chesnuttrée.
Nor Hazle spait, nor Ash wherof the shafts of speares make hée.
Nor knotlesse Firre, nor cheerfull Plane, nor Maple flecked grayne.
Nor Lote, nor Willow which delights by waters to remayne.
Nor slender twigged Tamarisk, nor Box ay gréene of hew.
Nor Figtrées loden with theyr frute of colours browne and blew.
Nor double coloured Myrtletrées. Moreouer thither came
The wrything Iuye, and the Vyne that runnes vppon a frame.
Elmes clad with Vynes, and Ashes wyld, and Pitchtrées blacke as sole,
And full of trées with goodly frute red stryped, Orchyards whole.

And Palme trées lythe which in reward of conquest men do beare,
And Pynapple with tusted top and harsh and prickling heare,
The trée to Cybele mother of the Goddes most déere. For why?
Her minion Atys putting of the shape of man, did dye,
And hardened into this same trée. Among this companie
Was present with a pyned top the Cypresse, now a trée,
Sumtime a boay beloued of the God that with a string
Doth arme his bow, and with a string in tune his Viall bring.
For, hallowed to the Nymphes that in the fieldes of Carthye were
There was a goodly myghty Stag whose hornes such bredth did beare,
As that they shadowed all his head. His hornes of gold did shyne,
And downe his brest hung from his necke, a cheyne with iewels fyne.
Amid his frunt with pretie strings a tablet béing tyde,
Did wauer as he went: and from his eares on eyther syde
Hung perles of all one growth about his hollow temples bryght.
This goodly Spitter béing boyd of dread, as hauing quyght
Forgot his native fearefulnesse, did haunt mens houses, and
Would suffer folk (yea though vnknowen) to coy him with their hand.
But more than vnto all folke elis he déerer was to thée
O Cypariſſe the fayrest Wyght that euer man did sée
In Coea. Thou to pastures, thou to water springs him led,
Thou wreathedst sundry flowres betwéene his hornes vppon his hed.
Sumtyme a horsman thou his backe for pleasure didst bestryde,
And haltring him with silken bit from place to place didst ryde.
In summer tyme about hygh noone when Titan with his heate
Did make the hollow crabbed cleas of Cancer for to sweate,
Unwéeting Cyparissus with a Dart did strike this Hart
Quyght through. And when that of the wound he saw he must depart,
He purposd for to die himself. What woords of comfort spake
Not Phœbus to him? willing him the matter lyght to take
And not more sorrow for it than was requisite to make.
But still the Lad did sygh and sob, and as his last request
Desyred God he myght thencefoorth from mourning neuer rest.
Anon through weeping ouermuch his blud was drayned quyght:
His limbes wert greene: his heare which hung vpō his forehead whyght
Began to bée a bristled bush: and taking by and by
A stiffnesse, with a sharpened top did face the starrie skye.

The

The God did sigh, and sadly sayd. Hyrcine shall mourne for thée,
And thou for others: and ay ons in mourning thou shalt bée.
Such wood as this had Orphye drawen about him as among
The herdes of beasts, and flocks of Birds he sate amyds the throng.
And when his thumbe sufficiently had tryed euery string,
And found that though they seuerally in sundry sounds did ring,
Yit made they all one Harmonie. Ye thus began to sing.
O Muse my mother frame my song of Ioue. for euery thing
Is subiect vnto royall Ioue. Of Ioue the heauenly King
I oft haue shewed the glorious power. I erst in grauer verse
The Gyants slayne in Phlægra feeldes with thunder, did reherse.
But now I néede a méelder style to tell of prettie boyes
That were the derlings of the Gods: and of vnlawfull ioyes
That burned in the brests of Girles, who for theyr wicked lust
According as they did deserue, receyued penance iust.
The King of Goddes did burne erewhyle in loue of Ganymed
The Phrygian and the thing was found which Iupiter that sted
Had rather bée than that he was. Yit could he not be téeme
The shape of any other Bird than Aegle for to séeme
And so he soring in the ayre with borrowed wings trust by
The Troiane boay who still in heauen euen yit doth beare his cup,
And brings him Nectar though against Dame Iunos will it bée.
And thou Amyclys sonne (had not thy beauy destinée
Abridged thée before thy tyme) hadst also placed béene
By Phœbus in the firmament. Now bée it (as is séene)
Thou art eternall so farre forth as may bée. For as oft
As watrie Piscis giueth place to Aries that the soft
And gentle springtyde doth succéede the winter sharp and frowze:
So often thou renewest thyself, and on the fayre gréene clowze
Dost shote out flowres. Thy father bare a speciall loue to thee
Abone all others. So that whyle the God went oft to sée
Eurotas and vntwalled Spart, he left his noble towne
Of Delphos (which a mid the world is situate in renowne)
Without a souereigne. Neyther Harp nor Bow regarded were.
Unmyndfull of his Godhead he refused not to beare
The nets, nor for to hold the hounds, nor as a peynfull mate
To trauell ouer cragged hilles, through which continuall gate

His

His flames augmented more and more. And now the sunne did stand
Well nére midway betweene the myghts last past and next at hand.
They stript themselues and noynted them with oyle of Olyfe fat.
And fell to throwing of a Sledge that was rycht hoyge and flat.
Fyrst Phœbus peysing it did throw it from him with such strength,
As that the weyght drane downe the clouds in flying. And at length
It fell vpon substantiall ground, where plainly it did show
As well the cunning as the force of him that did it throw.
Immediatly vpon desyre himself the sport to trie,
The Spartane lad made haste to take vp vnaduisedly
The Sledge before it still did lye. But as he was in hand
To catch it, it rebounding vp ageinst the hardened land,
Did hit him full vpon the face. The God himselfe did loke
As pale as did the lad, and vp his swounding body toke.
Now cooles he him, now wypes he from the wound the blood away,
Anotherwhyle his fading lyfe he stryues with herbes to stay.
Nought boted Leechcraft. Helpelesse was the wound. And like as one
Brood violet stalkes or Poppie stalkes or Lillies growing on
Browne spindles, straight they withering dwpe with heavy heads & are
Not able for to hold them vp, but with their tops do stare
Vpon the ground. So Hyacinth in yelding of his breath
Chopt downe his head. His necke bereft of strength by meanes of death
Was euen a burthen to itself, and downe did lowly wythe
On both his shoulders, now alone and now a tother lythe.
Thou fadst away my Hyacinth defrauded of the pryme
Of youth (quoth Phœbus) and I see thy wound my heynous cryme.
Thou art my sorrow and my fault: this hand of myne hath wrought
Thy death: I like a murtherer haue to thy graue thée brought.
But what haue I offended thow so onelie that to haue playd,
Or if that to haue loued, an offence it may be sayd.
Would God I render myght my lyfe with and in stead of thée.
To which syth fatall destinée denyeth to agrée,
Both in my mynd and in my mouth thou euermore shalt bée.
My Vtall striken with my hand, my songs shall sound of thée,
And in a new made flowre thou shalt with letters represent
Our syghings. And the tyme shall come ere many yéres bée spent,
That in thy flowre a valeant Prince shall ioyne himself with thée,

And

And leaue his name vppon the leaues for men to rede and see.
Whyle Phœbus thus did prophesie, behold the blood of him
Which dyde the gralle, crast blood to bee, and vp there sprang a trim
And goodly flowre, more orient than the Purple cloth ingrayne,
In shape a Lilye, were it not that Lilyes do remayne
Of syluer colour, whereas theis of purple hew are seene.
Although that Phœbus had the cause of this greate honor beene,
Yit thought he not the same ynough. And therfore did he wryght
His syghes vppon the leaues thereof: and so in colour bryght
The flowre hath a writ theron, which letters are of greek.
So small the Spartanes thought the birth of Hyacinth reprèek
Unto them, that they worship him from that day vnto this.
And as their fathers did before, so they doe neuer misse
With solemne pomp to celebrate his frast from yére to yére.
But if perchaunce that Amathus the rich in mettals, wére
Demaunded if it would haue bred the Propets it would sweare,
Yea euen as gladly as the folke whose brewes sumtyme did beare,
A payre of welhed hornes: whereof they Ceraftes named are.
Before theyr dore an Altar stod of Ioue that takes the care.
Of ayents and of trauellers, which lothsome was to see,
For lewdnesse wrought theron. If one that had a straunger bée
Had lokt thereon, he would haue thought there had on it béene killd
Sum sucking calues or lambes. The blood of straungers there was spilld.
Dame Venus sore offended at this wicked sacrifyse,
To leaue her Cities and the land of Cyprus did deuyse.
But then bethinking her, shée sayd. What hath my pleasant ground
What haue my Cities trespassed? what fault in them is found?
Nay rather let this wicked race by exyle punnisht béene,
Or death, or by sum other thing that is a meane betweene
Both death and exyle. what is that? saue only for to chaunge
Their shape. In studing with herselfe what figure were most straunge,
Shée cast her eye vppon a horne. And therewithall shée thought
The same to bee a shape ryght meete vppon them to bée brought:
And so shée from their myghty limbes their native figure tooke,
And turnd them into boystous Bulles with grim and cruell looke
Yit durst the filthy Propets stand in stiffe opinion that
Dame Venus was no Goddesse till shée being wroth thereat,

To

To make theyr bodies common first compelld them euerychone
And after chaungd theyr former kynd. For when that shame was gone,
And that they wered brazen faall, shée turned them to stone,
In which betweene their former shape was diffrence small or none.
Whom forbycause Pygmalion saw to leade theyr lyfe in sin
Offended with the vice whereof greate store is pacit within
The nature of the womankynd, he led a single lyfe.
And long it was ere he could fynd in hart to take a wyfe.
Now in the whyle by wondrous Art an image he did graue
Of such proportion, shape, and grace as nature neuer gaue
Nor can to any woman giue. In this his worke he take
A certaine loue. The loke of it was ryght a Maydens loke,
And such a one as that yée would beléeue had lyfe, and that
Would moued bée, if womanhod and reuerence letted not:
So artificiall was the worke. He wondreth at his Art
And of his counterfetted corse conceyueth loue in hart.
He often toucht it, feeling if the worke that he had made
Were verie flesh or Ivorye still. Yit could he not perswade
Himself to think it Ivorye. For he oftentymes it felt
And thought it killed him ageine. He hild it by the filt,
And talked to it. He beléeued his fingars made a dint
Uppon her flesh, and feared leaft sum blacke or brwsed print
Should come by touching ouer hard. Sumtyme with pleasant words
And wanton toyes he dalyingly doth cast forth amorous words.
Sumtime (the giftes wherein yong Maydes are wonted to delyght)
He brought her iewches, fyne round stones, and Lillyes fayre & whyght,
And prétie singing birds, and flowres of thousand sorts and hew,
And peynted balles, and Amber from the trée distilled new.
In gorgeous garments furthermore he did her also decke,
And on her fingars put me rings, and cheynes about her necke.
Riche perles were hanging at her eares, and tablets at her breft.
All kynd of things became her well. And when she was vndreft,
Shée seemed not leste beawtifull. He layd her in a bed
The which with scarlet dyde in Tyre was richly ouerspred,
And terming her his bedfellow, he couched downe hir head
Uppon a pillow soft, as though shée could haue felt the same.
The feast of Venus hallowed through the Ile of Cyprus, came

And

And Bullocks whyght with gilden hornes were slayne for sacrifyce,
And vp to heauen of frankincence the smoky fume did ryse.
When as Pygmalion hauing done his dutye that same day,
Before the altar standing, thus with fearefull hart did say.
If that you Goddes can all things giue, then let my wife (I pray)
(He durst not say hee ponsame wench of Ivory, but) bee like
My wench of Ivory. Venus (who was nought at all to seeke
What such a wish as that did meene) then present at her feast,
For handsell of her frendly helpe did cause three tymes at least
The fyre to kindle and to spyre thryse vpward in the ayre.
Assone as he came home, streyght way Pygmalion did repayre
Vnto the Image of his wench, and leaning on the bed,
Did kisse hir. In her body streyght a warmenesse semd to spred.
He put his mouth againe to hers, and on her brest did lay
His hand. The Ivory wered soft: and putting quyght away
All hardnesse, yelded vnderneathe his fingars, as wee see
A peece of wax made soft against the Sunne, or drawen to bee
In diuers shapes by chauffing it betweene ones handes, and so
To serue to vses. He amazde stood wauering to and fro
Tweene ioy, and feare to bee beguyld, against he burnt in loue,
Against with feeling he began his willed hope to proue.
He felt it verye flesh in deede. By laying on his thumb,
He felt her pulses beating. Then he stood no longer dumb
But thanked Venus with his hart. and at the length he layd
His mouth to hers who was as then become a perfect mayd.
She felt the kisse, and blusht therat: and lifting fearefully
Hir eyelidds vp, hir Louer and the light at once did spye.
The mariage that her selfe had made the Goddesse blessed so,
That when the Mone with fullsum lyght nyne tymes her course had go,
This Ladye was deliuered of a Sun that Paphus hyght,
Of whom the Iland takes that name. Of him was borne a knyght
Calld Cinyras who (had he had none issue) surely myght
Of all men vnderneathe the sun beene thought the happyest wyght.
Of wicked and most cursed things to speake I now commence.
Bee daughters and bee parents all go get bee farre from hence.
Or if yee mynded bee to heere my tale, beleeue mee nought
In this behalfe: ne think that such a thing was euer wrought.

Or

Or if yée will beléeue the déede, beléeus the vengeance too
Which lyghted on the partye that the wicked act did doo.
But if that it be possible that any wyght so much
From nature should degenerate, as for to fall to such
A heynous cryme as this is, I am glad for Thracia, I
Am glad for this same world of ours, yea glad exceedingly
I am for this my native soyle, for that there is such space
Betweene it and the land that bred a chyld so voyd of grace.
I would the land Panchaya should of Amomie be rich,
And Cinnamom, and Costus swéete, and Incence also which
Doth issue largely out of trees, and other flowers straunge,
As long as that it beareth Pyrrhe: not worth it was the chaunge,
Newe trées to haue of such a pryce. The God of loue denyes
His weapons too haue hurted thée, O Myrrha, and he tryes
Himselfe vngiltie by thy fault. One of the Furies thyre
With poysonde Snakes and hellish brands hath rather blasted thée
To hate ones father is a cryme as heynous as may bee.
But yit more wicked is this loue of thine than any hate.
The youthfull Lordes of all the East and Péeres of cheefe state
Desyre to haue thée too their wyfe, and earnest sute doo make.
Of all (excepting onely one) thy choyce O Myrrha take.
Shee léeles her filthye loue, and stryues ageinst it, and within
Herselfe sayd. whither rownes my mynd? what thinke I to begin?
Yée Gods (I pray) and godlynesse, yee holy rites and awe
Of parents, from this heynous cryme my vicious mynd withdraw,
And disappoynt my wickednesse. At least wyse if it bée
A wickednesse that I intend. As farre as I can sée,
This loue infryndgeth not the bondes of godlynesse a whit.
For euery other liuing wyght dame nature doth permit
Too match without offence of sin. The Heifer thinkes no shame
Too beare her father on her backe: The Horse beestrydes the same
Of whom he is the fyre: The Gote doth bucke the kid that hée
Himselfe begate: and birdes doo tread the selfe same birdes wée sée
Of whom they hatched were before. In happye case they are
That may doo so without offence. But mans malicious care
Hath made a bryde for it selfe, and spyghtfull lawes restreyne
The things that nature setteth free. yit are their Realmes (men sayne)

In

In which the mother with the sonne, and daughter with the father
Do match, where through of godlynesse the bond augments the rather
With doubled loue. Now wo is mée it had not béene my lot
In that same countrie to bée borne. And that this luckiesse plot
Should hinder mée. Why thinke I thus? Auaunt vnlawfull loue.
I ought to loue him I confesse: but so as doth behoue
His daughter: were not Cinyras my father then, I wis
I myght obtaine to lye with him. But now bycause he is
Myne owne, he cannot bée myne owne. The nèerenesse of our kin
Doth hurt me. Were I further of perchaunce I more myght win.
And if I will that I therby this wickednesse myght shunne,
I would forsake my native soyle and farre from Cyprus runne.
This euill heate doth hold mée backe, that béeing présent still
I may but talke with Cinyras and loke on him my fill,
And touch, and kisse him, if no more may further graunted bée.
Why wicked wench? and canst thou hope for further? dost not sée
How by thy fault thou dost confound the ryghts of name and kin?
And wilt thou make thy mother bée a Cucqueane by thy sin?
Wilt thou thy fathers leman bée? wilt thou bée both the mother
And sucker of thy chyld? shall he bée both thy sonne and brother?
And standst thou not in feare at all of those same suckers thrée
Whose heads with crawling snakes in stead of heare bemarted bée?
Which pulling with theyr cruell brands folks eyes and mouthes, do sée
Theyr sinfull harts? but thou now whyle thy body yit is frée,
Let neuer such a wickednesse once enter in thy mynd.
Defyle not myghtye natures hest by lust against thy kynd.
What though thy will were fully bent? yit euen the very thing
Is such as will not suffer thée the same to end to bring.
For why he béeing well disposde and godly, myndeth ay
So much his dewtye that from ryght and truth he will not stray.
Would God lyke furie were in him as is in mee this day.

This sayd, her father Cinyras (who dowted what to do
By reason of the worthy store of suters which did woo
His daughter,) bringing all theyr names did will her for to show
On which of them thée had herselfe most fancie to bestow.
At first thée held her peace a whyle, and looking wistly on

Her

Her fathers face, did boyle within: and scalding teares anon
Ran downe her visage. Cyniras, (who thought them to proceede
Of tender harted shamefastnesse) did say there was no neede
Of teares, and dryed her cheekes, and kist her. Myrrha toke of it
Exceeding pleasure in her selfe: and when that he did wit
What husband shee did wish to haue, shee sayd: one like to yow.
The vnderstanding not hir thought, did well her wordes allow.
And sayd: in this thy godly mynd continew. At the name
Of godlynesse, shee cast mee downe her looke for very shame.
For why her guiltie hart did knowe shee well deserued blame.
Vygh mydnight came, and sleepe bothe care and carkesses oppresst.
But Myrrha lying brode awake could neyther sleepe nor rest.
Shee fryes in Cupids flames, and workes continewally vppon
Her furious loue. One while shee sinkes in deepe despayre. Anon
Shee fully myndes to giue attempt, but shame doth hold her in.
Shee wishes and shee wotes not what to do, nor how to gin.
And like as when a mightye tree with axes hewed rownd,
Now readye with a stroppe or twaine to lye vppon the grownd,
Vncerteine is which way to fall and tottreth euery way:
Euen so her mynd with dowefull wound effebled then did stray
Now heere now there vncerteinely, and toke of bothe encreace.
No measure of her lyue was found, no rest, nor yit release,
Saue onely death. death likes her best. Shee ryseth, full in mynd
To hang herselfe. About a post her girdle she doth bynd.
And sayd farewell deere Cinyras, and vnderstand the cause
Of this my death. And with that word about her necke shee drawes
The noze. Her trustye nurce that in another Chamber lay
By fortune heard the whispring sound of theis her wordes (folk say.)
The aged woman rysing vp vnboltes the doze. And whan
Shee saw her in that plyght of death, shee shrieking out began
To smyght her selfe, and scratcht her brest, and quickly to her ran
And rent the girdle from her necke. Then weeping bitterly
And holding her betweene her armes, shee askt the question why
Shee went about to hang her selfe so vnaduisedly.
The Lady hild her peace as dumb, and loking on the ground
Vnmouably, was sorye in her hart for being found
Before shee had dispatcht herselfe. Hernurce still at her lay,

And shewing her her emptie dugges and naked head all gray,
Besought her for the paynes shee toke with her both night and day
In rocking and in feeding her, shee would vouchsafe to say
What ere it were that greeued her. The Ladye turnd away
Displeasde and fetcht a sygh. The nurce was fully bent in mynd
To bowlt the matter out: for which not onely shee did bynd
Her fayth, in secret things to keepe: but also sayd, put mee
In trust to fynd a remedye. I am not (thou shalt see)
Yit altogither dulld by age. If furiousenesse it bee,
I haue bothe charmes and chaunted herbes to help. If any wyght
Bewitcheth thee, by witchcraft I will purge and set thee quyght.
Or if it bee the wrath of God, we shall with sacrifyse
Appease the wrath of God right well. What may I more surmyse?
No theeues haue broken in vppon this house and spoyld the welth.
Thy mother and thy father bothe are liuing and in helth.
When Myrrha heard her father naamd, a greuous sygh she fet
Euen from the bottom of her hart. Howbeet the nurce as yet
Mistoemd not any wickednesse. But nerethelesse shee gest
There was some loue: and standing in one purpose made request
To breake her mynd vnto her, And shee set her tenderly
Vppon her lappe. The Ladye wept and sobbed bitterly.
Then culling her in feeble armes, shee sayd I well espye
Thou art in loue. My diligence in this behalf I sweare
Shall serue table to thee bee. Thou shalt not neede to feare
That ere thy father shall it knowe. At that same word shee lept
From nurces lappe like one that had beene past her witts, and slept
With fury to her bed. at which shee leaning downe hir face
Sayd, hence I pray thee: force mee not to shewe my shamefull cace.
And when the nurce did vrge her still, shee answered eyther get
The hence, or ceace to aske mee why myself I thus do fret.
The thing that thou desyrst to knowe is wickednesse. The old
Powre nurce gan quake, and trembling both for age and feare did hold
Her handes to her. And kneeling downe right humbly at her feete,
One whyle shee sayre intreated her with gentle wordes and sweete.
Another whyle (onlesse shee made her privie of her sorrow)
Shee threatned her, and put her in a feare shee would next morrow
Bewray her how shee went about to hang herself. But if

Shee

Shée told her, shée did plyght her fayth and help to her releef.
Shée lifted vp her head, and then with teares fast gushing out
Beeflowbered all her nurces brest: and going ofte about
To speake, shée often stayd: and with her garments hid her face
For shame, and lastly sayd: O happye is my mothers case
That such a husband hath. with that a greeuous sygh shée gaue,
And hild her peace. Theis wordes of hers a trembling chilnesse braue
In nurcis limbes, which perst her bones: (for now shée vnderstood
The case) and all her hoyre beare vp stiffly staring stood
And many things she talkt to put away her cursed loue,
If that it had beene possible the madnesse to remoue.
The Mayd herselfe to be full trew the councell doth espye:
Yit if shée may not haue her loue shée fully myndes to dye.
Line still (q nurce) thou shalt obteine (shée durst not say thy father,
But sayd at that.) And forbycause that Myrrha should the rather
Beleeue her, shée confirmd her wordes by othe. The yérely feast
Of gentle Ceres came, in which the wyues bothe mosse and least
Appareld all in whyght are wont the firstlings of the field
Fyne garlonds made of eares of corne to Ceres for to yéeld.
And for the space of thryce thrée nyghts they counted it a sin
To haue the vse of any man, or once to towche his skin.
Among theis women did the Queene frequent the secret rites.
Now whyle that of his lawfull wyfe his bed was boyd a nightes,
The nurce was double diligent: and fynding Cinyras
Well washt with wyne, shée did surmyse there was a pretye lasse
In loue with him. And hyghly shée her beawty setteth out.
And béeing asked of her yéeres, she sayd shée was about
The age of Myrrha. well (q she) then bring her to my bed.
Returning home shée sayd: bé glad my nurcechilde: we haue sped.
Not all so wholly in her hart was wretched Myrrha glad,
But that her fyre misgiuing mynd did also make her sad.
Howbéete shée also did reioyce as in a certaine kynd,
Such discord of affections was within her combred mynd.
It was the tyme that all things rest. And now Boötes bryght
The wayner of the Oxen seuen about the northpole pyght.
Had sumwhat turnd his wayne asyde, when wicked Myrrha sped
About her bayliefe. But of heauen the golden Phoebee fled.

With clowds more black than any pitch the ſtarres did hyde their hed.
The nyght becommeth biter voyd of all her wonted lyght.
And firſt before all other hid their faces out of ſyght
Cynd Icar and Erigonee his daughter, who for lous
Moſt vertuous to her fatherward, was take vp aboue
And made a ſtarre in heauen. Three tymes had Myrrha warning giuen
By ſtumbling, to retyre. Three tymes the deathfull Owle that euen
With dolefull noyſe prognoſticates vnhappie lucke. Yet came
Shee forward ſtill: the darkneſſe of the nyght abated ſhame.
Her left hand held her nurce, her right the darke blynd way did grope.
Anon ſhee to the chamber came: anon the doore was ope:
Anon ſhee entred in. with that her foltring hammes did quake:
Her colour dyde: her blod and hart did clerly her forſake.
The nerer ſhee approched to her wickednеſſe, the more
Shee trembled: Of her enterpryſe it irked her full ſore:
And fayn ſhee would ſhee might vnknowe haue turned back. Nurce led
Her pawſing forward by the hand: and putting her to bed,
Here take this Damzell Cinyras, ſhee is thine owne ſhee ſed.
And ſo ſhee layd them breſt to breſt. The wicked father takes
His bowelles into filthy bed, and there with woordes aſſlakes
The maydens feare, and cheres her vp. And leaſt this cryme of theyres
Myght want the ryghtfull termes, by chaunce as in reſpect of yeres
Ye daughter did hir call, and ſhee him father. Being ſped
With curſed ſeede in wicked womb, ſhee left her fathers bed,
Of which ſone after ſhee became greate dagged with her ſhame.
Nert night the lewdneſſe doubled. And no end was of the ſame,
Untill at length that Cinyras deſyrous for to knowe
His louer that ſo many nyghes vppon him did beſtowe,
Did fetch a light: by which he ſawe his owne moſt hepnous cryme,
And eke his daughter. nathelеſſe, his ſorrow at that time
Repreſt his ſpeche. Then hanging by he drew a Rapier bryght.
Away ran Myrrha, and by meanes of darkneſſe of the nyght
Shee was deliuered from the death: and straying in the broade
Datebearing feldes of Arabye, ſhee through Panchaya rode,
And wandring full nyne monethes at length ſhee reſted being tyde
In Saba land. And when the tyme was nere at hand cryde,
And that vneath the burthen of her womb ſhee well could beare,

Not

Not knowing what she might desyre, distrest betweéne the feare
Of death, and tediousnesse of lyfe, this prayer shée did make.
O Goddes, if of repentant folk you any mercye take,
Sharpe vengeance I confesse I haue deserued, and content
I am to take it patiently. Yow bée it to thentent
That neyther with my lyfe the quick, nor with my death the dead
Anoyed bée, from both of them exempt mée this same sted.
And altring mée, deny to mée both lyfe and death. we sée
To such as do confesse theyr faults sum mercy shewd to bée.
The Goddes did graunt her this request, the last that Myrrha could make.
The ground did ouergrow hir féete, and ancles as shée spake.
And from her burssen toes went rotes, which wrything hære and there
Did fasten so the trunk within the ground shée could not steare.
Her bones did into timber turne, whereof the marie was
The pith, and into watrish sappe the blod of her did passe.
Her armes were turnd to greater boughes, her fingars into twig,
Her skin was hardned into bark. And now her belly big
The eatching trée had ouergrowen, and ouertane her brest,
And hasted for to win her neck, and hyde it with the rest.
Shée made no taryence nor delay, but met the comming trée,
And shrunk her face within the barke therof. Although that shée
Together with her former shape her senses all did lose,
Yit wéepeth shée, and from her trée warme droppes do softly wose.
The which her teares are had in pryce and honour. And the Myrrhe
That illueth from her gummy bark doth beare the name of her,
And shall do whyle the world doth last. The misbegotten chyld
Grew still within the trée, and from his mothers womb defyld
Sought meanes to bée delyuered. Her burthened womb did swell
Amid the trée, and stretcht her out. But wordes wherwith to tell
And vtter forth her greef did want, She had no vse of spéech
With which Lucina in her throwes shée might of help beséech.
Yit like a woman labring was the trée, and bowing downe
Gaue ofté sighes, & shed forth teares as though shée there should drowne.
Lucina to this wofull trée came gently downe, and layd
Her hand theron, and speaking wordes of ease the midwife playd.
The trée did cranye, and the barke deuiding made away,
And yéelded out the chyld alyue, which cryde and wayld streyght way.

The waternymphes vppon the ſoft ſwéete hearbes the chyld did lay,
And bathde him with his mothers teares. His face was ſuch as ſpyght
Muſt nédes haue prayſd. For ſuch he was in all condicions right,
As are the naked Cupids that in tables picturde bée.
But tw thentent he may with them in euery poynt agrée,
Let eyther him bée furniſhed with wings and quiuer light,
Or from the Cupids take theyr wings and bowes and arrowes quight.
Away ſlippes fleeting tyme vnſpyde and mocks vs tw our face,
And nothing may compare with yeares in ſwiftneſſe of theyr pace.
That wretched lad whom wickedly his graundfather begate,
And whom his curſed ſuſter bare, who hidden was alate
Within the trée, and lately borne, became immediatly
The beawtyfullyſt babe on whom man euer ſet his eye.
Anon a ſtripling hée became, and by and by a man,
And euery day more beawtifull than other he becam.
That in the end Dame Venus fell in loue with him: wherby
He did reuenge the outrage of his mothers villanye.
For as the armed Cupid kiſt Dame Venus, vnbeware
An arrow ſticking out did raze hir breſt vppon the bare.
The Goddeſſe being wounded, thruſt away her ſonne. The wound
Appeered not tw bée ſo dépe as afterward was found.
At did deceyue her at the firſt. The beauty of the lad
Inflaamd her. Tw Cythera Ile no mynd at all thée had.
Nor vnto Paphos where the ſea beats round about the ſhore,
Nor ſtThy Gnyde, nor Amathus that hath of metalls ſtore.
Yea euen from heauen thée did abſteyne. Shée lovd Adonis more
Than heauen. To him thée clinged ay, and bare him companye.
And in the shadowe wont thée was tw reſt continually,
And for tw ſet her beawtye out moſt ſémely tw the eye
By trimly decking of her ſelf. Through buſhy grounds and groues,
And ouer Hills and Dales, and Lawnds and ſtony rocks thée roues,
Bare knéd with garment tucked vp according tw the wont
Of Phebe, and thée cheérd the hounds with hallowing like a hunt,
Purſewing game of hurtleſſe ſort, as Hares made lowe before.
Or ſtagges with lofty heades, or bucks. But with the ſturdy Boare
And rauening woolf, and Bearewhelpes armd with vgly pawes, and éke
The cruell Lyons which delyght in blood, and ſlaughter ſéke,

Shé

Shée meddled not. And of theis same shée warned also thée
Adonis for to shonne them, if thou wouldst haue warned bée.
Bée bold on cowards (Venus sayd) for whoso doth aduaunce
Himselfe against the bold, may hap to méete with sum mischaunce.
Wherfore I pray thée my swéete boy forbeare to bold to bée.
For feare thy rashnesse hurt thy self and wourk the woo of mée
Encounter not the kynd of beastes whom nature armed hath,
For dowt thou buy thy prayse to déere procuring thée sum scath.
Thy tender youth, thy beawty bryght, thy countnance fayre and braue
Although they had the force to win the hart of Venus, haue
No powre ageinst the Lyons, nor ageinst the brist led swyne.
The eyes and harts of sauage beasts dw nought to theis inclyne.
The cruell Boares beare thunder in theyr hoked tushes, and
Exceeding force and fércenesse is in Lyons to withstand.
And sure I hate them at my hart. To him demaunding why?
A monstrous chaunce (qᵗ Venus) I will tell thée by and by,
That hapned for a fault. But now vnwonted toyle hath mads
Mé wéarye: and beholde, in tyme this Poplar with his shade
Allureth, and the ground for cowch doth serue to rest vppon.
I prey thée let vs rest héere. They sate them downe anon.
And lying vpward with her head vppon his lappe along,
Shée thus began: and in her tale shée bussled him among.

Perchaunce thou hast or this tyme hard of one that ouercame
The swiftest men in fotemanshippe. no fable was that same.

She ouercame them out of dowt. And hard it is to tell
Thée whither she did in fotemanshippe or beawty more excell.
Vppon a season as she askt of Phebus, what he was
That should her husband bée, he sayd. For husband dw not passe
O Atalanta, thou at all of husband hast no néede
Shonne husbanding. But yit thou canst not shonne it I thée réede.
Alyue thou shalt not be thy self. Shée being sore afrayd
Of this Apollos Oracle, did kéepe herself a mayd,
And lined in the shady woodes. When woers to her came,
And were of her importunate, shée draue away the same
With boystous wordes, and with sore condition of the game.
I am not to be had (qᵗ shée) onlesse yée able bée
In ronning for to vanquish mée. Yée must contend with mée

In swtemanshippe. And who so winnes the wager, I agrée
To bée his wife. But if that he bée found too slowe, then hée
Shall lose his head. This of your game the verrye law shall bée.
Shée was in déede vnmercifull. But such is beawties powze,
That though the sayd condition were extreme and ouer sowze,
Yit many suters were so rash to vndertake the same.
Hippomenes as a loker on of this vncurteous game,
Sate by, and sayd. Is any man so mad to séeke a wyfe
With such apparant perill and the hazard of his lyfe?
And vtterly he did condemne the youngmens loue. But when
He saw her face and bodye bare, (for why the Lady then
Did strippe her to her naked skin) the which was like to myne,
Or rather (if that thou wert made a woman) like to thyne:
He was amazde. And holding vp his hands to heauen, he sayth:
Forgiue mée you with whom I found such fauls euen now: In sayth
I did not know the wager that yée ran for. As hée prayseth
The beawty of her, in him selfe the fyze of loue he rayseth.
And through an enuy fearing least shée should a way be wonne,
He wisht that nere a one of them so swift as shée might ronne.
And wherfoze (qd hée) put not I myselfe in preace to trye
The fortune of this wager? God himselfe continually
Doth help the bold and hardye sort. now whyle Hippomenes
Debates theis things within himselfe and other like to these,
The Damzell ronnes as if her féete were wings. And though that shée
Did fly as swift as arrow from a Turkye bowe: yit hée
More wondzed at her beawtye than at swiftnesse of her pace
Her ronning greatly did augment her beawtye and her grace.
The wynd ay whisking from her féete the labells of her socks
Vppon her back as whyght as snowe did tosse her golden locks,
And eeke thembroydzed garters that were tyde beneathe her ham.
A rednesse mixt with whyght vppon her tender bodye cam,
As when a scarlet curtaine strcynd ageinst a playstred wall
Doth cast like shadowe, making it seme ruddye therwithall.
Now whyle the straunger noted this, the race was fully ronne,
And Atalant (as shée that had the wager clérely wonne)
Was crowned with a garlond braue. The vanquisht sighing sore,
Did lose theyr lyues accozding to agréement made before.

Howbéeit

Notwithstanding nought at all dismayd with theis mennes luckelesse care
He stepped forth, and looking full vppon the maydens face,
Sayd: wherfore dost thou seeke renowne in vanquishing of such
As were but dastards? cope with mée. If fortune bée so much
My frend to giue mee victorie, thou needest not hold scorne
To yéeld to such a noble man as I am. I am borne
The sonne of noble Megaree Onchestyes sonne, and hée
Was sonne to Neptune. Thus am I great graundchyld by degrée
In ryght descent, of him that rules the waters. Neyther do
I out of kynd degenerate from vertue méete therto.
Or if my fortune bée so hard as vanquisht for to bée,
Thou shalt obteine a famous name by ouercomming mée.
In saying thus, Atlanta cast a gentle loke on him
And doubting whither shée rather had to lose the day or win,
Sayd thus. What God an enmy to the beawtyfull, is bent
To bring this person to his end, and therfore hath him sent
To seeke a wyfe with hazard of his lyfe? If I should bée
Myselfe the iudge in this behalfe, there is not sure in mée
That doth deserue so déerely to bée earned. neyther doth
His beawty moue my hart at all. yit is it such in soth
As well might moue mée. But bycause as yit a chyld he is,
His person moues mée not so much as doth his age I wis.
Béesydes that manhod is in him, and mynd vnstayd of death:
Béesydes that of the watrye race from Neptune as he seth
He is the fowrth: béesydes that he doth loue mée, and doth make
So great accompt to win mée to his wyfe, that for my sake
He is contented for to dye, if fortune bée so sore
Against him to denye him mée. Thou straunger hence therfore.
Away I say now whyle thou mayst, and shonne my bloody bed.
My mariage cruell is, and craues the losing of thy hed.
There is no wench but that would such a husband gladly catch.
And shée that wyfe were myght desyre to méete with such a match.
But why now after heading of so many, do I care
For thée? Loke thou to that. For sith so many men as are
Alreadye put to slawghter can not warne thée to béeware,
But that thou wilt bée wéerye of thy lyfe, dye: do not spare.
And shall he perrish then bycause he sought to line with mee?

And

And for his loue vnworthely with death rewarded bée:
All men of such a victory will speake to foule a shame.
But all the world can testifye that I am not to blame.
Would God thou wouldst desist. Or else bycause thou are so mad,
I would to God a litle more thy féete of swiftnesse had.
Ah what a maydens countenance is in this chyldish face:
Ah foolish boy Hippomenes, how wretched is thy case:
I would thou neuer hadst mée séene. Thou worthy art of lyke.
And if so bée I happy were, and that to bée a wyfe
The cruell destinyes had not mée forbidden, sure thou art
The onely wyght with whom I would bée matcht with all my hart.
This spoken: shée yit rawe, and but new stricken with the dart
Of Cupid, béeing ignorant, did loue and knew it nat
Anon her father and the folk assembled, willed that
They should begin they? wonted race. Then Neptunes issue prayd
With carefull hart and voyce to mée, and thus deuoutly sayd.
O Venus, fauour myne attempt, and send mée downe thyne ayd
To compasse my desyred loue which thou hast on mée layd.
His prayer moud mée (I confesse,) and long I not delayd
Before I helpt him. Now there is a certaine féeld the which
The Cyprian folk call Damasene, most fertile and most rich
Of all the Cyprian féelds: the same was consecrate to mée
In auncient tyme, and of my Church the glebland wont to bée.
Amid this féeld, with golden leaues there growes a goodly trée
The crackling boughes whereof are all of yellow gold. I came
And gathered golden Apples thrée: and bearing thence the same
Within my hand, immediatly to Hippomen I gat
Inuisible to all wyghts else saue him and taught him what
To do with them. The Trumpets blew: and girding forward, both
Set forth, and on the houering dust with nimble féete eche goth.
A man would think they able were vppon the Sea to go
And neuer wet they? féete, and on the ayles of corne also
That still is growing in the féeld, and neuer downe them tread.
The man tooke courage at the shewt and wordes of them that fed,
Now now is tyme Hippomenes to ply it, hye a pace:
Enforce thyself with all thy strength: lag not in any case:
Thou shalt obteine. It is a thing ryght doutfull whither hée

At

At theis well willing wordes of theyrs reioyſed more, or ſhée.
O Lord how often when ſhée might outſtrippe him did ſhée ſtay,
And gazed long vppon his face, right loth to go her way?
A wéerye breath proceéded from theyr parched lippes, and farre
They had to ronne. Then Neptunes imp her ſwiftneſſe to diſbarre,
Trolld downe a toneſide of the way an Apple of the thrée.
Amazde therat, and couetous of the goodly Apple, ſhée
Did ſtep aſyde and ſnatched vp the rolling frute of gold.
With that Hippomenes coted her. The folke that did behold,
Made noyſe with clapping of theyr hands. She recompenſt her ſlothe
And loſſe of tyme with ſwiftmanſhippe: and ſtreight ageine outgothe
Hippomenes, leauing him behind. and béeing ſtayd agen
With taking vp the ſecond, ſhée him ouertooke. And when
The race was almoſt at an end: He ſayd: O Goddeſſe, thou
That art the author of this gift, aſſiſt mée freendly now,
And therwithall, of purpoſe that ſhe might the longer bée
In comming, bée with all his might did bowle the laſt of thrée
A ſkew a toneſide of the fielde. The Lady ſéemde to make
A dowt in taking of it vp. I forced her to take
It vp, and to the Apple I did put a heauy weyght,
And made it of ſuch maſſineſſe ſhée could not lift it ſtreight:
And leaſt that I in telling of my tale may longer bée,
Than they in ronning of their race, outſtripped quight was ſhée.
And he that wan her, marying her enioyd her for his fée.
Thinkſt thou I was not worthy thanks, Adonis thinks thow.
I earned not that he to mée ſhould frankincence allow?
But he forgetfull neyther thanks nor frankincence did giue.
By meanes wherof to ſwoden wrath he iuſtly did me driue.
For béeing greéued with the ſpyght, bycauſe I would not bée
Deſpyſd of ſuch as were to come, I thought it beſt for mée
To take ſuch vengeance of them both as others might take héede
By them. And ſo againſt them both in anger I proceéde.
A temple of the mother of the Goddes that bowred was
And buylded by Echion in a darkſome groue, they paſſe
There through my might Hippomenes was touchd and ſtirred ſo,
That néedes he would to Venerie though out of ſeaſon go.
Not farre from this ſame temple was with little light adorn-

With-

With pommye bawled naturally, long consecrate ere then
For old religion, not vnlike a caue: wher priests of yore
Bestowed had of Images of wooden Goddes good store.
Hippomenes entring herinto defyld the holy place.
With his vnlawfull lust: from which the Idolls turnd they? face.
And Cybell with the towred toppes disdeyning, dowted whither
Shée in the lake of Styx might drowne the wicked folk togither.
The pennance seemed ouer lyght. and therefore shée did cawle
Thinne yellow manes to growe vppon they? necks: and hoked pawes
In stead of fingars to succéede. They? shoulders were the same
They were before: with wondrous force dépe brested they bécame.
They? loke bécame fierce, cruell, grim, and sowre: a tufted tayle
Stretcht out in length farre after them vpon the ground doth trayle.
In stead of speech they rore: in stead of bed they haunt the wood:
And dreadfull vnto others they for all they? cruell moode
With tamed téeth chaw Cybells bitts in shape of Lyons. Shonne
Theis beastes déere hart: and not from theis alonely flée thou ronne,
But also from eche other beast that turnes not backe to flight
But offreth with his boystrous brest to try the chaunce of fyght:
Anemis least thy valeantnesse bée hurtfull to vs both.
This warning giuen, w̄ yoked swannes away through aire she goth.
But manhod by admonishment restreyned could not bée.
By chaunce his hounds in following of the tracke, a Boare did sée,
And rowsed him. And as the swyne was comming from the wood,
Adonis hit him with a dart a shew, and drew the blood.
The Boare streyght with his hoked groyne ẏ huntingstaffe out drew
Bestayned with his blood, and on Adonis did pursew
Who trembling and retyring back, to place of refuge drew.
And hyding in his codds his tuskes as farre as he could thrust
He layd him all along for dead vppon the yellow dust.
Dame Venus in her chariot drawen with swannes was scarce arrined
At Cyprus, when shée knew a farre the sygh of him depryued
Of lyfe. Shée turnd her Cygnets backe. and when shée from the skye
Béehild him dead, and in his blood beweltred for to lye:
Shée leaped downe, and tare at once hir garments from her brist,
And rent her heare, and beate vppon her stomack with her fist,

And

And blaming sore the destinyes, sayd. Yet shall they not obteine
Their will in all things. Of my greefe remembrance shall remayne.
(Adonis) whyle the world doth last. From yére to yére shall growe
A thing that of my heauinesse and of thy death shall showe
The liuely likenesse. In a flowre thy blood I will bestowe.
Hadst thou the powre Persephonee ranke sented Mints to make
Of womens limbes: and may not I lyke powre vpon mée take
Without disdeine and spyght, to turne Adonis to a flowre?
This sed, shée sprinckled Nectar on the blood, which through the powre
Therof did swell like bubbles théere that ryse in weather cléere
On water. And before that full an howre expyred weére,
Of all one colour with the blood a flowre she there did fynd
Euen like the flowre of that same trée whose frute in tender rynde
Haue pleasant graynes inclosde. Howbéet the vse of them is short.
For why the leaues do hang so wee through lightenesse in such sort,
As that the windes that all things perce, with euery little blast
Do shake them of and sped them so as that they cannot last.

Finis decimi Libri.

# ¶THE. XI. BOOKE OF
## *Ouids Metamorphosis.*

NOw whyle the Thracian Poet with this song delyghts ỹ mynds
Of sauage beastes, & drawes both stones and trées ageynst their kynds,
Behold the wyues of Ciconie wt reddersome skinnes about
Their furious brests as in the feld they gadded on a rout,
Espyde him from a hillocks toppe still singing to his harp.
Of whom one shoke her head at him, and thus began to carp.
Behold (sayes she) behold yonsame is he that doth disdeine
As women. And with that same word shé sent her lawnce amayne
At Orphyes singing mouth. The Lawnce arrnd round about wt leaues,
Did hit him, and without a wound a marke behynd it leaues.
Another threw a stone at him, which banquisht with his swéete
And most melodius harmonye, fell humbly at his féete
As sorye for the furious act it purposed. But rash
And heady ryot out of frame all reason now did dash,
And frantik outrage reigned. Yit had the swéetenesse of his song
Appeasd all weapons, sauing that the noyse now growing strong
With blowing shalmes, and beating drummes, & bedlem howling out,
And clapping hands on euery syde by Bacchus drunken rout,
Did drowne the sownd of Orphyes harp. Then first of all stones were
Made ruddy with the prophets blod, and could not giue him eare.
And first the flocke of Bacchus froes by violence brake the ring
Of Serpents, birds, and sauage beastes that for to héere him sing
Sate gazing round about him there. And then with bludy hands
They ran vppon the prophet who among them singing stands.
They flockt about him like as when a sort of birds haue found,
An Owle a day tymes in a tod: and hem him in full round,
As when a Stag by hungrye hownds is in a morning sound,
The which forefall him round about and pull him to the ground.
Euen so the prophet they assayle, and throwe their Thyrses greene
At him, which for another vse than that inuented béene.
Sum cast mé clods, sum boughes of trées, & sum threw stones. And least
That weapon wherwithall to wreake theyr wodnesse which increast
Should want, it chaunst that Oxen by were tilling of the ground
And labring men with brawned armes not farre fro thence were found

A digging of the hardned earth, and earning of theyr food,
With sweating browes. They seeing this same rout, no longer stood,
But ran away and left theyr toles behynd them. Euery where
Throughout all the feeld theyr mattocks, rakes, and shouells scattred were.
Which when the cruell feends had caught, and had a sunder rent
The horned Oxen, backe ageine to Orphy ward they went,
And (wicked wights) they murthred him, who neuer till that howre
Did vtter woordes in vaine, nor sing without effectuall powre.
And throughout that mouth of his (oh lord) which euen the stones had heard,
And vnto which the witlesse beastes had often giuen regard,
His ghost then breathing into aire, departed. Euen the fowles
Were sad for Orphye, and the beast with sorye syghing howles:
The rugged stones did mourne for him, the woods which many a tyme
Had followed him to heere him sing, bewayled this same eryme.
Yea euen the trées lamenting him did cast theyr leauy heare
The riuers also with theyr teares (men say) encreased were.
Yea and the Nymphes of brookes & woods vppon theyr streames did sayle
With scattred heare about theyr eares, in boats with sable sayle.
His members lay in sundrie steds. His head and harp both cam
To Hebrus. and (a woondrous thing) as downe the streame they swam,
His Harp did yéeld a mourning sound: his lincteile tong did make
A certeine lamentable noyse as though it still yit spake,
And bothe the banks in mourning wyse made answer to the same.
At length a downe theyr country streame to open sea they came,
And lyghted on Methymnye shore in Lesbos land. There
No sooner on the forreine coast now cast a land they were,
But that a cruell naturde Snake did streyght vppon them fly,
And licking on his ruffled heare the which was dropping drye,
Did gape to tyre vppon those lippes that had béene wont to sing
Most heauenly hymnes. But Phebus streyght preuenting ỹ same thing,
Dispoynts the Serpent of his bit, and turnes him into stone
With gaping chappes. Already was the Ghost of Orphye gone
To Plutos realme, and there he all the places oft behild
The which he heretofore had séene. And as he sought the feeld
Of fayre Elysion (where the soules of godly folk do wonne,)
He found his wyfe Eurydice, to whom he streyght did runne

And

And hild her in imbracing armes. There now he one while walks
Togither with hir cheeke by cheeke: another while he stalks
Before her.and another while he followeth her. And now
Without all kinde of forfeyture he saufly myght anow
His loking bakward at his wyfe. But Bacchus greeued at
The murther of the Chapleine of his Orgies, suffred not
The mischeef vnreuenged to bee. For by and by he bound,
The Thracian women by the feete with wrythen rote in ground,
As many as consenting to this wicked act were found.
And loke how much that eche of them the prophet did pursew,
So much he sharpening of their toes, within the ground them drew.
And as the bird that fynds her leg belnarled in the net
The which the fowlers suttlelye hathe closely for her set,
And feeles shee cannot get away, stands flickering with her wings,
And with her fearefull leaping vp drawes closer still the strings:
So eche of theis when in the ground they fastned were, assayd
Aslayghted for to fly away. But euery one was stayd
With winding rote which hild her downe. her striking could not bote.
And whyle she lokte what was become of To, of nayle, and fote,
Shee sawe her leggs growe round in one, and turning into wode.
And as her thyghes with violent hand shee sadly striking stode,
Shee felt them tree: her brest was tree: her shoulders eeke were tree.
Her armes long boughes yee myght haue thought, and not deceyued bee.
But Bacchus was not so content: he quyght forsoke their land:
And with a better companye remoued out of hand
Vnto the Vyneyarde of his owne mount Tmolus, and the riuer
Pactolus though as yit no streames of gold it did deliuer,
Ne spyghted was for precious sands. His olde accustomd rout
Of woodwards and of frantick froes enuyron him about.
But old Silenus was away. The Phrygian ploughmen found
Him reeling bothe for drunkennesse and age, and brought him bound
With garlands, vnto Midas king of Phrygia, vnto whom
The Thracian Orphye and the preest Eumolphus comming from
The towne of Athens erst had taught the Orgies. When he knew
His fellowe and companion of the selfe same badge and crew.
Vppon the comming of this guest, he kept a feast the space
Of twyce fyue dayes and twyce fyue myghts togither in that place

And

And now the leuenth tyme Lucifer had mustred in the sky
The heauenly host, when Midas commes to Lydia iocundly
And yéldes the old Silenus to his fosterchyld. He glad
That he his fosterfather had eftsones recouered, bad
King Midas ask him what he would. Right glad of that was hée,
But not a whit at latter end the better should he bée.
He minding to mislse his giftes, sayd: graunt that all and some
The which my body towcheth bare may yellow gold become.
God Bacchus graunting his requeste, his hurtfull gift performd,
And that he had not better wisht he in his stomacke stormd.
Reioycing in his harme away full merye goes the king:
And for to try his promis true he towcheth euery thing.
Scarce giuing credit to himself, he pulled yong gréene twiggs
From of an Holmetrée: by and by all golden were the sprigs
He toke a flintstone from the ground, the stone likewyse became
Pure gold. He towched next a clod of earth, and streight the same
By force of towching did become a wedge of yellow gold.
He gathered eares of ryppened corne: immediatly beholde
The corne was gold. An Apple then he pulled from a trée:
Yée would haue thought the Hesperids had giuen it him. If hée
On Pillars high his fingars layd, they glistred like the sonne.
The water where he washt his hands did from his hands so ronne,
As Danae might haue bene therwith beguyld. He scarce could hold
His palling ioyes within his hart, for making all things gold.
Whyle he thus ioyd, his officers did spred the bord anon,
And set downe sundry sorts of meate and manchcate therupon.
Then whither his hand did towch the bread, the bread was mally gold:
Or whither he chawde with hungry téeth his meate, yée might behold
The péece of meate betwéene his iawes a plat of gold to bée.
In drinking wine and water mixt, yée myght discerne and sée
The liquid gold ronne downe his throte. Amazed at the straunge
Mischaunce, and being both a wretch and rich, he wisht to chaunge
His riches for his former state, and now he did abhorre
The thing which euen but late before he chéefly longed for.
No meate his hunger slakes: his throte is shrunken vp with thurst:
And iustly doth his hatefull gold torment him as accurst.
Then lifting vp his sory armes and handes to heauen, he cryde:

And hild her in imbracing armes. There now he one while walks
Togither with hir cheeke by cheeke: another while he stalks
Before her.and another whyle he followeth her. And now
Without all kinde of forfeyture he saufly myght anow
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And feeles shee cannot get away, stands flickering with her wings,
And with her fearefull leaping vp drawes closer still the strings:
So eche of theis when in the ground they fastned were, assayd
Assayghted for to fly away. But euery one was stayd
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That he his fofterfather had eftſones recouered, bad
King Midas aſk him what he would. Right glad of that was hée,
But not a whit at latter end the better ſhould he bée.
He minding to mildſe his giftes, ſayd: graunt that all and ſome
The which my body towcheth bare may yellow gold become.
God Bacchus graunting his requeſt, his hurtfull gift perfo:md,
And that he had not better wiſht he in his ſtomacke fo:md.
Reioycing in his harme away full merye goes the king:
And fo: to try his p:omis true he towcheth euery thing.
Scarce giuing credit to himſelf, he pulled ywng gréene twiggs
From of an Holmetrée: by and by all golden were the ſp:iggs
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Pure gold. He towched nert a clod of earth, and ſtreight the ſame
By force of towching did become a wedge of yellow gold.
He gathered eares of ryppened co:ne: immediatly beholde
The co:ne was gold. An Apple then he pulled from a trée:
Yée would haue thought the Heſperids had giuen it him. If hée
On Pillars high his fingars layd, they gliſtred like the ſonne.
The water where he walht his hands did from his hands ſo ronne,
As Danae might haue béene therwith begupld. He ſcarce could hold
His paſſing ioyes within his hart, fo: making all things gold.
Whyle he thus ioyd, his officers did ſp:ed the bo:d anon,
And ſet downe ſundry ſo:ts of meate and manchéate therbppon.
Then whither his hand did towch the b:ead, the b:ead was maſſy gold:
Or whither he chawde with hungry téeth his meate, yée might behold
The péces of meate betwéene his iawes a plat of gold to bée.
In d:inking wine and water mixt, yée mpght diſcerne and ſée
The liquid gold ronne downe his th:ote. Amazed at the ſtraunge
Miſchaunce, and being both a w:etch and rich, he wiſht to chaunge
His riches fo: his fo:mer ſtate, and now he did abho:re
The thing which euen but late before he chérſly longed fo:.
No meate his hunger ſlakes: his th:ote is sh:unken vp with thurſt:
And ſuttly doth his hatefull gold to:ment him as accurſt.
Then lifting vp his ſo:y armes and handes to heauen, he cryde:

O father Bacchus pardon mée. My ſinne I will not hyde.
Haue mercy I beſeech thée and vouchſauk to rid mé quyght
From this ſame harme that ſéemes ſo good and glorious vnto ſyght.
The gentle Bacchus ſtreight vppon confeſſion of his cryme
Reſtored Midas to the ſtate hée had in former tyme.
And hauing made performance of his promis, hée béereft him
The gift that he had graunted him. And leaſt he ſhould haue left him
Bédawbed with the dregges of that ſame gold which wickedly
Hée willyed had, he willed him to get him by and by
To that great ryuer which doth ronne by Sardis towne, and there
Along the chanell vp the ſtreame his open armes to beare
Vntill he commeth to the ſpring: and then his head to put
Full vnderneathe the ſoming ſpowt where greateſt was the gut,
And ſo in waſhing of his limbes to waſh away his cryme.
The king (as was commaunded him) againſt the ſtreame did clyme.
And ſtreyght the powre of making gold departing quyght from him,
Infects the ryuer, making it with golden ſtreame to ſwim.
The force whereof the bankes about ſo ſoked in theyr veynes,
That euen as yit the yellow gold vppon the cloddes remaynes.
Then Midas hating riches haunts the paſturegrounds and groues,
And vp & down with Pan among the Lawnds & mountaines roues.
But ſtill a head more fat than wyſe, and dulliſh wit he hath,
The which as erſt, yit once againe muſt work theyr maiſter ſcath.
The mountayne Tmole from lofty toppe to ſeaward loketh downe,
And ſpreading farre his woorly ſydes, extendeth to the towne
Of Sardis with the toneſyde and to Hypep with the tother.
There Pan among the fayre elues that dawnced round togither
Inſetting of his conning out for ſinging and for play
Vppon his pype of réedes and war, preſuming for to ſay
Apollos muſick was not like to his, did take in hand
A farre vnequall match, whereof the Tmole for iudge ſhould ſtand.
The auncient iudge ſits downe vppon his hill, and ridds his eares
From trées, and onely on his head an Oken garlond weares,
Wherof the Acornes dangled downe about his hollow broin.
And loking on the God of neate he ſayd: yée néede not now
To tarry longer for your iudge. Then Pan blew lowd and ſtrong
His country pype of réedes, and with his rude and homely ſong

Delighted

Delighted Midas eares, for he by chaunce was in the throng.
When Pan had done, the sacred Tmole to Phebus turnd his loke,
And with the turning of his head his bullhye heare he shoke.
Then Phebus with a crowne of Bay vppon his golden heare
Did sweepe the ground with scarlet robe. In left hand he did beare
His viall made of precious stones and Iuorye intermirt.
And in his right hand for to strike, his bowe was redy firt.
He was the verrye paterne of a god Pullcian ryght
Anon he gan with conning hand the tuned strings to smyght.
The sweetenelle of the which did so the iudge of them delyght,
That Pan was willed for to put his Redepype in his cace,
And not to fiddle nor to sing where vialls were in place.
The iudgement of the holy hill was lyked well of all,
Saue Midas, who found fault therwith and wrongfull did it call.
Apollo could not suffer well his foolish eares to kepe
Theyr humaine shape, but drew them wyde, & made them long & depe.
And fild them full of whytish heares, and made them downe to sag.
And through to much vnstableneſſe continually to wag.
His body keping in the reſt his manly figure still,
Was ponnisht in the part that did offend for want of skill.
And so a slowe paaſte Alles eares his heade did after beare.
This shame endeuereth he to hyde. And therefore he did weare
A purple nyghtcappe euer since. But yit his Barber who
Was wont to notte him spyed it: and being eager to
Disclose it, when he neyther durſt to vtter it, nor could
It kepe in secret still, hee went and digged vp the mowld,
And whispring softly in the pit, declaard what eares hee spyde
His mayſter haue, and turning downe the clowre ageine, did hyde
His blabbed wordes within the ground, and closing vp the pit
Departed thence and neuer made mo wordes at all of it.
Sone after, there began a tuft of quinering reedes to growe
Which being rype bewrayd theyr seede and him that did them sowe.
For when the gentle sowtherne wynd did lyghtly on them blowe,
They vttred forth the wordes that had beene buried in the ground
And so repeaunde the Alles eares of Midas with theyr sound.
Apollo after this reuenge from Tmolus tooke his flyght:
And swarping through the ayre, did on the selfſame syde alyght

Of Helleſpontus, in the Realme of king Laomedon.
There ſtode vppon the right ſyde of Sigæum, and vppon
The left of Rhetye cliffe that tyme, an Altar buylt of old
To loue that héereth all mennes wordes. Héere Phebus did behold
The foreſayd king Laomedon beginning for to lay
Foundation of the walles of Troy: which worke from day to day
Went hard and ſlowly forward, and requyrd no little charge,
Then he togither with the God that rules the ſurges large,
Did put themſelues in ſhape of men, and bargaynd with the king
Of Phrygia for a ſumme of gold his worke to end to bring.
Now when the worke was done, the king theyr wages them denayd,
And falſly faaſte them downe with othes it was not as they ſayd.
Thou ſhalt not mock vs vntreuendgd (qᵈ Neptune.) And anon
He cauſed all the ſurges of the ſea to ruſh vppon
The ſhore of couetous Troy, and made the countrye like the déepe.
The goodes of all the huſbandmen away he quight did ſweepe,
And ouerwhelmd theyr féeldes with waues. And thinking this to ſmall
A pennance for the falſehod, he demaunded therwithall
His daughter for a monſter of the Sea. whom being bound
Vnto a rocke, ſtout Hercules deliuering ſauke and ſound,
Requyrd his ſtéeds which were the hyre for which he did compound.
And when that of ſo great deſert the king denyde the hyre,
The twyce forſworne falſe towne of Troy he ſacked in his ire.
And Telamon in honour of his ſeruice did enioy
The Lady Heſion daughter of the couetous king of Troy.
For Peleus had already got a Goddeſſe to his wife,
And liued vnto both theyr ioyes a right renowmed lyfe.
And ſure he was not prowder of his graundſyre, than of thée
That wert become his fathrinlaw. For many mo than hée
Haue had the hap of mighty Ioue the nephewes for to bee.
But neuer was it héeretofore the chaunce of any one
To haue a Goddeſſe to his wyfe, ſaue only his alone.
For vnto watry Thetis thus old Protevv did foretell.
Go marry: thou ſhalt beare a ſonne whoſe dowings ſhall excell
His fathers farre in feates of armes, and greater he ſhall bée
In honour, hygh renowme, and fame, than euer erſt was hée.
This cauſed Ioue the watry bed of Thetis to forbeare

Although

Although his hart were more than warme with loue of her, for feare
The world sum other greater thing than Ioue himself should bréde,
And willd the sonne of Aeäcus this Peleus to succéde.
In that which he himself would faine haue done, and for to take
The Lady of the sea in armes a mother her to make.
There is a bay of Thessaly that bendeth lyke a boawe.
The fludes shoote forth, where if the sea of any depth did flowe
It were a hauen. Scarcely doth the water hyde the sand.
It hath a shore so firme, that if a man theron do stand,
No print of foote remaynes behynd: it hindreth not ones pace
Ne couered is with hovering réeke. Adioyning to this place,
There is a grone of Pyrrietrées with frute of dowle colour,
And in the midds thereof a Caue. I can not tell you whither
That nature or the art of man were maker of the same.
It séemed rather made by arte. Of Thetis hither came
Starke naked, ryding brauely on a brydled Dolphins backe.
There Peleus as she lay a sléepe vppon her often bracke.
And forbycause that at her handes entreatance nothing winnes,
He folding her about the necke with both his armes, beginnes
To offer force. And surely if shée had not faine to wyles
And shifted oftentymes her shape, he had obteind erewhyles.
But shée became sumtymes a bird: He hild her like a bird.
Anon shée was a massye log: but Peleus neuer stird
A whit for that. Then thirdly shée of speckled Tyger toke
The vgly shape: for feare of whose most fierce and cruell looke,
His armes he from her body twicht. And at his going thence,
In honour of the watry Goddes he burned frankincence,
And powred wyne vppon the sea, with fat of neate and shéepe:
Untill the prophet that doth dwell within Carpathian déepe,
Sayd thus. Thou sonne of Aeäcus, thy wish thou sure shalt haue
Alonely when shée lyes a sléepe within her pleasant Caue,
Cast grimmes to trappe her vnbewares: hold fast with snarling knot:
And though shée fayne a hundreth shapes, deceyue thée let her not.
But sticke vntot what ere it bée, vntill the tyme that shée
Returneth to the native shape shée erst was wont to bée.
When Proteus thus had sed, within the sea he ducke his head,
And suffred on his latter wordes the water for to spred.

The lyghtſum Titan downeward drew, and with declyning chayre
Approched to the weſterne ſea, when Neryes daughter fayre
Returning from the ſea, reſorts to her accuſtomd couch.
And Peleus ſcarcely had begon hir naked limbes to touch,
But that ſhée chaungd from ſhape to ſhape, vntill at length ſhée found
Herſelf ſurpryſd. Then ſtretching out her armes with ſighes profound,
Shee ſayd: Thou ouercommeſt mée, and not without the ayd
Of God: and then ſhe Thetis like, appeerd in ſhape of mayd.
The noble prince imbracing her obteynd her at his will,
To both theyr ioyes, and with the great Achylles did her fill.
A happye wyght was Peleus in his wyfe: A happy wyght
Was Peleus alſo in his ſonne. And if yée him acquight
Of murthring Phocus, happy him in all things count yée myght.
But giltye of his brothers blood, and banniſht for the ſame
From bothe his fathers houſe and Realme, to Trachin ſad he came.
The ſonne of lyghtſum Lucifer king Ceyx (who in face
Expreſt the liuely bealtye of his fathers heauenly grace,)
Without all violent rigor and ſharpe executions reignd
In Trachin. He right ſad that tyme vnlike himſelf, remaynd
Pit mourning for his brothers chaunce tranſformed late before.
When Peleus thither came, with care and trauayle tyred ſore,
He left his cattell and his ſheepe (whereof he brought great ſtore)
Behynd him in a ſhady vale not farre from Trachin towne,
And with a little companye himſelf went thither downe.
Allowne as leaue to come to Court was graunted him, he bare
A braunche of Olyf in his hand, and humbly did declare
His name and lynage. Onely of his crime no word hée ſpake,
But of his flyght another cauſe pretenſedly did make:
Deſyring leaue within his towne or countrye to abyde.
The king of Trachin gently thus to him ageine replyde.
Our bountye to the meaneſt ſort (O Peleus) doth extend:
Wée are not wont the deſolate our countrye to forfend.
And though I bee of nature moſt inclyned good to dow:
Thyne owne renowme, thy graundſyre Ioue are forcements therebnto,
Miſpend no longer tyme in ſute. I gladly dow agrée
To graunt thée what thou wilt deſyre. Theis things that thou doſt ſée
I would thou ſhould account them as thyne owne, ſuch as they bée

I would they better were. With that he wéped. Peleus and
His frends delyred of his gréef the cause to vnderstand.
He answerd thus. Perchaunce yée think this bird that lines by pray
And putts all other birds in feare had wings and fethers ay.
He was a man. And as he was right fierce in feats of armes,
And stout and readye bothe to wreake and also offer harmes:
So was he of a constant mynd. Dædalion men him byght.
Our father was that noble starre that brings the morning bryght,
And in the welkin last of all giues place to Phebus lyght.
My study was to mayntéine peace, in peace was my delyght,
And for to kéepe mé true to her to whom my fayth is plyght.
My brother had felicite in warre and bloody fyght.
His prowesse and his force which now doth chase in cruell fyght
The Dames of Thisbye since his shape was altred thus a new,
Myght puyssant Princes and theyr Realmes did héere to fore subdew.
He had a chyld calld Chyone, whom nature did endew
With beautye so, that when to age of fowrteéne yéres shée grew,
A thousand Princes liking her did for hir fauour sew.
My fortune as bryght Phebus and the sonne of Lady May
Came tone from Delphos, tother from mount Cyllen, by the way
They saw her bothe at once, and bothe at once where tane in loue.
Apollo till the tyme of myght differd his sute to moue.
But Hermes could not beare delay. He stroked on the face
The mayden with his charmed rod which hath the powre to chace
And bring in slέepe: the touch whereof did cast her in so dead
A slέepe, that Hermes by and by his purpose of her sped.
Assone as myght with twinckling starres the welkin had beésprent,
Apollo in an old wymes shape to Chyon closely went,
And toke the pleasure which the sonne of Maya had forehent.
Now when shée full her tyme had gon, shée bare by Mercurye
A sonne that byght Avvtolychus who proude a wyly pye,
And such a fellow as in theft and sliching had no péere.
He was his fathers owne sonne right: he could mennes eyes so bléere,
As for to make ỹ black things whyght, & whyght things black appéere.
And by Apollo (for shée bare a payre) was borne his brother
Philammon, who in musick arte excelled farre all other,
As well in singing as in play. But what auayled it

To beare such twinnes, and of two Goddes in fauour to haue bin.
And that shée to her father had a stowt and valeant knight,
Or that her graundsyre was the sonne of Ioue that God of might?
Doth glorie hurt to any folk? It surely hurted her.
For standing in her owne conceyt shée did herselfe prefer
Before Diana, and disprayld her face. who there with all
Inflaamd with wrath, sayd: well, with déedes we better please her shall.
Immediatly shée bent her bowe, and let an arrow go,
Which strake her through the tong, whose spight deserued wounding so.
Her tong wert dumb, her speech gan fayle that erst was ouer ryfe,
And as shée stryued for to speake, away went blod and lyfe.
How wretched was I then O God? how strake it to my hart?
What wordes of comfort did I speake to ease my brothers smart?
To which he gaue his eare as much as doth the stonny rocke
To hideous roring of the waues that bo against it knocke.
There was no measure nor none ende in making of his mone,
Nor in bewayling comfortlesse his daughter that was gone.
But when he sawe her bodye burne, fowre tymes with all his myght
He rushed forth to thrust himselfe amid the fyre in syght.
Fowre tymes hée béeing thence repulst, did put himselfe to flyght.
And ran mée wheras was no way, as doth a Bullocke when
A hornet stings him in the necke. Hée thought hée was as then
More wyghter farre than any man. Hée would haue thought his féets
Had had fiue wings. So fled he quyght from all, and being fléte
Through eagernesse to dye, he gat to mount Parnasos knappe
And there Apollo pitying him and rewing his misshappe,
When as Dædalion from the cliffe himselfe had headlong flong,
Transformd him to a bird, and on the sodaine as hée hung
Did giue him wings, and bowiwing beake, and hooked talants keene,
And éeke a courage full as fierce as euer it had béene.
And furthermore a greater strength he lent him therwithall,
Than one would thinke conueyd myght bée within a rowme so small.
And now in shape of Gosshawke hée to none indifferent is,
But wreakes his téene on all birds. And bycause him selfe ere this
Did feele the force of sorrowes sting within his wounded hart,
Hée maketh others oftentymes to sorrow and to smart.
As Ceyx of his brothers chaunce this wondrous storye seth,

Commes

Commes ronning thither all in haste and almost out of breth
Anætor the Phocayan who was Pelyes herdman. Hée
Sayd': Pelye Pelye I do bring sad tydings vnto thée.
Declare it man (q Peleus) what euer that it bée.
King Ceyx at his fearefull woordes did stand in doutfull stowne.
This nonetyde (q the herdman) Iche did driue your cattell downe
To zea, and zum a them did zit vppon the yellow zand
And loked on the large mayne pole of water néere at hand.
Zum roayled softly vp and downe, and zum a them did zwim
And bare their iolly horned heades aboue the water trim.
A Church stondes néere the zea not deckt with gold nor marble stone
But made of wood, and hid with trées that dréeping hang theron.
A fisherman that zat and dryde his netts vppo the shore
Did tellz that Nereus and his Nymphes did haunt the place of yore,
And how that thay béene Goddes a zea. There butts a plot forgrowne
With zallow trees vppon the same, the which is ouerblowne
With tydes, and is a marsh. From thence a wolf an vgly wyght
With hideous noyse of rukking made the groundes néere hand affryght.
Anon he commes mée buskling out bezmeared all his chappes
With blod daubaken and with borne as béere as thunder clappes.
His eyen did glasser red as fyre, and though he raged zore
For hunin and for madnesse bothe, yit raged he much more
In madnesse. For hée cared not his hunger for to slake,
Or i the death of oxen two or three an end to make.
But wounded all the herd and made a hauocke of them all,
And zum of vs tw, in defence did happen for to fall,
In daunger of his deadly chappes, and lost our lyues. The shore
And zea is staynd with blod, and all the den is on a rore.
Delay brédes losse. The race dempes now doubting for to stond,
Whyle ought remaynes let all of vs take weapon in our hond.
Lets arme our zelues, and let vs altogither on him fall.
The herdman held his peace. The losse moued Peleus not at all.
But calling his offence to mynde, he thought that Neryes daughter
The chyldlesse Ladye Psamathe determynd with that slaughter.
To kepe an Obit for her sonne whom hée before had killd.
Immediatly vppon this newes the king of Trachin willd
His men to arme them, and to take their weapons in their hand,

And

And he addreſt himſelf to bée the leader of the band.
His wyfe Alcyone by the noyſe admoniſht of the ſame,
In dreſſing of her head, before ſhée had it brought in frame,
Caſt downe her heare, and running forth caught Ceyx faſt about
The necke, deſyring him with teares to ſend his folk without
Himſelf, and in the lyfe of him to ſaue the lyues of twayne.
O Princelle, ceaſe your godly feare (q Peleus then agayne.)
Your offer both deſerue great thanks. I mynd not warre to make
Againſt ſtraunge monſters. I as now another way muſt take.
The ſeagods muſt bée pacifyde. There was a Caſtle hye,
And in the ſame a lofty towre whoſe toppe both faces the ſkye,
A toyfull mark for maryners to guyde theyr beſſells by.
To this ſame Turret vp they went, and there with fygtes behild
The Oxen lying euery where ſtark dead vppon the fielde
And eke the cruell ſtroygod with his bluddy mouth and heare.
Then Peleus ſtretching forth his handes to Seaward, prayd in feare
To watrifh Pſamath that ſhe would her fore diſpleaſure ſtay,
And help him. She no whit relents to that that he did pray.
But Thetis for hir huſband made ſuch earneſt ſute, that ſhée
Obteynd his pardon. For anon the woulfe (who would not bée
Reuoked from the ſlaughter for the ſweeteneſſe of the blood)
Perſiſted ſharpe and eager ſtill, vntill that as he ſtood
Faſt byghting on a Bullocks necke, ſhée turnd him into ſtone
As well in ſubſtance as in hew, the name of woulf alone
Reſerued. For although in ſhape hée ſeemed ſtill yit one,
The verry colour of the ſtone bewrayd him to bée none,
And that he was not to bee feard. How be it froward fate
Permitts not Peleus in that land to haue a ſetled ſtate.
He wandreth like an outlaw to the Magnets. There at laſt
Acaſtus the Theſſalien purgd him of his murther paſt.
In this meane tyme the Trachine king ſore vexed in his thought
With ſignes y both before & ſince his brothers death were wrought,
For counſell at the ſacret Spelles (which are but topes to fode
Fond fancyes, and not counſellers in perill to do gode)
Did make him redy to the God of Claros for to go.
For heathenifh Phorbas and the folk of Phlegia had as tho
The way to Delphos ſtopt, that none could trauell to or fro.

But

But ere he on his iourney went, he made his faythfull make
Alcyone priuye to the thing. Immediatly they? strake
A chilnesse to her verry bones, and pale was all her face
Like box and downe her heauy chéekes the teares did gush a pace.
Thrée times about to speake, thrée times shé washt her face with teares,
And stinting oft with sobbes, sher thus complayned in his eares.
What fault of myne O husband déere hath turnd thy hart fro mée?
Where is that care of mé that erst was wont to bée in thée?
And canst thou hauing left thy déere Alcyone merrye bé?
To iourneyes long delyght thée now? doth now myne absence please
Thée better then my presence doth? Think I that thou at ease
Shalt go by land? Shall I haue cause but onely for to mourne?
And not to bée afrayd? And shall my care of thy returne
Bé voyd of feare? No no. The sea mé sore afrayd doth make.
To think vppon the sea doth cause my flesh for feare to quake.
I sawe the broken ribbes of shippes a late vppon the shore.
And oft on Tumbes I reade they? names whose bodyes long before
The sea had swallowed. Let not fond dayne hope seduce thy mynd,
That Aeölus is thy fatherinlaw who holdes the boysterous wynd
In prison, and can calme the seas at pleasure. When the wynds
Are once let loose vppon the sea, no order then them bynds.
Then neyther land hathe priuiledge, nor sea exemption fynds.
Yea euen the cloudes of heauen they ber, and with they? méeting stout
Enforce the fyre with hideous noyse to burst in flashes out.
The more that I do know them, (for ryght well I know they? powre,
And saw them oft a little wench within my fathers bowre)
So much the more I think them to bée feard. But if thy will
By no intreatance may bee turnd at home to tarry still,
But that thou néedes wilt go: then mé déere husband with thée take.
So shall the sea vs equally togither tosse and shake.
So worser than I féele I shall bée certeine not to feare.
So shall wée whatsoeuer happes togither ioyntly beare.
So shall wée on the broad mayne sea togither ioyntly sayle.
Theis wordes and teares wherewith the imp of Aeölus did assayle
Her husbond borne of heauenly race, did make his hart relent.
(For he lovd her no lesse than shée lovd him.) But fully bent
He séemed, neyther for to leaue the iourney which he ment

To

To take by sea, nor yit to giue Alcyone leaue as the
Companion of his perilous course by water for to go.
He many wordes of comfort spake her feare away to chace.
But nought hée could perswade therein to make her like the cace.
This last allwagement of her gréef he added in the end,
Which was the onely thing that made her louing hart to bend.
All tarryance will assuredly séeme ouer long to mée.
And by my fathers blasing beames I make my vow to thée
That at the furthest ere the tyme (if God therto agrée)
The moone hir fill her circle twyce, ageine I will héere bée.
When in sum hope of his returne this promis had her set,
He willd a shippe immediatly from harborough to bée fet,
And throughly rigged for to bée, that neyther maast, nor sayle,
Nor tackling, no nor other thing should appertayning fayle.
Which when Alcyone did behold, as one whose hart misgane
The happes at hand, shée quaakt ageine, and teares out gushing drane.
And streyning Ceyx in her armes with pale and piteous looke,
Poore wretched soule, her last farewell at length shée sadly tooke,
And swounded flat vppon the ground. Anon the watermen
(As Ceyx sought delayes and was in dowt to turne agen)
Set hand to Ores, of which there were two rowes on eyther syde,
And all at once with equall stroke the swelling sea deuyde.
Shée lifting vp her watrye eyes behild her husband stand
Vppon the hatches making signes by beckening with his hand:
And shée made signes to him ageine. And after that the land
Was farre remoued from the shippe, and that the sight began
To bée vnable to discerne the face of any man,
As long as ere shée could shée lokt vppon the rowing kéele.
And when shée could no longer tyme for distance ken it weele,
Shée loked still vppon the sayles that flasked with the wynd
Vppon the maast. And when shée could the sayles no longer tynd,
She gate her to her empty bed with sad and sorye hart,
And layd her downe. The chamber did renew a fresh her smart,
And of her bed did bring to mynd the déere departed part.
From harborough now they quyght were gone: & now a plasant gale
Did blowe. The maister made his men theyr Ores aslyde to hale,
And hoysed vp the toppesayle on the hyghest of the maast,

And

And clapt on all his other sayles because no wind should waast.
Scarce full tone hall,(or sure not much aboue) the shippe had ronne
Vppon the sea,and euery way the land did sarre them shonne,
When toward night the wallowing waues began to waxen wyghe,
And eeke the heady eastermie wynd did blow with greater myght,
Anon the Payster cryed strike the toppesayle, let the mayne
Sheate sye and sardle it to the yard. Thus spake he,but in vayne.
For why so hideous was the storme vppon the sodeine brayd,
That not a man was able there to heere what other sayd.
And lowd the sea with meeting waues extreemely raging rores.
Yit fell they to it of them selues. Sum haalde aslyde the Ores:
Sum fensed in the Gallyes sydes,sum downe the sayleclothes rend:
Sum pump the water out,and sea to sea ageine do send.
Another hales the sayleyards downe.And whyle they did eche thing
Disorderly,the storme increasst, and from eche quarter sling
The wyndes with deadly sode,and bounce the raging waues togither.
The Pilot being sore dismayd sayth playne,he knowes not whither
To wend himselfe,nor what to do or bid,nor in what state
Things stood. So bolge the mischeef was,and did so ouermate
All arte. For why of racling ropes,of crying men and boyes,
Of slushing waues and thundring ayre, confused was the noyse.
The surges mounting vp aloft did seeme to mate the skye,
And with theyr sprinckling for to wet the clowdes that hang on hye.
One whyle the sea,when from the brink it rayld the yellow sand,
Was like in colour to the same. Another whyle did stand
A colour on it blacker than the Lake of Styx. Anon
It lyeth playne and loureth whyght with seething froth thereon,
And with the sea the Trachin shippe ay alteration take.
One whyle as from a mountaynes toppe it seemed downe to loke
To vallyes and the depth of hell. Another whyle beset
With swelling surges round about which neere aboue it met,
It loked from the bottom of the whorlepoole vp aloft
As if it were from hell to heauen. A hideous slushing oft
The waues did make in beating full against the Gallyes syde.
The Gallye being striken gane as great a sownd that tyde
As did sumtyme the Battelramb of steele,or now the Gonne
In making battrye to a towre. And as fierce Lyons ronne

Fall

Full brisk with all theyr force ageinst the armed men that stand
In order bent to keepe them of with weapons in theyr hand,
Euen so as often as the waues by force of wynd did rise:
So oft vppon the netting of the shippe they mainely drawe,
And mounted farre aboue the same. Anon of fell the hopes:
And hauing washt the pitch away, the sea made open lopes
To let the deadly water in. Behold the clowdes did melt,
And showers large came powring downe. The seamen that them felt
Myght thinke that all the heauen had laine vppon them that same tyme,
And that the swelling sea likewyse aboue the heauen would clyme.
The sayles were throughly wet w̄ showers. and with the heauenly raine
Was mixt the waters of the sea. no lyghts at all remayne
Of sunne, or mone, or starres in heauen. The darknesse of the nyght
Augmented with the dreadfull storme, takes double powre and myght.
Howbeit the flashing lyghtnings oft do put the same to flyght,
And with theyr glaunsing now and then do giue a sodeine lyght.
The lightnings setts the waues on fyre. Aboue the netting shippe
The waues, and with a violent force do lyght within the shippe.
And as a souldyer stowter than the rest of all his band
That oft assayles a citie walles defended well by hand,
At length attaines his hope, and for to purchace prayse withall
Alone among a thousand men getts vp vppon the wall:
So when the lofty waues had long the Gallyes sydes assayd,
At length the tenth waue ryding vp with howger force and brayd,
Did neuer cease assaulting of the weary shippe, till that
Vppon the hatches lyke a fo victoriously it gat.
A part thereof did still as yit assault the shippe without,
And part had gotten in. The men all trembling ran about,
As in a Citie commes to passe, when of the enmyes sum
Dig downe the walles without, and sum already in are come.
All arte and counning was to seeke. Theyr harts and stomacks fayle:
And loke how many surges came theyr bellell to assayle,
So many deathes did seeme to charge and breake vppon them all.
One weepes: another stands amazde: the third them blisk doth call
Whom buryall doth remayne. To God another makes his vow,
And holding vp his handes to heauen the which hee sees not now,
Doth pray in vayne for help. The thought of this man is vppon

His brother and his parents whom he cleerely hath forgone.
Another calles his house and wyfe and children vnto mynd,
And euery man in generall the things he left behynd.
Alcyone moueth Ceyx hart. In Ceyx mouth is none
But onely one Alcyone. And though shée were alone
The wyght that he desyred most, yit was he verry glad
Shée was not there. To Trachinward to looke desyre he had,
And homeward fayne he would haue turnd his eyes which neuer more
Should sée the land. But when he knew not which way was the shore,
Nor where he was. The raging sea did rowle about so fast:
And all the heauen with clowds as black as pitch was ouer cast,
That neuer nyght was halfe so dark. There came a flaw at last,
That with his violence brake the masse, and strake the sterne away.
A billowe proudly prauncing vp as vaunting of his pray
By conquest gotten, walloweth hole and breaketh not a sunder,
Beholding with a lofty looke the waters working vnder.
And looke as if a man should from the places where they growe
Rend downe the mountaynes Athos Pind, and whole them ouerthrowe
Into the open sea: so soft the Billowe tumbling downe,
With weyght and violent stroke did sink and in the bottom drowne
The Gallye. And the masse of them that were within the same
Went downe therwith and neuer vp to open aïer came,
But dyed strangled in the gulf. Another sort againe
Caught peeces of the broken shippe. The king himself was fayne
A shiuer of the sunken shippe in that same hand to hold,
In which hée erst a royall mace had held of yellow gold.
His father and his fatherinlawe he calles vppon (alas
In vayne.) But chéefly in his mouth his wife Alcyone was.
In hart was shée: in tong was shee: He wished that his corse
To land where shée myght take it vp the surges myght enforce:
And that by her most louing handes he might be layd in graue.
In swimming still (as often as the surges leaue him gaue
To ope his lippes) he harped still vpon Alcyones name,
And when he drowned in the waues he muttred still the same.
Behold, euen full vppon the wane a flake of water blacke
Did breake, and vnderneathe the sea the head of Ceyx stracke.
That nyght the lyghtsum Lucifer for sorrowe was so dim,

As

As scarcely could a man discerne or thinke it to bée hym.
And forasmuch as out of heauen he might not steppe asyde,
With thick and darkesum clowds that nyght his countnance he did hyde.
Alcyone of so great mischaunce not knowing aught as yit,
Did kéepe a reckening of the nyghts that in the whyle did flit,
And hasted garments both for him and for herselfe likewyse,
To weare at his homecomming which shée vaynely did surmyse.
To all the Goddes deuoutly shée did offer frankincence:
But most aboue them all the Church of Iuno shée did sence.
And for her husband (who as then was none) shée knéeld before
The Altar, willhing health and sone arriuall at the shore,
And that none other woman myght before her be preferd.
Of all her prayers this one péece effectually was heard.
For Iuno could not fynd in hart intreated for to bée
For him that was already dead. But to thentent that shée
From dame Alcyones deadly hands might kéepe her Altars frée,
Shée sayd. Most faythfull messenger of my commaundments, O
Thou Raynebowe, to the slugguish house of Slomber swiftly go.
And bid him send a Dreame in shape of Ceyx to his wyfe
Alcyone, for to shew her playne the losing of his lyfe.
Dame Iris takes her pall wherein a thousand colours were
And bowwing lyke a stringed bow vpon the clowdy sphere,
Immediatly descended to the drowzye house of Slépe
Whose Court the clowdes continually do closely ouerdrépe.

*The house of sleepe.*

Among the darke Cimmerians is a hollow mountaine found
And in the hill a Caue that farre doth ronne within the ground,
The Chamber & the dwelling place where slouthfull sléepe doth couch.
The lyght of Phebus golden beames this place can neuer towch.
A foggye mist with dimmesse mirt streames vpwarde from the ground,
And glimmering twylyght euermore within the same is found.
No watchfull bird with barbed bill, and combed crowne doth call
The morning forth with crowing out. There is no noyse at all
Of waking dogge, nor gagling gose more waker than the hound
To hinder slépe. Of beast ne wyld ne tame there is no sound.
No bowghes are stird with blastes of wynd. no noyse of catling twong
Of man or woman euer yit within that bower rong
Dumb quiet dwelleth there. Yit from the Roches foote doth ga

The ryuer of forgetfulnesse. which renneth trickling so
Vppon the little pebble stones which in the channell lye,
That vnto sléepe a great deale more it doth pronoke thereby.
Before the entry of the Caue, there growes of Poppye store.
With séeded heades, and other wéedes innumerable more,
Out of the milkye iewce of which the night doth gather sléepes,
And ouer all the shadowed earth with dankish deawe them dreepes.
Bycause the craking hindges of the doore no noyse should make,
There is no doore in all the house, nor porter at the gate.
Amid the Caue, of Ebonye a bedsted standeth hye,
And on the same a bed of downe with kéuerings blacke doth lye:
In which the drowsye God of sléepe his lither limbes doth rest.
About him, forging sundrye shapes as many dreames lye prest,
As eares of corne do stand in feeldes in haruest tyme, or leaues
Do grow on trées, or sea to shore of sandye cinder beaues.
Assone as Iris came within this house, and with her hand
Had put asyde the dazeling dreames that in her way did stand,
The bright nesse of her robe through all the sacred house did shine.
The God of sléepe scarce able for to rayse his heauy eyen,
A thrée or fowre tymes at the least did fall ageine to rest,
And with his nodding head did knocke his chinne ageinst his brest.
At length he shaking of himselfe, vppon his elbowe leande.
And though he knew for what shée came: he askt her what shée meande.
O sléepe (q shée,) the rest of things, O gentlest of the Goddes,
Swéete sléepe, the peace of mynd, with whom crookt care is aye at oddes:
Which cherrishest mennes weary limbes appalld with toyling sore,
And makest them as freshe to worke and lustye as béefore,
Commaund a dreame that in theyr kyndes can euery thing expresse,
To Trachine Hercles towne himselfe this instant to addresse.
And let him liuely counterfet to Quéene Alcyonea
The image of her husband who is drowned in the sea
By shipwrecke. Iuno willeth so. Her message béeing told,
Dame Iris went her way. shée could her eyes no longer hold
From sléepe. But when shée felt it come shée fled that instant tyme,
And by the boawe that brought her downe to heaue ageine did clyme.
Among a thousand sonnes and mo that father slomber had
He called vp Morph the fryner of mannes shape a craftye lad.

None other could so conningly expresse mans bewrye face,
His gesture and his sound of voyce, and manner of his pace,
Together with his wonted weede, and wonted phrase of talk.
But this same Morphye onely in the shape of man doth walk.
There is another who the shapes of beast or bird doth take,
Or else appéareth vnto men in likenesse of a snake,
The Goddes do call him Icilos, and mortall folke him name
Phobetor. There is also yit a third who from theis same
Workes diuersly, and Phantasos he highteth. Into streames
This turnes himself, and into stones, and earth, and timber beames,
And into euery other thing that wanteth life. Theis three.
Great kings and Capteines in the night are wonted for to sée.
The meaner and inferiour sort of others haunted bee.
Sir Slomber ouerpast the rest, and of the brothers all
To do dame Iris message he did only Morphye call.
Which done he waring luskish, streyght layd downe his drowzy head
And softly shronk his layzye limbes within his sluggish bed.
Away flew Morphye through ꝑ aire: no flickring made his winges.
And came anon to Trachine. There his fethers of he stinges,
And in the shape of Ceyx standes before Alcyones bed,
Pale, wan, stark naakt, and like a man that was but lately deade.
His berde séemd wet, and of his head the heare was dropping drye,
And leaning on her bed, with teares he séemed thus to cry.
Most wretched woman knowest thou thy louing Ceyx now
Or is my face by death disformd? behold mée well, and thow
Shalt knoin mée. For thy husband, thou thy husbandes Ghost shalt sée.
No good thy prayers and thy vowes haue done at all to mée.
For I am dead. In vayne of my returne no reckning make.
The clowdy sowth amid the sea our shippe did tardy take,
And tossing it with violent blastes asunder did it shake.
And floodes haue filld my mouth which called in vayne vppon thy name,
No persone whom thou mayst misdeeme bringes tydings of the same
Thou hearest not thereof by false report of flying fame.
But I myself: I presently my shipwrecke to thée showe.
Aryse therefore and wofull teares vpon thy spouse bestowe.
Put mourning rayment on, and let mée not to Limbo go
Unmourned for. In shewing of this shipwrecke Morphye so

Did feyne the voyce of Ceyx, that shée could none other déeme,
But that it should bée his in déede. Moreouer he did séeme
To weépe in earnest: and his handes the verry gesture had
Of Ceyx. Quéene Alcyone did grone, and béeing sad
Did stirre her armes, and thrust them forth his body to embrace.
In stead whereof shée caught but ayre. The teares ran downe her face.
Shée cryed, tarry: whither flyste? together let vs go.
And all this whyle she was a sléepe. Both with her crying so,
And skyghted with the image of her husbands gastly spyrght,
She started vp: and sought about if fynd him there shée myght.
(For why her Cromes awaking with the shrécke had brought a light.)
And when shée no where could him fynd, shée gan her face to smyght,
And tare her myghtclothes from her brest, and strake it fiercely, and
Not passing to vnty her heare shée rent it with her hand.
And when her nurce of this her grét desyrde to vnderstand
The cause: Alcyone is vndone, vndone and cast away
With Ceyx her deare spouse (shée sayd.) Leaue comforting I pray.
By shipwrecke he is perrisht: I haue séene him: and I knew
His handes. When in departing I to hold him did pursew,
I caught a Ghost: but such a Ghost as well discerne I myght
To bée my husbands. Nathelesse he had not to my syght
His wonted countenance, neyther did his vilage shyne so bryght,
As héeretofore it had béene wont. I saw him wretched wyght
Starke naked, pale, and with his heare still wet: euen verry héere
I saw him stand. with that shée lokes if any print appéere
Of footing where as he did stand vppon the flore behynd.
This this is it that I did feare in farre forecasting mynd,
When flying mée I thée desyrde thou shouldst not trust the wynd.
But syth thou wentest to thy death, I would that I had gone
With thée. ah mérte, it mérte had béene thou shouldst not go alone
Without mée. So it should haue come to passe that neyther I
Had ouerliued thée, nor yit béene forced twice to dye.
Already, absent in the waues now tolled haue I bée.
Already haue I perrished. And yit the sea hath thée
Without mée. But the cruelnesse were greater farre of mée
Than of the sea, if after thy decease I still would striue
In sorrow and in anguish still to pyne away aliue.

But neyther will I ſtriue in care to lengthen ſtill my lyfe,
Nor (wretched wyght) abandon thée: but like a faythfull wyfe
At leaſt wyſe now will come as thy companion. And the perſe
ſhall toyne vs, though not in the ſelfſame coffin: yit in verſe.
Although in tumb the bones of vs togither may not couch,
Yit in a grauen Epitaph my name thy name ſhall touch.
Her ſorrow would not ſuffer her to vtter any more.
Shée ſobd and ſyght at euery word, vntill her hart was ſore.
The morning came, and out ſhée went ryght penſik to the ſhore
To that ſame place in which ſhée tooke her leaue of him before.
Whyle there ſhée muſing ſtood, and ſayd, he killed mée euen héere,
Héere weyéd hée his Anchors vp, héere loſd he from the péere,
And whyle ſhée called to mynd the things there marked with her eyes:
In looking on the open ſea, a great way of ſhée eſpyes
A certeine thing much like a corſe come houering on the waue.
At firſt ſhée dowted what it was. As tyde it nérer draue,
Although it were a good way of, yit did it plainely ſhowe
To bée a corce. And though that whoſe it was ſhée did not knowe,
Yit forbycauſe it ſéemd a wrecke, her hart therat did ryſe:
And as it had ſum ſtraunger béene, with water in her eyes
Shée ſayd, alas poore wretch who ere thou art, alas for her
That is thy wyfe, if any bée. And as the waues did ſtirre,
The body floted nérer land: the which the more that ſhée
Behild, the leſſe began in her of ſtayed wit to bée.
Anon it did arriue on ſhore. Then plainely ſhée did ſée
And know it, that it was her feere. Shée ſhrécked it is hée.
And therewithall her face, her beare, and garments ſhé did teare,
And vnto Ceyx ſtretching out her trembling handes with feare,
Sayd: cumſt thou home in ſuch a plyght to mé O husband déere?
Returnſt in ſuch a wretched plyght? There was a certeine péere
That buylded was by hand, of waues the firſt aſſaults to breake,
And at the hauons mouth to cauſe the tyde to enter weake.
Shée lept theron. (A wonder ſure it was ſhée could do ſo)
Shée flew, and with her newgrowen wings did beate the ayre as tho.
And on the waues a wretched bird ſhee whiſked to and fro.
And with her crooking neb then growen to ſlender bill and round,
like one that wayld and mayned ſtill ſhée made a moaning ſound.

Howbéet

Howbéet as sone as she did touch his dumb and bloodlesse flesh,
And had embraast his loued limbes with twinges made new and fresh,
And with her hardened neb had kist him coldly, though in vayne,
Folk dowt of Ceyx féeling it to rayse his head did straine,
Or whither that the waues did lift it vp. But surely hée
It felt: and through compassion of the Goddes both hée and shée
Were turnd to birdes. The loue of them éeke subiect to their fate,
Continued after: neyther did the faythfull bond abate
Of wedlocke in them béeing birdes: but standes in stedfast state.
They treade, and lay, and bring forth yong and now the * Alcyon sitts
In wintertime vppon her nest (which on the water flitts
A seuennyght. During all which tyme the sea is calme and still,
And euery man may to and fro sayle saufly at his will.
For Aeölus for his offsprings sake the windes at home doth kéepe,
And will not let them go abroade for troubling of the déepe.
An auncient father séeing them about the brode sea fly,
Did prayse theyr loue for lasting to the end so stedfastly.
His neyghbour or the selfsame man made answer (such is chaunce)
Euen this fowle also whom thou serst vppon the surges glaunce
With spindle shanks, (he poynted to the wydegoawld Cormorant)
Before that he became a bird, of royall race might vaunt.
And if thou couet lineally his pedegrée to séeke,
His Auncetors were Ilus, and Assaracus, and éeke
Fayre Ganymed who Iupiter did rauish as his ioy,
Laomedon and Priamus the last that reygnd in Troy.
Stout Hectors brother was this man. And had he not in pryme
Of lusty youth béene tane away, his déedes perchaunce in tyme
Had purchaast him as great a name as Hector, though that hée
Of Dymants daughter Hecuba had fortune borne to bée.
For Aesacus reported is begotten to haue béene
By scape, in shady Ida on a mayden fayre and shéene
Whose name was Alyxothoe, a poore mans daughter that
With spade and mattocke for himselfe and his a liuing gat.
This Aesacus the Citie hates, and gorgious Court doth shonne,
And in the vnambicious féeldes and woods alone doth wonne.
He séeldom haunts the towne of Troy, yit hauing not a rude
And blockish wit, nor such a hart as could not be subdewd

* The kings fisher.

By loue, he ſpyde Eperie (whom oft he had purſewd
Through all the woodes) then ſitting on her father Cebrius brim
A drying of her heare againſt the ſonne, which hanged trim
Vppon her back. Aſſone as that the Nymph was ware of him,
She fled as when the griſlid woulf doth ſcare the fearefull hynd
Or when the Faiwcon farre from brookes a Mallard happes to fynd.
The Troiane knyght ronnes after her, and beeing ſwift through loue,
Purſeweth her whom feare doth force apace her fate to moue.
Behold an Adder lurking in the graſſe there as ſhe fled,
Did byght her foote with hooked toth, and in her bodye ſpred
His venim. Shee did ceaſe her flyght and ſodein fell downe dead.
Her louer being paſt his witts her carkeſſe did embrace,
And cryde, alas it irketh mee, it irkes mee of this chace.
But this I feard not. neyther was the gaine of that I wilde
Worth halfe ſo much. Now twoo of vs thee (wretched ſoule) haue kilde.
The wound was giuen thee by the ſnake, the cauſe was giuen by mee.
The wickedder of both am I: who for to comfort thee
Will make thee ſatiſfaction with my death. Which that at laſt
Downe from a rocke (the which the waues had vndermynde) he caſt
Himſelf into the ſea. Howbeit dame Tethys pitying him,
Receyud him ſoftly, and as he vppon the waues did ſwim,
Shee couered him with fethers. And though fayne he would haue byde,
Shee would not let him. Wroth was he that death was him denyde,
And that his ſoule compelld ſhould bee againſt his will to byde
Within his wretched body ſtill, from which it would depart,
And that he was conſtreynd to liue perforce againſt his hart.
And as he on his ſhoulders now had newly taken wings,
He mounted vp, and downe vppon the ſea his boddye dings.
His fethers would not let him ſinke. In rage he dyueth downe,
And deſperatly he ſtriues himſelf continually to drowne.
His loue did make him leane, long leggs: long neck doth ſtill remayne,
His head is from his ſhoulders farre: of Sea he is moſt fayne,
And for he vnderneath the waues delyghteth for to driue
A name acrording therevnto the Latins do him giue.

Finis vndecimi Libri.

KIng Priam béeing ignorant that Aesacus his sonne
Did liue in shape of bird, did mourne: and at a tumb whereon
His name was written, Hector and his brother solemly
Did kéepe an Obit. Paris was not at this obsequye.
Within a whyle with rauisht wyfe he brought a lasting warre
Home vnto Troy. There followed him a thowsand shippes not farre
Conspyred togither, with the ayde that all the Greekes could fynd:
And vengeance had béene tane forthwith but that the cruell wynd
Did make the seas vnsaylable, so that theyr shippes were fayne
At rode at Aulys in Bœotia to remayne.
Héere as the Greekes according to theyr wont made sacrifyse
To Ioue, and on the Altar old the flame aloft did ryse,
They spyde a speckled Snake crépe vp vppon a planetrée bye
Vppon the toppe whereof there was among the braunches hye
A nest, and in the nest eyght birdes, All which and éke theyr dam
That flickering flew about her losse, the hungry snake did cram
Within his mawe. The standers by were all amazde therat.
But Calchas Thestors sonne who knew what méening was in that,
Sayd, wée shall win. Reioyce yée Greekes by vs shall perish Troy
But long the tyme will bée before wée may our will enioy.
And then he told them how the birds nyne yéeres did signifie
Which they before the towne of Troy not taking it should lye.
The Serpent as he wound about the boughes and braunches gréene,
Became a stone, and still in stone his snakish shape is séene.
The seas continewed verry rough and suffred not theyr hoste
Imbarked for to passe from thence to take the further coast.
Sum thought that Neptune fauored Troy bycause himself did build
The walles therof. But Calchas (who both knew, and neuer yilld
His peace in tyme) declared that the Goddesse Phebe must
Appeased bée with virgins blood for wrath conceyued iust.
Assone as pitie yéelded had to care of puplicke weale,
And reason got the vpper hand of fathers louing zeale,
So that the Ladye Iphigen before the altar stood
Among the wéeping ministers, to giue her maydens blood:

The Goddesse taking pitie, cast a mist before theyr eyes,
And as they prayd and stird about to make the sacrifyse,
Conueyes her quight away, and with a Hynd her rome supplyes
Thus with a slaughter meete for her Diana beeing pleasd,
The raging surges with her wrath togither were appeasd,
The thousand shippes had wynd at pope. And when they had abode
Such trouble, at the length all safe they gat the Phrygian rode.
Amid the world twene heauen, and earth, and sea, there is a place,
Set from the bounds of eche of them indifferently in space,
From whence is seene what euer thing is practisd any where,
Although the Realme bee nere so farre, and roundly to the eare
Commes whatsoeuer spoken is. Fame hath his dwelling there.
Who in the toppe of all the house is lodged in a towre.
A thousand entryes, glades, and holes are framed in this bowre.
There are no dores to shet. The dores stand open nyght and day.
The house is all of sounding brasse, and roreth euery way,
Reporting dowble euery word it heareth people say.
There is no rest within, there is no silence any where.
Yit is there not a yelling out: but humming, as it were
The sound of surges beeing heard farre of, are like the sound
That at the end of thunderclappes long after doth redound,
When Ioue doth make the clowdes to crack. within the courts is preace
Of common people, which to come and go do neuer cease.
And millions both of trothes and lyes ronne gadding euery where,
And wordes confusely flye in heapes. Of which, sum fill the eare
That heard not of them erst, and sum Coicaryers part do play
To spread abrode the things they heard. And euer by the way
The thing that was inuented growes much greater than before,
And euery one that getts it by the end addes sumwhat more.
Lyght credit dwelleth there. There dwells rash error: There doth dwell
Vayne toy: There dwelleth hartlesse feare, and Brute that loues to tell
Uncertayne newes vppon report, whereof he doth not knowe
The author, and Sedition who fresh rumors loues to sowe.
This Fame beholdeth what is done in heauen, on sea, and land,
And what is wrought in all the world he layes to vnderstand.
He gaue the Troyans warning that the Grekes with valeant men
And shippes approched, that vnwares they could not take them then.

For

For Hector and the Troian folk well armed were at hand
To kéepe the coast and bid them bace before they came a land.
Protesilay by fatall dome was first that dyde in féeld
Of Hectors speare: and after him great numbers mo were killd
Of valeant men. That battell did the Gréeks full déerly cost.
And Hector with his Phrygian folk of blood no little lost,
In trying what the Greekes could do. The shore was red with blood.
And now king Cygnet Neptunes sonne had killed where he stood
A thousand Greekes. And now the stout Achilles causd to stay
His Charyot: and his lawnce did slea whole bandes of men that day.
And séeking Cygnet through the féeld or Hector, he did stray.
At last with Cygnet he did méete. For Hector had delay
Untill the tenth yeare afterward. Then hasting forth his horses
With flarey manes, ageinst his foe his Chariot he enforces.
And brandishing his shaking dart, he sayd: O noble wyght
A comfort let it bée to thée that such a valeant knyght
As is Achilles killeth thée. In saying so he threw
A myghty dart, which though it hit the mark at which it flew,
Yit perst it not the skinne at all. Now when this blunted blowe
Had hit on Cygnets brest, and did no print of hitting showe,
Thou Goddesse sonne (qv Cygnet) for by fame we do the knowe)
Why wondrest at mée for to sée I can not wounded bée?
(Achilles wondred much thereat.) This helmet which yée sée
Bedect with horses yellow manes, this shéld that I do beare,
Defend mée not. For ornaments alonly I them weare.
For this same cause armes Mars himself likewyse. I will disarme
Myself, and yit unrazed will I passe without all harme.
It is to sum effect, not borne to bée of Neryes race,
So that a man be borne of him that with thréfolded mace
Rules Nereus and his daughters to, and all the sea besyde.
This sayd, he at Achilles sent a dart that should abyde
Uppon his shæld. It perced through the stéele and through nyne fold
Of Oxen hydes, and stayd uppon the tenth. Achilles bold
Did wrest it out, and forcybly did throwe the same agayne.
His bodye béeing hit ageine, unwounded did remayne,
And cléere from any print of wound. The third went éeke in vayne.
And yit did Cygnet to the same give full his naked brist.

Achilles

Achilles chafed like a Bull that in the open liſt
With dreadfull hornes doth puſh againſt the ſcarlet clothes that there
Are hanged vp to make him feerce, and when he would them teare
Doth find his wounds deluded. Then Achilles lookt vppon
His Javelings ſocket, if the head thereof were loce or gone.
The head ſtacke faſt. My hand bycéke is weakened then (q he).
And all the force it had before is ſpent on one I ſée.
For ſure I am it was of ſtrength, both when I firſt downe threw
Lyrneſſus walles, and when I did Ile Tenedos ſubdew,
And éeke Axëtions Thebe with her proper blood embrew.
And when ſo many of the folke of Tevvthranie I ſlew,
That with their blood Caycus ſtreame became of purple hew.
And when the noble Telephus did of my Dart of ſteele
The double force, of wounding and of healing alſo feele.
Yea euen the heapes of men ſlayne heere by mée, that on this ſtrond
Are lying ſtill to looke vppon, do giue to vnderſtond
That this ſame hand of myne both had and ſtill hath ſtrength. This ſed,
(As though he had diſtruſted all his doings ere that ſted,)
He threw a Dart againſt a man of Lycia land that bycht
Menetes, through whoſe Curets and his breſt he ſtrake him quycht.
And when he ſaw with dying limbes him ſprawling on the ground,
He ſtepped to him ſtreycht, and pulld the Javeling from the wound,
And ſayd alowd: This is the hand, this is the ſelf ſame dart
With which my hand did ſtrike euen now Menetes to the hart.
Againſt my tother Copemate will I vſe the ſame: I pray
To God it may haue like ſucceſſe. This ſed, without delay
He ſent it toward Cygnet, and the weapon did not ſtray,
Nor was not ſhunned. Inſomuch it lighted full vppon
His ſhoulder: and it gaue a rappe as if vppon ſum ſton
It lyghted had, reboounding backe. Howbeit where it hit,
Achilles ſawe it bloodye, and was vaynly glad of it.
For why there was no wound. It was Menetes blood. Then lept
He haſtily from his Charyot downe, and like a madman ſtept
To careleſſe Cygnet with his ſword. He ſawe his ſword did pare
His Target and his mozion bothe. But when it toucht the bare,
His bodye was ſo hard, it did the edge thereof abate.
He could no lengar ſuffer him to tryumph in that rate,

But

But with the pommell of his swoꝛd did thump him on the pate,
And bobd him well about the bꝛewes a dozen tymes and moꝛe,
And pꝛeacing on him as he still gaue backe amaazd him soꝛe,
And troubled him with bufketting, not respetting a whit.
Then Cygnet gan to bée afrayd, and mistes begaan to flit
Befoꝛe his eyes, and dimd his syght. And as he still did yéeld,
In giuing back, by chaunce he met a stone amid the feld,
Againſt the which Achilles thꝛuſt him back with all his myght,
And thꝛowing him againſt the ground, did caſt him bolt vpꝛight.
Then bearing boſtowſely with both his knées againſt his cheſt,
And leaning with his elbowes and his target on his bꝛeſt,
He shet his headpéece cloce and inſt, and vnderneathe his chin
So hard it strayned, that way foꝛ bꝛeath was noyther out noꝛ in,
And cloſed vp the vent of lyfe. And hauing gotten ſo
The vpper hand, he went about to ſpoyle his vanquiſht fo.
But nought he in his armour found. Foꝛ Neptune had as tho
Tranſfoꝛmd him to the fowle whoſe name he bare but late ago.
This labour, this encounter bꝛought the reſt of many dayes,
And eyther partye in theyꝛ ſtrength a whyle from battell ſtayes.
Now whyle the Phrygians watch & ward vppon the walles of Troy,
And Greekes likewyſe within theyꝛ trench, there came a day of ioy,
In which Achilles foꝛ his luck in Cygnets ouerthꝛow,
A Cow in way of ſacrifyſe on Pallas did beſtowe.
Whoſe inwards when he had vppon the burning altar caſt
And that the acceptable fume had thꝛough the ayer paſt
To Godward, and the holy rytes had had theyꝛ dewes, the reſt
Was ſet on bꝛods foꝛ men to eate in diſhes fynely dꝛeſt.
The pꝛinces ſitting downe, did feede vppon the roſted fleſh,
And both theyꝛ thirſt and pꝛeſent cares with wyne they did refreſh.
Not Harpes, noꝛ songs, noꝛ hollowe flutes to héere did them delyght.
They talked till they nye had ſpent the greateſt part of nyght.
And all theyꝛ communication was of feates of armes in fyght
That had béene donne by them oꝛ by theyꝛ foes. And euery wyght
Delyghts to vppen oftentymes by turne as came about
The perills and the narꝛow bꝛunts himſelf had ſhifted out.
Foꝛ what thing ſhould bée talkt béefoꝛe Achilles rather? Oꝛ
What kynd of things than ſuch as theis could ſéeme moꝛe méeter foꝛ

Achilles

Achilles to bée talking of? But in theyr talk moſt bréeme
Was then Achilles victory of Cygnet. It did ſéeme
A wonder that the fleſh of him ſhould bée ſo hard and tough
As that no weapon myght haue powre to raze or perce it through,
But that it did abate the edge of ſteele: It was a thing
That both Achilles and the Greekes in wondrous maze did bring.
Then Neſtor ſayd: This Cygnet is the perſon now alone
Of your tyme that defyed ſteele, and could bée perſt of none.
But I haue ſéene now long ago one Cene of Perrhebye,
I ſaiwe one Cene of Perrhebye a thouſand woundes defye
With vnatteynted bodye. In mount Othris he did dwell:
And was renowmed for his déedes: (and which in him ryght well
A greater wonder did appeare) he was a woman borne.
This vncouth made them all much more amazed than before,
And euery man deſyred him to tell it. And among
The reſt, Achilles ſayd. Declare I pray thée (for wée long
To heare it euery one of vs) O eloquent old man
The wiſedome of our age: what was that Cene and how he wan
Another than his native ſhape, and in what rode, or in
What fyght or ſkirmiſh, twéene you firſt acquaintance did bégin,
And who in fyne did vanquiſh him if any vanquiſht him.

Then Neſtor. Though ỳ length of tyme haue made my ſenſes dim,
And dyuers things erſt ſéene in youth now out of myne be gone:
Yit beare I ſtill mo things in mynd: and of them all is none
Among ſo many both of peace and warre, that yit doth take
More ſtedfaſt rote in memorye. And if that tyme may make
A man great ſtore of things through long continuance for to ſée,
Two hundred yéeres already of my lyfe full paſſed bée,
And now I go vppon the third. This forſayd Ceny was
The daughter of one Elatey. In beawty ſhée did paſſe
The maydens all of Theſſaly. From all the Cities bye
And from thy Cities alſo O Achilles came (for why
Shée was thy countrywoman) ſtore of wooers who in vayne
In hope to win her loue did take great trauell ſute and payne.
Thy father alſo had perchaunce attempted héere to matcht
But that thy mothers maryage was already then diſpatcht,
Or ſhée at leaſt affyanced. But Ceny matcht with none,

Howbéeit

Howbéeit as shée on the shore was walking all alone,
The God of sea did ravish her. (so fame doth make report)
And Neptune for the great delight he had in Venus sport,
Sayd: Ceny, aske mée what thou wilt, and I will give it thée.
(This also hunted is by fame.) The wrong héere done to mée
(q Ceny makes mée with great things. And therfore to the entent
I may no more constreyned bée to such a thing, consent
I may no more a woman bee. And if thou graunt thereto,
It is euen all that I desyre, or with thé for to do.
In bacer tune theis latter wordes were uttred, and her voyce
Did seeme a mannes voyce as it was in déde. For to her choyce
The God of sea had giuen consent. He graunted him beside
That frée from wounding and from hurt he should from thence abyde,
And that he should not dye of steele. Right glad of this fame graunt
Away went Ceny, and the fieldes of Thessaly did haunt,
And in the feates of Chevalrye from that tyme spent his lyfe.

The ouer bold * Ixions sonne had taken to his wyfe ... * Pirithous.
Hippodame. And hevering bowres in bowres of boughes of trées
His Clowdbred brothers one by one he placed in degrées.
There were the Lordes of Thessaly. I also was among
The rest, a chéerefull noyse of feast through all the Pallace rong.
Hum made the altars smoke, and sum the bridale carrolls song.
Anon commes in the mayden bryde a goodly wench of face,
With wyues and maydens following her with comly gate and grace.
We sayd that sir Pirithous was happy in his wyfe:
Which handfell had decreyued vs welnére through fondeine stryfe.
For of the cruell Centavvres thou most cruell Evvryt, tho
Like as thy stomacke was with wyne farre ouer charged: so
Assone as thou behildst the bryde, thy hart began to frayne,
And doubled with thy drunkennesse thy raging lust did reigne.
The feast was troubled by and by with tables ouerthrowen,
The bryde was hayled by the head, so farre was furye growen.
Farre Evvryt caught Hippodame, and euery of the rest
Caught such as commed next to hand, or such as likte him best.
It was the lively image of a Citie tane by foes.
The house did ring of womens shrékes. wée all vp quickly rose.
And first sayd Theseus thus. What ayles? art mad O Evvryte? that

That dareſt (ſeeing me all lue) mit vſe Diſcords?
Not knowing that trouble thou dooſt abbſe vs both? & leaſt
He myght haue ſeemd to ſpeake in vayne, he thruſt away ſuch as preaſſt
About the bryde, and tooke her from them treating ſore thereat.
No anſwere made him Evvrytus: (for ſuch a deede as that
Defended could not be with woordes) but with his ſaiwyne fiſt
He ſtrew at gentle Theſeus face, and downe him on the duſt.
By chaunce hard by, an auncyent cuppe of image wrought did ſtand.
Which being bowge himſelf more bowge ſir Theſeus tooke in hand,
And threwe at Evvrytus head. He ſpewd as well at mouth as wound
Pirt cloodes of blood, and brayne and wyne, and on the ſoyled ground
Lay ſprawling bolt vpright. The death of him did ſet the reſt
His dowble limbed brothers ſo on fyre, that all the queſt
With one voyce cryed out kill kill. The wyne had giuen them hart.
Their firſt encounter was with cuppes & Cannes throwen ouerthwart,
And brittle tankerds, and with boawles, pannes, diſhes, potts, & trayes,
Things ſeruing late for meate and drinke, and then for bloody frayes.
Firſt Amycus Ophions ſonne with out remorſe began
To reeue and rob the bryde houſe of his furniture. He ran
And pulled downe a Lampbeame full of lyghtes, and lifting it
Aloft like one that with an Ax doth fetch his blowe to hit
An Oxis necke in ſacrifyſe, he on the forehead hit
A Lapith named Celadon, and cruſhed ſo his bones
That none could know him by the face: both eyes flew out at ones.
His noſe was beaten backe and to his pallat battred flat.
One Pelates a Macedone exceeding wroth therat,
Pulld out a maple treſſles foote, and napt him in the necks,
That bobbing with his chin againſt his breſt to ground he becks.
And as he ſpitted out his teeth with blackiſh blood, he lent
Another blowe to Amycus which ſtreyght to hell him ſent.
Gryne ſtanding by and lowring with a fell grim vilage at
The ſmoking Altars, ſayd: why vſe we not theis ſame? with that
He caught a myghty altar vp with burning fyre thereon,
And it among the thickeſt of the Lapithes threw anon.
And two he ouer whelmd therewith calld Brote and Orion.
This Orions mother Mycale is knowne of certeintye
The Moone reſiſting to haue drawne by witchcraft from the skye.

Full

Full dearely thale then by it (q Exadius) may I get
A weapon: and with that in stead of weapon, he did set
His hand vppon a bowd hacts horne that on a Pynetree hye
Was nayld, and with twes tynes therof he strake out eyther eye
Of Gryne: whereof sum stacke vppon the horne, and sum did sye
Vppon his beard, and there with blod like teilp mire did lye.
A flaming fyrebrand from amids an Altar Rhætus snatcht,
With which vppon the lefthyde of his head Charaxus latche
A blow that crackt his skull. The blaze among his yellow heare
Ran sindging vp, as if dry corne with lightning blasted were.
And in his wound the seared blud did make a grëuous sound,
As when a peice of fleshe red whot eene vp with tongs is vplond
In water by the smith, it spirts and hilleth in the trough.
Charaxus from his curled heare did shake the fyre, and though
He wounded were, yit caught he by vppon his shoulders twayne
A stone the Jawne of eyther doore that well would loade a wayne.
The masse therof was such as that it would not let him go
His fo. Jt lighted there: and with the falling downe of it on
A mate of his that Comet hyght, it all in peeces smate.
Then Rhæte reskeyning not his ioy, sayd thus: I would the rowe
Of all thy mates myght in the selfsame manner prow the ne howt.
And with his halfeburnt brond the wound he searched new agayne,
Not ceasing for to lay on loade vppon his pate amayne,
Vntill his head was crusht, and of his scalp the bones did swim
Among his brayns. Jn folly ruste he passed streyght from him
To Coryt, and Euagrus, and to Dryant on a rowe.
Of whom when Coryt (on whose cheekes pudig mossy downe gan growe)
Was slayne, what prayse or honour (q Euagrus) hast thou got
By killing of a boy? no wondes him Rhetus suffred not
To speake, but in his open mouth did thrust his burning brand,
And downe his thirsteboll to his eheft. Then whirling in his hand
His fyrebrand round about his head he fiercely did assayle
The valyant Dryant. but with him he could not so prevayle.
For as he triumphte in his lucke, proceeding for to make
Continuall slaughter of his foes, Dryant with a stake
(Wil hold poyns was hardned in the fyre) did take at him a foyne
And thrust him through the place in which the neck and shoulders ioyne:

He groand and from his cannell bone could scarcely pull the stake.
And being foyled with his blod to fyght he did him take.
Arnæus also ran away, and Lycidas likewyse.
And Medon (whose ryght shoulderplate was also wounded) flyes.
So did Pyanor, so did Cayne, and so did Mermeros
Who late outgoing every man, now wounded slower goes:
And so did Phole, and Menelis, and Abas who was wont
To make a spoyle among wylde Boares as oft as he did hunt:
And eke the wyzarde Astylos who counselled his mates
To leaue that fray: but he to them in vayne of leauing prates.
He eke to Nessus (who for feare of wounding seemed shye)
Sayd, fly not thou shalt scape this traynd blercles boine to dye.
But Lycid and Eyrinomos, and Inbreus, and Are
Escapte not death. Yit Dryants hand did all alike them spare.
Cayneius also (though that he in flying were not slacke,
Yit was he wounded on the face: For as he loked backe,
A weapons poynt did hit him full midway betweene the eyes,
Wheras the noze and forehead meete. For all this deane, yit lyes
Aphipnas snozting fast asleepe not mynding for to wake,
Wrapt in a clobe of Bearskinnes which in Ossa mount were take.
And in his lither hand he held a potte of wyne. Whom when
That Phorbas saw (although in vayne) not medling with them, then
He set his fingars to the thong: and saying, thou shalt drink
Thy wyne with water taken from the Stygian fountaynes brink,
He threw his dart at him. The dart (as he that tyme by chaunce
Lay bolt vpright vppon his backe) did through his throteboll glaunce.
He byde and felt no payne at all. The blacke swart blod gusht out,
And on the bed and in the potte fell flushing lyke a spout.
I saw Petreius go about to pull out of the ground
An Oken tree. But as he had his armes about it round,
And shaake it to and fro to make it loce, Pirithus cast
A Dart which nayled to the tree his wrything stomache fast.
Through prowesse of Pirithous (men say) was Lycus slayne.
Through prowesse of Pirithous dyde Crome. But they both twayne
Lesse honour to theyr conqueroure were, than Dyctis was, or than
Was Helops. Helops with a dart was striken which through ran
His head, and entring at the ryght eare to the left eare went.

And

And Dyctis from a ſlippye knappe downe ſlyding, as he ment
To chonne Perithöus preacing on, fell headlong downe, and with
His howgenelle brake the greateſt Aſh that was in all the frith,
And goard his gutts vppon ẏ ſtump. To wreake his death cõmes Phare:
And from the mount a mighty rocke with bothe his handes he tare:
Which as he was about to throwe, Duke Theſeus did preuent,
And with an Oken plant vppon his mighty elbowe lent
Him ſuch a blowe, as that he brake the bones, and paſt no further.
For leyſure would not ſerue him then his maymed corce to murther.
He lept on hygh Bianors backe, who none was wont to beare
Beſydes himſelf. Againſt his ſydes his knees faſt nipping were,
And with his left hand taking hold vppon his foretoppe heare
He cuft him with his knubbed plant about the frowning face,
And made his wattled browes to breake. And with his Oken mace
He ouerthrew Nedimnus: and Lyceſpes with his dart,
And Hippaſus whoſe beard did hyde his breſt the greater part:
And Riphey taller than the trées, and Therey who was wont
Among the hilles of Theſſaly for cruell Beares to hunt,
And beare them angry home alyue. It did Demoleon ſpyght
That Theſeus had ſo good ſucceſſe and fortune in his fyght.
An old long Pynetrée roted faſt he ſtraue with all his myght
To pluck vp whole bothe trunk & rote. which when he could not bring
To paſſe, he brake it of, and at his emmye did it fling.
But Theſeus by admoniſhment of heauenly Pallas (ſo
He would haue folke beleue it were) ſtart backe a great way fro
The weapon as it came. Yit fell it not without ſome harme.
It cut from Crantors left ſyde bulke, his ſhoulder, breſt, and arme.
This Crantor was thy fathers Squyre (Achilles) and was giuen
Him by Amyntor ruler of the Dolops, who was driuen
By battell for to giue him as an hoſtage for the peace
To bée obſerued faythfully. When Peleus in the preace
A great way of behild him thus faine dead of this ſame wound,
O Crantor deereſt man to mée of all aboue the ground,
Hold héere an obtegift hé ſayd: and both with force of hart
And hand, at ſtout Demoleons head he threw an aſhen dart,
Which brake the watling of his ribbes, and ſticking in the bone,
Did ſhake. He pulled out the ſteale with much a do alone.

The dead therof ſtacke ſtill behynd among his lungs and lyghts
Enforſt to courage with his payne, he ryſeth ſtreight vprights,
And pawing at his enmy with his horſiſh fæte, he ſmyghts
Vppon him. Peleus bare his ſtrokes vppon his burganet,
And fenſt his ſhoulders with his ſheeld, and enermore did ſet
His weapon vpward with the poynt, which by his ſhoulders perſt
Through both his breſtes at one full blowe. Howbeit your father erſt
Had killed Hyle and Phlegrye, and Hiphinöus alſo
And Danes who boldly durſt at hand his manhod put in proſe.
To theis was added Dorylas, who ware vppon his head
A cap of wolues ſkinne. And the hornes of Oren dyed red
With blod were then his weapon. I (for then my courage gaue
Me ſtrength ſayd: ſee how much thy hornes leſſe force than Iron haue.
And therewithall with manly might a dart at him I drawe.
Which when he could not ſhonne, he clapt his right hand flat vppon
His forehead where the wound ſhould bee. For why his hand anon
Was nayled to his forehead faſt. He roared out amayne.
And as he ſtood amazed and began to faynt for payne,
Your father Peleus (for he ſtood hard by him) ſtrake him vnder
The middle belly with his ſword, and ript his womb aſunder.
Out girdes mee Dorill ſtreyght, and trayles his guttes vppon ỹ ground
And trampling vnderneath his fete did breake them, and they wound
About his leggs ſo ſnarling, that he could no further go,
But fell downe dead with empty womb. Nought boted Cyllar tho
His beawtye in that frentick fray, (at leaſt wyſe if wee graunt
That any myght in that ſtraunge ſhape, of natures beawtye vaunt.)
His beard began but then to bud: his beard was like the gold:
So alſo were his yellowe lokes, which goodly to behold
Midway beneath his ſhoulders hung. There reſted in his face
A ſharpe and lively cheerfulneſſe with ſweete and pleaſant grace.
His necke, breſt, ſhoulders, armes, and hands, as farre as he was man,
Were ſuch as neuer caruers worke yit ſtayne them could or can.
His neather part likewyſe (which was a horſe) was euery whit
Full equall with his vpper part, or little worſe than it.
For had ye giuen him horſes necke, and head, he was a beaſt
For Caſtor to haue ridden on. So bourly was his breſt:
So handſome was his backe to beare a ſaddle; and his heare

Was

Was blacke as ieate, but that his tayle and feete milk whyghtish were.
Full many Females of his race did wish him to theyr make.
But only dame Hylonome for louer he did take.
Of all the halfbrutes in the wodes there did not any dwell
More comly than Hylonome. She vsde herself so well
In dalyance, and in louing, and in vttring of her loue,
That shée alone hild Cyllarus. As much as did behoue
In suchye limbes, shée trimmed them as most the eye might moue.
With combing, smoothe shée made her heare: shée wallowed her full oft
In Roses and in Rosemarye, or Violets swete and soft:
Sumtyme shée caryed Lillyes whyght: and twyce a day shée washt
Her vilage in the spring that from tye toppe of Pagase past:
And in the streame shee twyce a day did bath her limbes: and on
Her left syde or her shoulders came the comlyest things, And none
But fynest skinnes of choycest beasts. Alike eche loued other:
Togither they among the hilles roamd vp and downe: togither
They went to couert: and that tyme togither they did enter
The Lapithes house, and there the fray togither did aduenter.
A dart on Cyllars left syde came, (I know not who it sent)
Which sumwhat vnderneathe his necke his brest a sunder splent.
As lyghtly as his hart was raisd, no sooner was the dart
Pluckt out, but all his bodye wert stark cold and dyed swart.
Immediatly Hylonome his dying limbes vp stayd,
And put her hand vppon the wound to stoppe the blod, and layd
Her mouth to his, and labored sore to stay his passing spyght.
But when shée sawe him thoroughly dead, then speaking wordes which
Not to my hearing come for noyse, shée stikt herself vppon (might
The weapon that had gored him, and dyde with him anon
Embracing him betweene her armes. There also stod before
Myne eyes the grim Pheocomes both man and horse who wore
A Lyons skinne vppon his backe fast knit with knotts afore.
He snatching vp a timber log (which scarcely two good téeme
Of Oxen could haue stird) did throwe the same with force extréeme
At Phonolenyes sonne. The logge him all in fitters strake,
And of his head the braynepan in a thousand peeces brake,
That at his mouth, his eares, and eyes, and at his nolethrills two,
His crushed brayne came roping out as creame is wont to do

From ſiues or riddles made of wood, or as a Cullace out
From ſtrepner or from Colender. But as he went about
To ſtrippe him from his harneſſe as he lay vppon the ground,
(Your father knoweth this full well) my ſword his gutts did wound,
Teleboäs and Cthonius bothe, were alſo ſlaine by mée.
Sir Cthonius for his weapon had a forked bough of trée.
The tother had a dart. His dart did wound. mée you may ſée
The ſcarre therof remaynyng yit. Then was the tyme that I
Should ſent haue bëene to conquer Troy. Then was the tyme that I
Wyght through my force and prowelle, if not vanquiſh Hector ſtout,
Yit at the leaſt haue hilld him wag, I put you out of Dout.
But then was Hector no body: or but a babe. And now
Am I forſpent and worne with yéres. What ſhould I tell you how
Piretus dyde by Periphas? Or wherefore ſhould I make
Long proceſſe for to tell you of ſir Ampycus that ſtrake
The forwefote Oecle on the face with dart of Cornell trée.
The which had neyther head nor poynt? Or how that Macaree
Of Mountaine Pelithronye with a leauer lent a blowe
To Erigdupus on the breſt which did him ouerthrowe?
Full well I dw remember that Cymelius threw a dart
Which lyghted full in Neſſeyes flank about his priuie part.
And think not you that Mops the ſonne of Ampycus could dw
No good but onely prophelye. This ſtout Odites whw
Had bothe the ſhapes of man and horſe, by Mopſis dart was ſlayne,
And labouring for to ſpeake his laſt he did but ſtriue in vayne.
For Mopſis dart togither nayld his tong and neather chappe,
And percing through his throte did make a wyde and deadly gappe.
Fyue men had Cene already ſlayne: theyr wounds I cannot ſay:
The names and nomber of them all ryght well I beare away.
The names of them were Stiphelus, and Brome, and Helimus,
Pyracmon with his foreſt bill, and ſtout Antimachus.
But ſteppes the biggeſt Centavvre there howge Latreus armed in
Aleſus of Aemathias ſpoyle ſlayne late before by him.
His yéres were mid twéene youth and age, his courage ſtill was yong,
And on his abrun head hore heares pérd héere and there among
His furniture was then a ſword, a target and a lawnce
Aemathian like. To bothe the parts he did his face aduaunce,

And

And brandishing his weapon braue, in circlewyse did prawnce }
About, and stoutly spake theis wordes. And must I beare with yow
Dame Cenye? for none other than a mother (I auow)
No better than a mother will I count thée whyle I liue.
Remembrest not what shape by birth dame nature did the giue
Forgetst thou how thou purchasedst this counterfetted shape
Of man? Consyderest what thou art by birth? and how for rape
Thou art become the thing thou art? Go take thy distaffe, and
Thy spindle, and in spinning yarne go exercyse thy hand.
Let men alone with feates of armes. As Latreus made this stout,
And scornefull taunting in a ring still turning him about,
This Cenye with a dart did hit him full vppon the syde
Where as the horse and man were ioynd togither in a hyde.
The stryppe made Latreus mad: and with his lawnce in rage he stracke
Vppon sir Cenyes naked ribbes. The lawnce rebounded backe
Like haylestones from a tyled house, or as a man should pat
Small stones vppon a dromlets head. He came more nére with that,
And in his brawned syde did stryue to thrust his sword. There was
No way for sword to enter in. Yit shalt thou not so passe
My handes (sayd he.) Well sith thy poynt is blunted thou shalt dye
Vppon the edge: and with that word he fetcht his blow awrye,
And sydling with a sweeping stroke along his belly smit.
The stryppe did giue a clinke as if it had on marble hit.
And therewithall the sword did breake, and on his necke did lyght.
When Ceny had sufficiently giuen Latreus leaue to smyght
His flesh which was vnmaymeable. Well now (q he) lets see,
If my sword able bée or no to byght the flesh of thée.
In saying so, his dreadfull sword as farre as it would go
He vnderneathe his shoulder thrust, and wrinching to and fro
Among his gutts, made wound in wound Behold with hydeous crye
The dowblemembred Centavvres fore abasht vppon him flye,
And throwe theyr weapons all at him. Theyr weapons downe did fall
As if they had rebated béene, and Cenye for them all
Abydes vnstriken through. Yea none was able t lod to drawe.
The straungenesse of the cace made all amazed that it sawe.
Fy, fy for shame (q Monychus) that such a rable can
Not ouercome one wyght alone, who scarcely is a man.

Although (to say the very truthe) he is the man, and wée
Through sayntnesse that that he was borne by nature for to bée.
What profits theis huge limbes of ours: what helpes our dowble force:
Or what auayles our dowble shape of man as well as horse
By puissant nature ioynd in one: I can not thinke that wée
Of souereigne Goddesse Iuno were begot, or that wée bée
Ixions sonnes, who was so stout of courage and so hault,
As that he durst on Iunos loue attempt to giue assault.
The enmy that doth vanquish vs is scarcely half a man. (pan:
Whelme blocks, & stones, & mountaynes whole vppon his hard brayne
And presse yée out his liuely ghoste with trées. Let timber choke
His chappes, let weyght enforce his death in stead of wounding stroke.
This sayd: by chaunce he gets a trée blowne downe by blustring blasts
Of Southerne wynds, and on his so with all his myght it casts,
And gaue example to the rest to do the like. Within
A whyle the shadowes which did hyde mount Pelion wared thin:
And not a trée was left vppon mount Othris ere they went.
Sir Cenye vnderneathe this greate hotwge pyle of timber pent,
Did chauf and on his shoulders hard the heauy logges did beare.
But when aboue his face and head the trées vp stacked were,
So that he had no venting place to drawe his breth: One whyle
He faynted: and another whyle he heaued at the pyle,
To tumble downe the loggs that lay so heauy on his backe,
And for to winne the open ayre ageine aboue the stacke:
As if the mountayne Ida (lo) which yonder we do see
So hygh, by earth quake at a tyme should chaunce to shaken bée.
Yen dowt what did become of him. Sum hold opinion that
The burthen of the woodes had driuen his soule to Limbo flat.
But Mopsus sayd it was not so. For he did sée a browne
Bird flying from amid the stacke and towring vp and downe.
It was the first tyme and the last that euer I behild
That fowle. When Mopsus softly saw him soring in the feeld,
He loked wistly after him, and cryed out on hye.
Hayle pærisse perle of Lapith race, hayle Ceny, late ago
A valeant knyght, and now a bird of whom there is no mo.
The author caused men beleeue the matter to bee so.
Our sorrow set vs in a rage. It was to vs a gréef

The

That by ſo many foes one knyght was killd without releēt.
Then ceaſt wee not tw wreake our rēne till moſt was ſlaine in fyght,
And that the reſt diſcomfited were fled away by nyght.
As Neſtor all the proceſſe of this battell did reherce
Betwēene the valeant Lapithes and miſſhapen Centavvres feree,
Tlepolemus diſpleaſed ſore that Hercules was paſt
With ſilence, could not hold his peace, but out thets wordes did caſt.
My Lord, I muſe you ſhould forget my fathers prayſe ſo quyght.
For often vntw mē himſelf was wonted tw recite,
How that the clowdbred folk by him were chēfly put tw flyght.
Ryght ſadly Neſtor anſwerd thus. Why ſhould you mē conſtreyne
Tw call tw mynd forgotten greefs? and for to rēre ageine
The ſorrowes now outworne by tyme? or force mē tw declare
The hatred and diſpleaſure which I tw your father bare?
In ſoth his dwings greater were than myght bē well beleēued.
He filld the world with high renowme which nobly he atchēued.
Which thing I would I could denye. For neyther ſet wee out
Deïphobus, Polydamas, nor Hector that moſt ſtout
And valeant knyght the ſtrength of Troy. For who will prayſe his fo?
Your father ouerthrew the walles of Meſſen long ago,
And razed Pyle, and Ely townes vnworthye ſeruing ſo.
And feerce ageinſt my fathers houſe bē bide bothe ſword and fyre.
And (not tw ſpeake of others whom he killed in his ire)
Twyce ſix wee were the ſonnes of Nele all luſty gentlemen.
Twyce ſix of vs (excepting mē) by him were murthred then.
The death of all the reſt myght ſeme a matter not ſo ſtraunge:
But ſtraunge was Periclymens death who had the powre tw chaunge
And leaue and take what ſhape he liſt (by Neptune tw him giuen,
The founder of the houſe of Nele.) For when he had bēene driuen
Tw try all ſhapes, and none could help: he laſt of all became
The fowle that in his hoked fēte doth beare the flaſhing flame
Sent downe from heauen by Iupiter. He practiſing thoſe birds,
With flapping wings, and bowwing beake, and hoked talants girds
At Hercle, and beſcratcht his face. Tw certeine (I may ſay)
Thy father amde his ſhaft at him. For as hē towring lay
Among the clowdes, he hit him vnderneath the wing. The ſtroke
Was ſmall: Howbeit bycauſe therwith the ſinewes being broke,

He wanted ſtrength to maynteine fyght, he fell me to the grounde,
Through weakeneſſe of his wing. The ſhaft that ſticked in the wound,
By reaſon of the burthen of his bodye perſt his ſyde,
And at the left ſyde of his necke all bloodye forth did glyde.
Now tell mée O thou beawtyfull Lord Amirall of the fléete
Of Rhodes, if mée to ſpeake the prayſe of Hercle it bée méete.
But leaſt that of my brothers deathes men thinke I do deſyre
A further wenge than ſilence of the proweſſe of thy fyre,
I loue thée euen with all my hart, and take thée for my frénd.
When Neſtor of his pleaſant tales had made this frendly end,
They called for a boll of wyne, and from the table went,
And all the reſdew of the nyght in ſléeping ſoundly ſpent.
But neptune like a father toke the matter ſore to hart
That Cygnet to a Swan he was conſtreyned to conuert.
And hating fierce Achilles, he did wreake his cruell téene
Vppon him more vncourteouſly than had beſéeming béene.
For when the warres well neere full twyce fyue yéeres had laſted. Hés
Vnſhorne Apollo thus beſpake. O neuew vnto mée
Moſt déere of all my brothers impes, who helpedſt mée to lay
Foundation of the walles of Troy for which we had no pay,
And canſt thou ſyghes forbeare to ſée the Aſian Empyre fall?
And doth it not lament thy hart when thou to mynd doſt call
So many thouſand people ſlayne in keeping Ilion wall?
Or (to thentent particularly I do not ſpeake of all)
Remembreſt thou not Hectors Ghoſt who harryed was about
His towne of Troy? where nerethelelle Achilles that ſame ſtout
And farre in fyght more butcherly, who ſtrynes with all his myght
To ſtroy the worke of mée and thée, lines ſtill in healthfull plyght?
If euer hée do come within my daunger he ſhall féele
What force is in my tryple mace. But ſith with ſword of ſteele
I may not méete him as my foe, I pray thée vnbéeware
Go kill him with a ſodeine ſhaft and rid mée of my care.
Apollo did conſent: as well his vncle for to pleaſe,
As alſo for a pryuate grudge himſelf had for to eaſe.
And in a clowd he downe among the hoſt of Troy did ſlyde,
Where Paris dribbling out his ſhaftes among the Grékes hée eſpyde;
And telling him what God he was, ſayd wherefore doſt thou waaſt

Thyne

Thyne arrowes on the simple sort: If any care thou hasse
Of those that are thy frendes, go turne against Achilles head,
And like a man reuendge on him thy brothers that are dead.
In saying this, he brought him where Achilles with his brond
Was beating downe the Troiane folk, and leueld so his hond
As that Achilles tumbled downe starke dead vppon the lond.
This was the onely thing wherof the old king Priam myght
Take comfort after Hectors death. That stout and valeant knyght
Achilles who had ouerthrowen so many men in fyght,
Was by that coward carpet knyght bereeued of his lyfe,
Who like a caytif stale away the Spartane princes wyfe.
But if of weapon womanish he had foreknowen it had
His destnye beene to lose his lyfe, he would haue beene more glad
That Queene Penthesileas still had slaine him out of hand.
Now was the feare of Phrygian folk, the onely glory, and
Defence of Grekes, that perelesse prince in armes, Achilles turnd
To allhes. That same God that had him armd, him also burnd,
Now is he dust: and of that great Achilles bydeth still.
A thing of nought, that scarcely can a little coffin fill.
Notwhéet his worthy fame doth lyue, and spreadeth ouer all
The world, a measure méete for such a persone to befall.
This matcheth thée Achilles still. And this can neuer dye.
His target also (to thentent that men myght playnly spye
What wyghts it was) did moue debate, and for his armour burst
Out deadly fode. Not Diomed, nor Aiax Oylye durst
Make clayme or chalendge to the same, nor Atreus ponger sonne,
Nor yit his elder, though in armes much honour they had wonne.
Alone the sonnes of Telamon and Laërt did assay
Which of them twoo of that great pryse should beare the bell away.
But Agamemnon from himself the burthen putts, and cléeres
His handes of enuye, causing all the Capteines and the Péeres
Of Greece to méete amid the camp togither in a place,
To whom he put the héering and the iudgement of the cace.

Finis duodecimi Libri.

# ¶THE. XIII. BOOKE. OF *Ouids Metamorphosis.*

THe Lordes and Capteynes being set togither with the King,
And all the souldiers standing round about them in a ring,
The owner of the seuenfold shéld, to theis did Aiax ryse.
And (as he could not bryde wrath) he cast his frowning eyes
Vppon the shore and on the fléete that there at Anchor lyes
And throwing vp his handes, O God and must wee plead (q he)
Our case before our shippes? and must Vlysses stand with mee?
But like a wretch he ran his way when Hector came with fyre,
Which I defending from theis shippes did force him to retyre.
It eafyer is therefore with wordes in print to maynteine stryfe,
Than for to fyght it out with fists. But neyther I am ryfe
In wordes, nor hée in déedes. For loke how farre I him excell
In battell and in feates of armes: so farre beares hée the bell
From mée in talking. Neyther think I requisite to tell
My actes among you. You your selues haue seene them verry well.
But let Vlysses tell you his owne all in hudcher mudcher,
And whervnto the only nyght is priuy and none other.
The pryse is great (I dw confesse.) For which wée stryue. But yit
It is dishonour vnto mée, for that in claymyng it
So base a persone standeth in contention for the fame.
To think it myne already, ought to counted bée no shame
Nor pryde in mée: although the thing of ryght great valew bée
Of which Vlysses standes in hope. For now alreadye hée
Hath wonne the honour of this pryse, in that when he shall sit
Besydes the quillhon, he may brag he straue with mée for it.
And though I wanted valiantnesse, yit should nobilitée
Make with mée. I of Telamon am knowne the sonne to bée
Who vnder valeant Hercules the walles of Troy did scale,
And in the shippe of Pagasa to Colchos land did sayle,
His father was that Aeácus who executeth ryght
Among the ghostes where Sisyphus heaues vp with all his myght
The massye stone ay tumbling downe. The hyghest Ioue of all
Acknowledgeth this Aeácus, and doth his sonne him call.
Thus am I Aiax the third from Ioue. Yit let this Petegrée }

O Achyues in this case of myne available not bée,
Onelesse I prowe it fully with Achylles to agrée
He was my brother, and I clayme that was my brothers. Why
Shouldst thou that art of Sisyphs blood, and for to filch and lye
Exprellest him in euery poynt, by forged pedegrée
Ally thée to the Aeacyds, as though we did not see
Thée to the house of Aeäcus, a straunger for to bée:
And is it reason that you should this armour mée denye
Bycause I former was in armes, and néeded not a spye
To fetch mée forth: Or think you him more worthye it to haue,
That came to warrefare hindermost, and feynd himselfe to raue,
Bycause he would haue shund the warre: vntill a suttler head
And more vnprofitable for himself, sir Palamed
Eclryde the crafty fetches of his fearefull hart, and drew
Him forth a warfare which he sought so cowardly to eschew:
Must he now néedes enioy the best and richest armour: who
Would none at all haue worne onelesse he forced were therto:
And I with shame bée put beside my cousin germanes gifts
Bycause to shun the foremest brunt of warres I sought no shifts:
Would God this mischéefe mayster had in herrye dede béene mad,
Or else beléeued so to bée: and that wée neuer had
Brought such a pantion vnto Troy. Then should not Pæans sonne
In Lemnos like an outlawe to the shame of all vs wonne.
Who lurking now (as men report) in woodes and caues, doth mone
The berry flints with syghes and grones, and prayers to God aboue
To send Vlysses his desert. Which prayer (if there bée
A God) must one day take effect. And now behold how hée
By othe a Souldier of our Camp, yea and as well as wée
A Capteine too, alas, (who was by Hercules assignde
To haue the kéeping of his shafts,) with payne and hungar pynde,
Is clad and fed with fowles, and dyrds his arrowes vp and downe
At birds, which were by destinye prepardo to stroy Troy towne.
Yit liueth hée bycause hée is not still in companie
With sly Vlysses, Palamed that wretched knyght perdie,
Would eéke he had abandond béene. For then should still the same
Haue béene alyue: or at the least haue byde without our shame.
But this companion bearing (ah) too well in wicked mynd

His

His madnelle which sir Palamed by wisdome out did fynd,
Appeached him of treason that he practysde to betray
The Grékish hoste. And for to vouch the fact, he shewd streyght way
A masse of gwld that he himselfe had hidden in his tent,
And forged Letters which he feynd from Priam to bée sent.
Thus eyther by his murthring men or else by banishment
Abateth hée the Grékish strength. This is Vlysses fyght.
This is the feare he putres men in. But though he had more might
Than Nestor hath, in eloquence he shal not compasse mée
To think his lewd abandoning of Nestor for to bée
No fault: who béing cast behynd by wounding of his horse,
And slowe with age, with calling on Vlysses waring hoarce,
Was neretheleste betrayd by him. Sir Diomed knowes this cryme
Is vnsurmysde. For he himselfe did at that present tyme
Rebuke him oftentymes by name, and fiercely him vpbrayd
With flying from his fellowe so who stood in nede of ayd.
With ryghtfull eyes doth God behold the dédes of mortall men.
Lo, he that helped not his frend wants help himself agen.
And as he did forsake his frend in tyme of néede: so hée
Did in the selfsame perrill fall forsaken for to bée.
He made a rod to beat himselfe. He called and cryed out
Vppon his fellowes. Streyght I came: and there I saw the lout
Bothe quake and shake for feare of death, and looke as pale as clout.
I set my shéild betwéene him and his foes, and him defrid:
And savde the daffards lyfe. small prayse redounded of that I did.
But if thou wilt contend with mée, lets to the selfe same place
Agein: bée wounded as thou wart: and in the forrayd case
Of feare, beset about with foes: to wch vnderneath my shéild:
And then contend thou with mée there amid the open field.
Howbéet, I had no sonner rid this champion of his foes,
But whert for wounds he scarce before could totter on his toes,
He ran away apace, as though he nought at all did ayle.
Anon commes Hector to the field and bringeth at his tayle
The Goddes. Not only thy hart there (Vlysses) did the fayle,
But euen the stowtest courages and stomachs gan to quayle.
So great a terrour brought he in. Pit in the middes of all
His bloody ruffe, I coapt with him, and with a foyling fall.

Did

Did ouerthrowe him to the ground. Another tyme, when hée
Did make a chalendge, you my Lordes by lot did chose out mée,
And I did match him hand to hand. Your willes were not vayne.
For if you aske mée what successe our combate did obteine,
I came away vnbanquished. Behold the men of Troy
Brought fyre and sword, and all the fendes our nauye to destroy.
And where was slye Vlysses then with all his talk so smooth?
This brest of myne was sayne to fence your thousand shippes forsooth
The hope of your returning home. For sauing that same day
So many shippes, this armour giue. But (if that I shall say
The truth) the greater honour now this armour beares away.
And our renownes togither link. For (as of reason ought)
An Aiax for this armour, not an armour now is sought
For Aiax. Let Dulychius match with theis, the horses whyght
Of Rhesus, dastard Dolon, and the coward carpetknyght
King Priams Helen, and the steith of Palladye by nyght.
Of all theis things was nothing done by day nor nothing wrought
Without the helpe of Diomed. And therefore if yée thought
To giue them to so small deserts, deuyde the same, and let
Sir Diomed haue the greater part. But what should Ithacus get
And if he had them? Who doth all his matters in the dark,
Who neuer weareth armour, who shootes ay at his owne mark
To trappe his foo by steith vnwares? The very headpéece may
With brightnesse of the glistring gold his priuie feates bewray.
And shew him lurking. Neyther well of force Dulychius were
The weyght of great Achilles helme vppon his pate to weare
It cannot but a burthen bée (and that ryght great) to beare
(With whose same shrimpish armes of his) Achilles myghty speare.
Agen his target grauen with the whole howge world theron
Agrées not with a fearefull hand, and chéefly such a one
As taketh filching euen by kynd. Thou Lorell thou dost séeke
A gift that will but weaken thée. which if the folk of Greéke
Shall giue thée through theyr ouersyght, it will bée vnto thée
Occasion, of thyne enmyes spoyld not feared for to bée
And fyght (wherin thou coward, thou all others mayst outbrag)
Will hindred bée when after thée such masses thou shalt drag.
Moreouer this thy shéeld that séeles so séeld the force of fyght

Is sound. But myne is gasht and hakt and stricken thurrough quyght
A thousand tymes, with bearing blowes. And therfore myne must walk
And put another in his stead. But what nedes all this talk?
Lets now bee seene another whyple what eche of vs can do.
The thickest of our armed foes this armour throwe into,
And bid vs fetch the same fro thence. And which of vs doth fetch
The same away, reward yee him therewith. Thus farre did stretch
The wordes of Aiax. At the ende whereof there did ensew
A muttring of the souldiers, till Laertis sonne the prew
Stood up, and rayled soberly his eylidde from the ground
(On which he had a little whyle them pitched in a stound)
And loking on the noblemen who longd his wordes to heere
He thus began with comly grace and sober pleasant chere.
My Lordes, if my desyre and yours myght erst haue taken place,
It should not at this present tyme haue beene a doubtfull cace,
What person hath most ryght to this great pryse for which wee stryue.
Achilles should his armour haue, and wee still him alyue.
Whom sith that cruell destinie to both of vs denyes,
(With that same word as though he wept, he wypte his watry eyes)
What wyght of reason rather ought to bee Achilles heyre,
Than he through whom to this your camp Achilles did repayre?
Alonly let it not auayle sir Aiax heere, that hee
Is such a dolt and grollehead, as he shewes himself to bee
Ne let my wit (which ay hath done you good O Grekes) hurt mee.
But suffer this mine eloquence (such as it is) which now
Doth for his mayster speake, and oft ere this hath spoke for yow,
Bee undisdeynd. Let none refuse his owne good gifts he brings.
For as for stocke and auncetors, and other such like things
Wherof our selues no fownders are, I scarcely dare them graunt
To bee our owne. But forasmuch as Aiax makes his baunt
To bee the fowrth from Ioue: euen Ioue the founder is also
Of my house: and than fowre descents I am from him no mo.
Laërtes is my father, and Arcesius his, and hee
Begotten was of Iupiter. And in this pedegree
Is neyther any damned soule, nor outlaw as yee see.
Moreouer by my mothers syde I come of Mercuree,
Another honor to my house. Thus both by fathers syde

And

And mothers (as you may perceyue) I am to Goddes alyde.
But neyther for bycause I am a better gentleman
Than Aiax by the mothers syde, nor that my father can
Auouch himselfe vngiltye of his brothers blood, do I
This armour clayme. wey you the case by merits vprightly.
Prouyded no prerogatyue of birthryght Aiax beare,
For that his father Telamon, and Peleus brothers were.
Let only prowesse in this pryse the honour beare away.
Or if the case on kinrid or on birthryght séeme to stay,
His father Peleus is alyue, and Pyrrhus éke his sonne.
What tytle then can Aiax make. This géere of ryght should wonne
To Phthya, or to Scyros Ile. And Tevvcer is as well
Achilles vncle as is hée. Yit doth not Tevvcer mell.
And if he did, should hée obteyne: well stth the cace doth rest
On tryall which of vs can prone his doings to bée best,
I néedes must say my déedes are mo than well I can expresse:
Yit will I shew them orderly as néere as I can gesse.
Foreknowing that her sonne should dye, The Lady Thetis hid
Achilles in a maydes attyre. By which syne slyght shée did
All men deceyue, and Aiax to. This armour in a packe
With other womens tryflyng toyes I caryed on my backe,
A bayte to treyne a manly hart. Appareld like a mayd
Achilles toke the speare and shéld in hand, and with them playd.
Then sayd I: O thou Goddesse sonne, why shouldst thou bée afrayd
To raze great Troy, whose ouerthrowe for thée is onely frayd:
And laying hand vppon him I did send him (as you sée)
To valeant dooings méete for such a valeant man as hée.
And therfore all the déedes of him are my déedes. I did wound
King Teleph with his speare, and when he lay vppon the ground,
I was intreated with the speare to heale him safe and sound.
That Thebe lyeth ouerthrowne, is my déede you must think
I made the folk of Tenedos and Lesbos for to shrink.
Both Chryse and Cillas Phebus townes and Scyros I did take.
And my ryght hand Lyrnessus walles to ground did leuell make.
I gaue you him that should confound (besydes a number mo)
The valeant Hector. Hector that our most renowmed foe
Is slayne by mée. This armour héere I sew again to haue

This

This armour by the which I found Achilles. I it gaue
Achilles whyle he was aliue: and now that he is gone
I clayme it as myne owne agein. What tyme the grékes of one
Had perst the harts of all the Grékes, and that our thousand sayle
At Avvlis by Evvboya stayd, bycause the wyndes did fayle,
Continewing eyther none at all or clémne ageinst vs long,
And that our Agamemnon was by destnyes ouerstrong
Commaunded for to sacrifyse his gilteles daughter to
Diana, which her father then refusing for to do
Was angry with the Godds themselues, and though he were a king
Continued also fatherlyke: by reason, I did bring
His gentle nature to relent for publike profits sake.
I must confesse (whereat his grace shall no displeasure take)
Before a parciall iudge I vndertoke a ryght hard cace.
Notwbéit for his brothers sake, and for the royall mace
Committed, and his peoples weale, at length he was content
To purchace prayse wyth blod. Then was I to the mother sent,
Who not perswaded was to bée, but compast with sum guyle.
Had Aiax on this errand gone, our shippes had all this whyle
Lyne still there yit for want of wynd. Moreouer I was sent
To Ilion as amballadour. I boldly thither went,
And entred and behild the Court, wherin there was as then
Great store of princes, Dukes, Lords, knyghts, and other valeant men.
And yit I boldly neretheleste my message did at large
The which the whole estate of Greece had giuen mee erst in charge.
I made complaint of Paris, and accuste him to his head.
Demaunding restitution of Quéne Helen that same sted
And of the bootye with her tane. Both Priamus the king
And éke Antenor his alye the wordes of mée did sting.
And Paris and his brothers, and the residew of his trayne
That vnder him had made the spoyle, could hard and scarce restrayne
There wicked hands. You Menelay do know I do not feyne.
And that day was the first in which wee ioyntly gan sustcyne
A tast of perrills, store whereof did then behind remayne.
It would bee ouer long to tell eche profitable thing
That during this long lasting warre I well to passe did bring,
By force as well as policie. For after that the furst

Encounter

Encounter once was ouerpast, our eminyes neuer durst
Vine battell in the open field, but hid themselues within
Theyr walles and bulwarks till the tyme the tenth yére did begin,
Now what didst thou of all that whyle, that canst dw nought but stréke?
Or tw what purpose seruedst thou? For if thou my déedes séeke,
I práctysd sundry pollycies tw trappe our foes vnware:
I fortifyde our Camp with trench which heretofore lay bare:
I hartned our companions with a quiet mynd tw beare
The longnesse of the wéery warre: I taught vs how wee were
Bothe tw bée fed and furnished: and tw and fro I went
Tw places where the Counsell thought most méete I should bée sent.
Behold the king deceyued in his dreame by false pretence
Of Ioues commaundement, bade vs rayse our seedge and get vs hence.
The author of his owing so may well bée his defence.
Now Aiax should haue letted this, and calld them backe ageine
Tw sacke the towne of Troy. he should haue fought with myght & maine.
Why did he not restreyne them when they ready were tw go?
Why toke he not his sword in hand? why gaue he not as tho
Sum counsell for the fléeting folk tw follow at the brunt?
In sayth it had a reysle béene tw him that ay is wont.
Such vaunting in his mouth tw haue. But he himself did fly
As well as others. I did sée, and was ashamed I
Tw sée thée when thou fledst, and didst prepare so cowardly
Tw sayle away. And therupon I thus aloud did cry.
What méene yée sirs? what madnesse doth you moue tw go tw shippe?
And suffer Troy as good as tane, thus out of hand tw slippe?
What else this tenth yére beare yée home than shame? w such like word
And other, (which the eloquence of sorrowe did abord,)
I brought them from theyr flying shippes. Then Agamemnon calld
Together all the capteines who with feare were yit appalld.
But Aiax durst not then once crexke. Yit durst Thersites bée
So bold as rayle vpon the kings, and he was payd by mée
For playing so the sawcye Jacke. Then stood I on my toes
And tw my fearefull countrymen gaue hart ageinst theyr foes.
And shed new courage in theyr mynds through talk that fro mée goes.
From that tyme forth what euer thing hath valeantly atchéeued
By this good fellow beene, is myne, whow him from slyght reyséeued.

And now to touche thée: which of all the Grékes commendeth thée?
Or séeketh thée? But Diomed communicates with mée
His doings, and alloweth mée, and thinkes him well apayd
To haue Vlysses euer as companion at the brayd.
And sumwhat worth you will it graunt (I trow) alone for mée
Out of so many thousand Grékes by Diomed pikt to bée.
No lot compelled mée to go, and yit I setting lyght,
As well the perrill of my foes as daunger of the nyght,
Killd Dolon who about the self same feate that nyght did stray,
That wée went out for. But I first compelld him to bewray
All things concerning faythlesse Troy, and what it went about.
When all was learnd, and nothing left behynd to harken out,
I myght haue then come home with prayse. I was not so content.
Proceéding fruther to the Camp of Rhesus streyght I went,
And killed bothe himself and all his men about his tent.
And taking bothe his chariot and his horses which were whyght,
Returned home in trymph like a conquerour from fyght.
Denyr you mée the armour of the man whose stéedes the so
Requyred for his playing of the spye a nyght, and so
May Aiax bée more kynd to mée than you are. what should I
Declare vnto you how my sword did waste tyght valeantly
Sarpedons hoste of Lycia? I by force did ouerthrowe
Alastor, Crome, and Ceranos, and Haly on a rowe.
Alcander, and Noëmon to, and Prytanis besyde,
And Thoön and Theridamas, and Charops also dyde
By mée, and so did Evvnomos enforst by cruell fate.
And many mo in fyght of Troy I slew of bacer state.
There also are (O countrymen) about mée woundings, which
The place of them make beawtyfull. Sée héere (his hand did twich
His shirt asyde) and credit not vayne wordes. Lo héere the hirt
That alwayes to bée one in your affayres hath neuer mist.
And yit of all this whyle no droppe of blod hath Aiax spent
Vppon his fellowes. Woundlesse is his body and vnrent.
But what skills that, as long as he is able for to daunt
He fought against bothe Troy and loue to saue our stéte? I graunt
He did so. For I am not of such nature as of spyght
Well doings to deface: so that he chalendge not the tyght

Of

Of all men to himself alone, and that he yéld to mée
Sum share, who of the honour loke a partener for to bée.
Patroclus also hauing on Achilles armour, sent
The Troians and theyr leader hence, to burne our naupe bent.
And yit thinks hée that none durst méete with Hector saue hée.
Forgetting bothe the king, and eke his brother, yea and mée.
Where hée himself was but the nyneth, appoynted by the king,
And by the fortune of his lot preferd to doo the thing.
But now for all your valeantneſſe, what Iſſue had I pray
Your combate? ſhall I tell? forſwothe, that Hector went his way
And had no harme. Now wo is mée how gréeueth it my hart
To think vppon that ſeaſon when the bulwark of our part
Achilles dyde? When neyther teares, nor gréef, nor feare could make
Mée for to ſtay, but that vppon theis ſhoulders I did take,
I lay vppon theis ſhoulders I Achilles body toke,
And this ſame armour claſpt theron, which now to weare I loke.
Sufficient ſtrength I haue to beare as great a weyght as this,
And eke a hart wherein regard of honour roted is.
Think you that Thetis for her ſonne ſo inſtantly beſought
Sir Vulcane this ſame heauenly gift to giue her, which is wrought
With ſuch exceéding cunning, to thentent a ſouldier that
Hath neyther wit nor knowledge ſhould it weare? He knowes not wha
The things ingrauen on the ſhéld doo méene. Of Ocean ſe,
Of land, of heauen, and of the ſtarres no ſkill at all hath he.
The Beare that neuer dyues in ſea he doth not vnderſtand,
The Pleyads, nor the Hyads, nor the Cities that do ſtand
Vppon the earth, nor yit the ſwoord that Orion holdes in hand.
He ſeékes to haue an armour of the which he hath no ſkill.
And yit in fynding fault with mée byeauſe I had no will
To follow this ſame paynfull warre and ſought to ſhonne the ſame,
And made it ſumwhat longer tyme before I thither came,
He ſées not how hée ſpeakes reproch to ſtout Achilles name.
For if to haue diſſembled in this caſe, yée count a cryme,
Mée both offenders bée. Or if protracting of the tyme
Yée count blame worthye, yit was I the tymelyer of vs twayne.
Achilles louing mother him, my wyfe did mée detayne.
The former tyme was giuen to them, the reſt was giuen to yow.

And therefore dw I little passe although I could not now
Defend my fault, sith such a man of prowesse, birth and fame
As was Achilles, was with mée offender in the same.
But yit was he espyed by Vlysses wit, but nat
Vlysses by sir Aiax wit. And least yée wonder at
The rayling of this foolish dolt at mée, hee doth obiect
Reproche to you. For if that I offended to detect
Sir Palamed of forged fault, could you without your shame
Arreyne him, and condemne him eeke to suffer for the same?
But neyther could sir Palamed excuse him of the cryme
So heynous and so manifest: and you your selues that tyme
Not onely his indytement hard, but also did behold
His déed auowched to his face by bringing in the gold.
And as for Philoctetes, that he is in Lemnos, I
Deserue not to bée toucht therwith. Defend your cryme: for why
You all consented therunto. Yit dw I not denye,
But that I gaue the counsell to conuey him out of way
From toyle of warre and trauell that by rest he myght assay
To ease the greatnesse of his peynes. He did thereto obey
And by so doing is alyue. Not only faythfull was
This counsell that I gaue the man, but also happye, as
The good successe hath shewed since. Whom sith the destinyes dw
Requyre in ouerthrowing Troy, Appoynt not mée therto:
But let sir Aiax rather go. For he with eloquence
Or by some suttle pollycie, shall bring the man fro thence
And pacyfie him raging through disease, and wrathfull ire.
Nay. first the riuer Simois shall to his spring retyre,
And mountaine Ida shall theron haue standing never a tré,
Yea and the faythfulle towne of Troy by Grekes shall reshewd bé,
Before that Aiax blockish wit shall aught at all auayle,
When my attempts and practyses in your assayres dw fayle.
For though thou Philoctetes with the king offended bé,
And with thy fellowes euerychone, and most of all with mée,
Although thou curse and ban mée to the hellish pit for ay,
And willest in thy payne that I by chaunce myght crosse thy way,
Of purpose for to draw my blood: yit will I giue assay
To fetch thée hither once ageine. And (if that fortune say

Amen,)

Amen,) I will as well haue thée and éeke thyne arrowes, as
I haue the Troiane prophet who by mée surprysed was,
Or as I did the Oracles and Troiane fates disclose,
Or as I from her chappell through the thickest of her foes
The Phrygian Pallads image fetcht: And yit doth Aiax still
Compare himself with mée. Yée knowe it was the destynyes will
That Troy should neuer taken bée by any force, vntill
This Image first were got. and where was then our valeant knight
Sir Aiax? where the stately woordes of such a hardy wyght?
Why feareth hée? why dares Vlysses venturing through the watch
Commit his persone to the nyght his busynesse to dispatch?
And through the pykes not only for to passe the garded wall?
But also for to enter to the strongest towre of all?
And for to take the Idoll from her Chappell and her shryne?
And beare her thence amid his foes? For had this déede of myne
Béene left vndone, in vayne his sheld of Oxen hydes seuen fold
Should yit the Sonne of Telamon haue in his left hand hold.
That nyght subdewed I Troy towne. that nyght did I it win.
And opened it for you likewyse with ease to enter in.
Cease to vpbrayd mee by theis lokes and mumbling woordes of thyne
With Diomed: his prayse is in this fact as well as myne.
And thou thy selfe when for our shippes thou diddest in reskew stand,
Wart not alone: the multitude were helping thée at hand.
I had but only one with mée. Who (if he had not thought
A wyseman better than a strong, and that preferment ought
Not alway followe force of hand) would now himself haue sought
This Armour. So would tother Aiax better stayed bee,
And fierce Evvrypyle, and the sonne of hault Andremon too.
No lesse myght eéke Idominey, and eéke Meriones
His countryman, and Menelay. For euery one of these
Are valeant men of hand, and not inferior vnto thée
In martiall feates. And yit they are contented rulde to bée
By myne aduyce. Thou hast a hand that serueth well in fyght.
Thou hast a wit that stands in néede of my direction ryght.
Thy force is witlesse. I haue care of that that may ensew.
Thou well canst fyght: the king doth chuse the tymes for fyghting dew
By myne aduyce. Thou only with thy body canst auayle.

But I with bodye and with mynd to profite do not fayle,
And loke how much the mayster doth excell the gally slaue,
Or loke how much preheminence the Capteine ought to haue
Aboue his souldyer: euen so much excell I also thée.
A wit farre passing strength of hand inclosed is in mée.
In wit rests chéefly all my force. My Lordes I pray bestowe
This gift on him who ay hath béene your watchman as yée knowe.
And for my tenne yéeres cark and care endured for your sake
Full recompence for my deserts with this same honour make.
Our labour draweth to an end, all lets are now by mée
Dispatched. And by bringing Troy in case to taken bée
I haue already taken it. Now by the hope that yée
Conceyue, within a whyle of Troy the ruine for to sée,
And by the Goddes of whom a late our emnyes I bereft,
And as by wisedome to bée done yit any thing is left,
If any bold auentrous déede, or any perlous thing,
That asketh hazard both of lyfe and limb to passe to bring,
Or if yée think of Troiane fates there yit doth ought remayne,
Remember mée. or if from mee this armour you restrayne,
Bestowe it on this same. With that he sheiwed with his hand
Mineruas fatall image, which hard by in syght did stand.
The Lords were moued with his wordes, & then appéered playne
The force that is in eloquence. The learned man did gayne
The armour of the valeant. He that did so oft susteine
Alone both fyre, and sword, and loue, and Hector could not byde
One brunt of wrath. And whom no force could tanquish ere that tyde,
Now only anguish ouercommes. He drawes his sword and sayes:
Well: this is myne yit. Unto this no clayme Vlysses layes.
This must I vse ageinst myself: this blade that heretofore
Hath bathed béene in Troiane blood, must now his mayster gore
That none may Aiax ouercome saue Aiax. With that word.
Into his brest (not wounded erst) he thrust his deathfull sword.
His hand to pull it out ageine vnable was. The blod
Did spout it out. Anon the ground bestayned where he stood,
Did brede the pretye purple flowre vppon a clowre of greene,
Which of the wound of Hyacinth had erst engendred beene.
The selfsame letters ake that for the chyld were written than,

Were

Were now againe amid the flowre new written for the man.
The former tyme complaynt, the last a name did representent.
Vlysses hauing wonne the pryse, within a whyle was sent
To Thoants and Hypsiphiles realme the land defamde of old
For murthering all the men therin by women ouer bold.
At length attayning land and lucke according to his mynd,
To carry Hercles arrowes backe he set his sayles to wynd.
Which when he with the lord of them among the Grækes had brought,
And of the cruell warre at length the vtmost feate had wrought,
At once both Troy and Priam fell. And Priams wretched wife
Lost (after all) her womans shape, and barked all her lyfe
In forreine countrye. In the place that bringeth to a streight
The long spred sea of Hellespont, did Ilion burne in height.
The kindled fyre with blazing flame continewed vnalayd,
And Priam with his aged blood Ioues Altar had berayd.
And Phebus prælatelle casting vp her handes to heauen on hye,
Was dragd and haled by the heare. The Grayes most spyghtfully
(As eche of them had prisoners tane in méede of victorye)
Did drawe the Troiane wyues away, who lingring whyle they mought
Among the burning temples of theyr Goddes, did hang about
Theyr sacred shrynes and images. Astyanax downe was cast
From that same turret from the which his mother in tyme past
Had shewed him his father stand oft fyghting to defend
Himself and that same famous realme of Troy that did descend
From many noble auncetors. And now the northerne wynd
With prosperous blasts, to get them thence did put ỹ Grækes in mynd.
The shipmen went aboord, and hoyst vp sayles, and made fro thence.
A déew déere Troy (the women cryde) wée haled are from hence.
And therwithall they kist the ground, and left yt smoking still
Theyr native houses. Last of all toke shippe against her will
Quéene Hecub: who (a piteous cace to se) was found amid
The tumbes in which her sonnes were layd. And there as Hecub did
Embrace theyr chists and kisse theyr bones, Vlysses boyd of care
Did pull her thence. Yt raught shée vp, and in her bosom bare
Away a crum of Hectors dust, and left on Hectors graue
Her hory heares and teares, which for poore offrings shée him gaue.
Against the place where Ilion was, there is another land

manured by the Biston men. In this same Realme did stand
King Polemnestors palace riche, to whom king Priam sent
His little infant Polydore to foster, to thentent
He might bee out of daunger from the warres: wherin he ment
Right wisely, had he not with him great riches sent, a bayt
To stirre a wicked couetous mynd to treason and deceyt.
For when the state of Troy decayd, the wicked king of Thrace
Did cut his nurcechylds weazant, and (as though the sinfull cace
Togither with the body could haue quyght beene put away)
He threw him also in the sea. It happened by the way,
That Agamemnon was compeld with all his fleete to stay
Vppon the coast of Thrace, vntill the sea were weren calme,
And till the hideous stormes did cease, and furious wynds were saine.
Heere rysing gastly from the ground which farre about him brake,
Achilles with a threatning loke did like resemblance make,
As when at Agamemnon he his wrongfull sword did shake,
And sayd: Unmyndfull part yee hence of mee O Greekes: and must
My merits thankelesse thus with mee be burped in the dust:
Nay, do not so. But to thentent my death dew honour haue,
Let Polyxene in sacrifyse bee slayne vppon my graue.
Thus much he sayd: and shortly his companions doing as
By vision of his cruell ghost commaundment giuen them was,
Did fetch her from her mothers lappe, whom at that tyme, well neere,
In that most great aduersitie alonly shee did cheere.
The haultye and vnhappye mayd, and rather to bee thought
A man than woman, to the tumb with cruell hands was brought,
To make a cursed sacrifyse. Who mynding constantly
Her honour, when shee standing at the Altar prest to dye,
Perceyud the sauage ceremonies in making ready, and
The cruell Neöptolemus with naked sword in hand,
Stand staring with vngentle eyes vppon her gentle face,
Shee sayd. Now vse thou when thou wilt my gentle blood. The cace
Requyres no more delay. bestow thy weapon in my chest,
Or in my throte: (in saying so shee profered bare her brest,
And eeke her throte.) Assure your selues it neuer shalbee seene,
That any wyght shall (by my will) haue slaue of Polyxeene.
Howbeit with such a sacrifyse no God yee can delyght.

I

I would desyre no more but that my wretched mother myght
Bée ignorant of this my death. My mother hindreth mée,
And makes the pleasure of my death much lesser for to bée.
Notwbéeit not the death of mée should inwardly greéue her hart:
But her owne lyfe. Now to thentent I freely may depart
To Limbo, stand yée men alwo: and sith I aske but ryght
Forbeare to touch mée. So my blood vnstepned in his syght
Shall farre more acceptable bée what euer wyght he bee
Whom you prepare to pacifye by sacrifysing mée.
Yit (if that these last wordes of myne may purchace any grace,)
I daughter of king Priam erst, and now in prisoners case,
Beéseeche you all vnraunsomed to render to my mother
My bodye: and for buriall of the same to take none other
Reward than teares: for whyle shée could shée did redéeme with gold.
This sayd: the teares that shée forbare the people could not hold.
And euen the verry préest himself full sore against his will
And weéping, thrust her through the brest which shée hild stoutly still.
Shée sinking softly to the ground with faynting legges, did beare
Euen to the verry latter gasp a countenance boyd of feare.
And when shée fell, shée had a care such parts of her to hyde,
As womanhod and chastitie forbiddeth to be spyde.

The Troiane women take her vp, and mourning reckened
King Priams children, and what blood that house alone had shed.
They spyght for layer Polyxeene: they spyghed eke for thée
Whom late wart Priams wyfe, whom late wart counted for to bee
The flowre of Asia in his flowre, and Quéene of mothers all:
But now the bodye of the so as euill lot did fall,
And such a bodye as the sly Vlysses did not passe
Vppon her, sauing that erewhyle shée Hectors mother was.
So hardly for his mother could a mayster Hector fynd.
Embracing in her aged armes the bodye of the mynd
That was so stout, shée powred theron with sobbing syghes vnsoft
The teares that for her husband and her children had so oft.
And for her countrye sheaded béene. Shée weéped in her wound
And kist her pretye mouth, and made her brust with strokes to sound,
According to her wonted guyse, and in the tellyed blood
Bérayéd all her grisild heare, and in a sorrowfull mood

Sayd

Sayd theis and many other wordes with brest beſcratcht and rent.
O daughter myne, the laſt for whom thy mother may lament,
(For what remaynes?) O daughter thou art dead and gone. I ſée
Thy wound which at the verry hart ſtrikes mée as well as thée.
And leaſt that any one of myne vnwounded ſhould depart,
Thou alſo gotten haſt a wound. Howbéet bycauſe thou wart
A woman, I beléeued thée from weapon to bée frée.
But notwithſtanding that thou art a woman, I do ſée
Thée ſlayne by ſword. Euen he that kild thy brothers killeth thée,
Achilles the decay of Troy and maker bare of mée.
What tyme that he of Paris ſhaft by Phebus meanes was ſlayne,
I ſayd of fierce Achilles now no feare doth more remayne.
But then, euen then he moſt of all was feared for to bée.
The aſhes of him rageth ſtill againſt our race I ſée.
Mée feele an emny of him dead and buryed in his graue
To feede Achilles furie, I a frutefull iſſue gaue.
Great Troy lyes vnder foote, and with a ryght great grieuous fall
The miſchiefes of the common weale are fully ended all.
But though to others Troy be gone, yit ſtands it ſtill to mée:
My ſorrowes ronne as freſh a race as euer and as frée.
I late a go a ſouereine ſtate, abuaunced with ſuch ſtore
Of daughters, ſonnes, and ſonneinlawes, and husband ouer more
And daughterinlawes, am caryed like an outlawe bare and pore,
By force and violence haled from my chilozens tumbes, to bée
Preſented to Penelope a gift, who sheuing mée
In ſpinning my appoynted talke, ſhall ſay: this dame is thée
That was ſumtyme king Priams wyfe, this was the famous mother
Of Hector. And now after ſolle of ſuch a ſort of other,
Thou (who alonly in my greefe my comfort didſt remayne,)
To pacifye our emnyes wrath vppon his tumb art ſlayne.
Thus bare I deathgyfts for my foes. To what intent am I
Poſt wretched wyght remayning ſtill? why do I linger? why
Doth hurtfull age preſerue mée ſtill alme? to what intent
Yée cruell Goddes reſerue yee mée that hath already ſpent
To manye yéres? onleſſe it bée new buryalls for to ſée?
And who would think that Priamus myght happy counted bée
Sith Troy is razed? Happy man is hée in being dead.

His

His lyfe and kingdome he forwent togither: and this stead
He sées not thée his daughter slaine. Wut peraduenture thou
Shalt like the daughter of a king haue sumptuous buryall now,
And with thy noble auncetors thy bodye layd shall bée.
Our linage hath not so good luche. the most that shall to thée
Bée yélded are thy mothers teares, and in this forreine land
To hyde thy murthered corce withall a little heape of sand.
For all is lost. May yit remaynes (for whome I well can fynd
In hart to line a little whyle) an imp vnto my mynd
Most déere, now only left alone, sumtyme of many mo
The youngest, little Polydore, deliuered late ago
To Polemnestor king of Thrace who dwelles within theis bounds
But wherfore do I stay so long in wailling of her wounds,
And face berayd with gory blud: in saying thus, shée went
To seaward with an aged pace and hory heare bérent.
And (wretched woman) as shée called for pitchers for to drawe
Vp water, shée of Polydore on shore the carkelle sawe,
And éeke ỹ myghty wounds at which the Tyrants sword went thurrow.
The Troiane Ladyes shrécked out. But shée was dumb for sorrow.
The anguish of her hart forclode as well her speech as éeke
Her teares deuowring them within. Shée stood astonyed léeke
As if shée had béene stone. One whyle the ground shee staard vppon.
Another whyle a gastly loke shée kest to heauen. Anon
Shée loked on the face of him that lay before her kild.
Sumtymes his woundes, (his woundes I say) shée spectally behild.
And therwithall shée armd her selfe and furnisht her with ire:
Wherethrough as sone as that her hart was fully set on fyre,
As though shée still had béene a Quéene, to vengeance shée her bent
Enforcing all her witts to fynd some kynd of ponnishmeut.
And as a Lyon robbed of her whelpes becommeth wood,
And taking on the foting of her emmye where hée stood,
Pursueth him though out of syght: euen so Quéene Hecubee
(Now hauing meynt her teares with wrath) forgetting quyght that shée
Was old, but not her princely hart, to Polemnestor went
The cursed murtherer, and desyrde his presence to the entent
To shew to him a malle of gold (so made shée her pretence)
Which for her lyttle Polydore was hid not farre from thence.

The

The Thracian king beléeuing her, as eager of the pray,
Went with her to a secret place. And as they there did stay,
With flattring and deceytfull tong he thus to her did say.
Wake spéede I pray thée Hecuba, and giue thy sonne this gold.
I sweare by God it shall bée his, as well that I do hold
Already, as that thou shalt giue. Vppon him speaking so,
And swearing and forswearing too, shée looked sternely tho,
And beeing sore inflaamd with wrath, caught hold vppon him, and
Streyght calling out for succor to the wyues of Troy at hand
Did in the traytors face bestowe her nayles, and scratched out
His eyes, her anger gaue her hart and made her strong and stout.
Shée thrust her fingars in as farre as could bée, and did bore
Not now his eyes (for why his eyes were pulled out before)
But bothe the places of the eyes betrayd with wicked blood.

The Thracians at theyr Tyrannes harme for anger wering wood,
Began to scare the Troiane wyues with darts and stones. Anon
Quéene Hecub ronning at a stone, with gnarring seazd theron,
And wirryed it betweene her téeth. And as shée opte her chappe
To speake, in stead of spéeche shée barkt. the place of this mischappe
Remayneth still, and of the thing there done beares yit the naune.
Long myndfull of her former ilies, shée sadly for the same
Went howling in the féeldes of Thrace. Her fortune mourd not
Her Troians only, but the Gréekes her foes to ruthe: Her lot
Did moue euen all the Goddes to ruthe: and so effectually,
That Hecub to deserue such end euen Iuno did denye.

Although the morning of the selfsame warres had fauorer beene:
Shée had no leysure to lament the fortune of the Quéene,
Nor on the slaughters and the fall of Ilion for to think.
A houshold care more nearer home did in her stomacke sink,
For Memnon her beloued sonne, whom dying shée behild
Vppon the fierce Achilles speare amid the Phrygian fild.
Shée saw it, and her ruddy hew with which shée wonted was
To dye the breaking of the day, did into paleneße passe:
And all the skye was hid with clowdes. But when his corze was gone
To burning ward, shée could not fynd in hart to loke theron:
But with her heare about her eares shée kneled downe before
The mygheye loue, and thus gan speake vnto him weeping sore.

Of

Of al that haue theyr dwelling place vppon the golden skye
The lowest (for through all the world the fearest shrynes haue I)
But yit a Goddesse, I doo come, not that thou shouldst decree
That Altars, shrynes, and holydayes bee made to honour mee.
Yit if thou marke how much that I a woman doo for thee,
In keeping myght within her boundes, by bringing in thee light,
Thou weil mayst thinke mee worthy sum reward to clayme of right.
But neyther now is that the thing the morning cares to haue,
Ne yit her state is such as now dew honour for to craue.
Bereft of my deere Memnon who in fyghting valeantly
To help his uncle, (so it was your will O Goddes) did dye
Of stout Achilles sturdye speare euen in his flowring pryme,
I sew to thee O king of Goddes to doo him at this tyme
Sum honour as a comfort of his death, and ease this hart
Of myne which greatly greeued is with wound of percing smart.
No sooner Ioue had graunted dame Aurora her desyre
But that the flame of Memnons corce that burned in the fyre
Did fall: and flaky rolles of smoke did dark the day, as when
A foggy mist steames vpward from a Riuer or a fen,
And suffreth not the Sonne to shyne within it. Blacke as cole
The cinder rose: and into one round lump assembling whole
Grew grosse, and toke bothe shape and hew. The fyre did lyke it send,
The lyghtnesse of the substance self did wings vnto it lend.
And at the first it flittred like a bird: and by and by
It slew a fethered bird in deede. And with that one gan fly
Innumerable mo of selfsame brood: who once or twyce
Did sore about the fyre, and made a pitrous shrieking thryce.
The fourthtyme in theyr flying round, themselues they all withdrew
In battells twayne, and farcely forth of eyther syde one slew
To fyght a combate. With theyr billes and hooked talents keene
And with theyr wings courageously they wreakt theyr wrathfull teene.
And myndfull of the valeant man of whom they issued beene,
They neuer ceased iobbing eche vppon the others brest,
Untill they falling both downe dead with fyghting ouerpresst,
Had offred vp theyr bodyes as a worthy sacrifyse
Unto theyr cousin Memnon who to Aithes burned lyes.
Theis sondrie birds were named of the founder of theyr flocke:

For

For men do call them Memnons birds. And euery yére a flocke
Repayre to Memnons tumb, where two do in the forelayd wyse
In manner of a yæremynd flea themselues in sacrifyse.
Thus where as others did lament that Dymants daughter barkt,
Auroras owne græk buslyed her, that smally shé it markt
Which thing shé to this present tyme with pitteous teares doth shewe:
For through the vniuersall world shé sheadeth moysting deawe.
Yit suffred not the destinyes all hope to perrish quyght
Together with the towne of Troy. That good and godly knyght
The sonne of Venus bare away by nyght vppon his backe
His aged father and his Goddes an honorable packe.
Of all the riches of the towne that only pray he chose,
So godly was his mynd: and like a banniſht man he goes
By water with his owne yong sonne Ascanius from the Ile
Antandros, and he shonnes the shore of Thracia which ere whyle
The wicked Tyrants treason did with Polydores blood defyle.
And hauing wynd and tyde at will, he sauſly wyth his trayne
Arryued at Apollos towne where Anius then did reigne.
Who being both Apollos préest and of that place the king,
Did entertayne him in his house and vnto church him bring,
And shewd him bothe the Citie and the temples knowen of old,
And æke the sacred trées by which Latona once toke hold
When shee of chyldbirth trauelled Allone as sacrifyse
Was done with Orens inwards burnt according to the guyse,
And calking incence in the fyre, and sheading wyne thereon,
They ioyfull to the court returnd, and there they tæke anon
Repaste of meate and drink. Then sayd the good Anchyses this
O Phebus souereine préest, onleſſe I take my markes amiſſe,
(As I remember) when I first of all this towne did sée,
Fowre daughters and a sonne of thyne thou haddest héere with thée.
King Anius shooke his head wheron he ware a myter whyght,
And answerd thus. O noble prince, in sayth thou gessest ryght.
Of children fyue a father then, thou diddest mée behold,
Who now (with such vnconstancie are mortall matters rolld)
Am in a manner chyldeleſſe quyght. For what auayles my sonne
Who in the Ile of Anderland a great way hence doth wonne?
Which country takes his name of him, and in the selfsayd place,

In

In stead of father, like a king he holdes the royall mace.
Apollo gaue his lot to him: And Bacchus for to showe
His loue, a greater gift vppon his suffers did bestowe,
Than could bee wisht or credited. For whatsoeuer they
Did towche, was turned into corne, and wyne, and oyle streyght way.
And so they was riche vse in them. Allone as that the fame
Hereof to Agamemnons eares the sqworge of Troians came,
Least you myght tast your stormes alone and wee not feele the same
In part, an hoste he hither sent, and whither I would or no
Did take them from mee, forcing them among the Greekes to go
To fede the Greekish army with they' heauenly gift. But they
Escaped whither they could by flyght. A couple toke they' way
To Ile Euvboya: tother two to Anderland did fly
They' brothers Realme. An host of men pursewd them by and by,
And threatened warre onelesse they were deliuered. For of feare
Subdewing nature, did constreyne the brother (men must beare
With fearfulnesse) to render vp his suffers to they' so.
For neyther was Aenæas there, nor valeant Hector (who
Did make your warre last ten yeres long) the countrye to defend.
Now when they should like prisoners haue bene fettred, in the end
They casting vp they' handes (which yit were free) to heauen, did cry
To Bacchus for to succour them, who helpt them by and by.
At leastwyse if it may bee termd a help, in wondrous wyse
To alter folke. For neuer could I lerne ne can surmyse
The manner how they lost they' shape. The thing it selfe is knowen.
With fethered wings as whyght as snow they quyght away are flowen
Transformed into douehouse dowes thy wyfe dame Venus burdes.
When that the time of meate was spent vñ theis ¢ such like wordes,
The table was remoued streyght, and then they went to slepe.
Next morrow rysing vp allone as day began to perpe,
They went to Phebus Oracle, which willed them to go
Vnto they' mother countrey and the coastes they' stocke came fro.
King Anius bare them companie. And when away they should,
He gaue them gifts. Anchises had a scepter all of gold.
Ascanius had a quiuer and a Cloke right brave and trim.
Aenæas had a standing Cup presented vnto him.
The Thebane Therses who had bene king Anius guest erewhyle

Did

Did send it out of Thessaly: but Alcon one of Myle
Did make the cuppe. And hée therona stozy portrayd out.
It was a Citie with seuen gates in circuit round about,
Which men myght eaſly all discerne. The gates did repzesent
The Cities name, and shewed playne what towne thereby was ment.
Without the towne were funeralls a doing foz the dead,
With herces, tapers, fyzes, and tumbes. The wynes with ruffled head
And stomacks bare pzetended greef. The nymphes seemd teares to shead,
And waple the dzying of theyz welles. The leaueleſſe trées did seare.
And licking on the parched stones Goats romed hére and there.
Behold amid this Thebane towne was lyuely portrayd out
Echions daughters twayne, of which the one with courage stout
Did pzofer bothe her naked thzote and stomacke to the knyfe:
And tother with a manly hart did also spend her lyfe,
Foz saufgard of her countryfolk: And how that therbppon
They both were carped solemly on herces, and anon
Were burned in the cheefeſt place of all the Thebane towne.
Then (leaſt theyz linage should decay whoo dyde with such renowne,)
Out of the Aſhes of the maydes there issued two yong men,
And they vnto theyz mothers dust did obsequies agen.
Thus much was grauen curiously in auncient pzecious bzaſſe,
And on the bzim a trayle of flowzes of bearbzich gilded was.
The Troians also gaue to him as ceſtly giftes agen.
Bycauſe he was Apollos pzeeſt they gaue to him as then
A Chiſt to keepe in frankincence. They gaue him furthermoze
A Crowne of gold wherin were set of pzecious stones great stoze.
Then calling to remembzance that the Troians issued were
Of Tevvcers blood, they sayld to Crete. But long they could not there
Abyde th'infection of the aire: and so they did forſake
The bundzed Cities, and with spéede to Italeward did make.
The winter wered hard and rough, and toſt them verry soze.
And when theyz shippes arrined were vppon the perious shoze
Among the Strophad Iles, the bird Aëllo did them feare.
The coſtes of Dulich, Ithaca, and Same they paſſed were,
And eke the Court of Neritus where wyſe Vlyſſes reignd,
And came to Ambrace foz the which the Gods strong ſtryfe maynteind.
There sawe they turned into stone the iudge whoſe image pit

At

At Actium in Appollos Church in signe therof doth sit.
They vewed also Dodon grove where Okes spake: and the coast
Of Chaön where the sonnes of king Molossus scapt a most
Ungracious syze by taking wings. From thence they coasted by
The countrye of the Pheäks fraught with frute abundantly.
Then toke they land in Epyre, and to Buthrotos they went
Wheras the Troiane prophet dwelt, whose reigne did represent
An image of theyr auncient Troy. There being certifyde
Of things to come by Helen (who whyle there they did abyde
Informed them ryght faythfully of all that should betyde)
They passed into Sicilie. With corners thre this land
Shootes out into the Sea: of which Pachinnus front doth stand.
Ageinst the southcoast: Lilibye doth face the gentle west,
And Pelore vnto Charlis wayne doth northward beare his brest.
The Troianes vnder Pelore gate with ores and prosprous tydes
And in the euen by Zanclye shore theyr fleete at anchor rydes.
Vppon the lefthyde restlesselye Charybdis ay doth beate them.
And swalloweth shippes & spewes them vp as fast as it doth eate them.
And Scylla beateth on theyr ryght: which from the nauell downe
Is patched vp with cruell curres: and vpward to the crowne
Doth keepe the countnance of a mayd, And (if that all be trew
That Poëts fayne) shee was sumtyme a mayd ryght fayre of hew.
To her made many wowers sute: all which shee did eschew.
And going to the salt Sea nymphes (to whom shee was ryght deere)
Shee vaunted, to how many men shee gaue the slippe that yeere.
To whom the Lady Galate in kembing of her heare
Sayd thus with syghes. But they that sought to thee (O Lady) were
None other than of humane kynd, to whom without all feare
Of harme, thou myghtest (as thou dost) giue nay. But as for mee
Although that I of Nereus and gray Doris daughter bee,
And of my sisters haue with mee continually a gard,
I could not scape the Cyclops lone, but to my greef full hard.
(With that her teares did stoppe her speeche.) Allone as that the mayd
Had dryde them with her marble thomb, & moande the nymph, she sayd.
Deere Goddesse tell mee all your greef, and hyde it not from mee:
For trust mee I will vnto you bothe true and secret bee.
Then vnto Cratyes daughter thus the nymph her playnt did frame.

Of Fawne and nymph Simethis borne was Acis, who became
A ioy to bothe his parents, but to mée the greater ioy.
For being but a sixtéene yéares of age, this fayre swéete boy
Did take mée to his loue, what tyme about his chyldish chin
The tender heare like mossy downe to sprowt did first begin.
I loued him beyond all Goddes forbod, and likewyse mée
The Giant Cyclops. neyther (if demaunded it should bée)
I well were able for to tell you whither that the loue
Of Acis, or the Cyclops hate did more my stomacke moue.
There was no oddes betwéene them. Oh déere Goddesse Venus, what
A power hast thou? Behold how euen this owgly Giant that
No sparke of mækenesse in him hath, who is a terrour to
The verrye woodes, whom neuer guest nor straunger came vnto
Without displeasure, who the heauens and all the Goddes despyseth,
Doth féele what thing is loue. The loue of mée him so surpryseth,
That Polypheme regarding not his shepe and hollowe Caue,
And hauing care to please doth go about to make him braue.
His sturre stiffe heare he kembeth nowe with strong and sturdy rakes,
And with a sythe doth marcussotte his brisled berd: and takes
Delyght to loke vppon himselfe in waters, and to frame
His countnance. Of his murtherous hart the wyldnesse wereth tame,
His vnstaunched thyrst of blood is quenched: shippes may passe
And repasse sauely. In the whyle that he in loue thus was,
One Telemus Euurymeds sonne a man of passing skill
In birdsyght, taking land that tyme in Sicill, went vntill
The orped Gyant Polypheme, and sayd: This one round eye
That now amid thy forehead stands shall one day ere thou dye
By sly Vlysses blinded bée. The Gyant laught therat,
And sayd O foolish foothsayre thou deceyued art in that.
For why another (euen a wench) already hathe it blynded.
Thus skorning him that told him truthe bycause he was bygh mynded,
Be eyther made the ground to shake in walking on the shore,
Or rowzd him in his shadye Caue. With wedged poynt before.
There shoots a hill into the Sea: whereof the sea doth beate
On eyther syde. The one eyd fiend came vp and made his seate
Theron, and after came his shepe vndriuen. Among as hée

Had

Had at his foote layd downe his staffe which was a whole Pyne tree
Well able for to bee a maast to any shippe, he takes
His pype compact of syuescore reedes, and therwithall he makes
So loud a noyse that all the hilles and waters therabout
Myght easly heere the shirinesse of the shepeherds whistling out.
I lying underneathe the rocke, and leaning in the lappe
Of Acis markt theis wordes of his which farre I heard by happe.
More whyght thou art then Primrose leaf my Lady Galatee.
More fresh than meade, more tall and streyght than lofty Albertree.
More bright than glasse, more wanton than the tender kid forsoth.
Than Cockleshelles continually with water worne, more smothe.
More cheerefull than the winters Sun, or Sommers shadowe cold,
More seemely and more comly than the Planetree to behold.
Of balew more than Apples bee although they were of gold.
More cleere than frozen yce, more sweete than Grape through rype ywis,
More soft than butter newly made, or downe of Cygnet is.
And much more fayre and beawtyfull than gardein to myne eye,
But that thou from my companye continually dost flye.
And thou the selfsame Galate art more tettish for to frame
Than Oren of the wildernesse whom neuer wyght did tame.
More fleeting than the wanes, more hard than warryed Oke to twyne,
More tough thã willow twiggs, more lyth thã is the wyld whyght vyne.
More than this rocke vnmouable, more violent than a streame.
More prowd than Peacocke prayld, more feerce thã fyre & more extreame.
More rough than Beers, more cruell than the new delluered Beare,
More mercilesse than troden snake, than sea more deafe of eare.
And which (and if it lay in mée I cheefly would restrayne)
Not only swifter paced than the stag in chace on playne,
But also swifter than the wynd and flyghtfull ayre. But if
Thou knew me well, it would thée irke to flye and bée a gréek
To tarrye from mée. Yea thou wouldst endeuour all thy powre
To kéepe mée wholly to thy self. The Quarry is my bowre
Heawen out of whole mayne stone. No Sun in sommer there can swelt.
No nipping cold in wintertyme within the same is felt.
Gay Apples weying downe the boughes haue I, and Grapes like gold,
And purple Grapes on spreaded Vynes as many as can hold.
Bothe which I dow reserue for thée. Thyself shalt with thy hand

The ſoft ſwéete ſtrawbꝛyes gather, which in woodby ſhadowe ſtand.
The Cornell berryes alſo from the trée thy ſelf ſhalt pull:
And pleaſant plommes, ſum yellow lyke new wax, ſum blew, ſum full
Of ruddy ielwce. Of Cheſtnutts éeke (if my wyfe thou wilt bée)
Thou ſhalt haue ſtoꝛe: and frutes all ſoꝛtes: All trées ſhall ſerue foꝛ thée.
This Cattell héere is all myne owne. And many mo beſyde
Dw eyther in the bottoms fæde, oꝛ in the wodes them hyde,
And many ſtanding at theyꝛ ſtalles dw in my Caue abyde.
The number of them (if a man ſhould aſk) I cannot ſhowe.
Tuſh beggars of theyꝛ Cattell vſe the number foꝛ tw knowe.
And foꝛ the gwdneſſe of the ſame, no whit beléeue thou mée.
But come thyſelf (and if thou wilt) the truth therof tw ſée.
Sée how theyꝛ vdders full dw make them ſtraddle. Leſſer wars
Shet vp at home in cloce warme péends, are Lambes. There alſo are
In other pinfolds Kidds of ſelfſame yeaningtyme. Thus haue
I alwayes mylke as whyte as ſnow. wherof I ſum dw ſaue
Tw dꝛink, and of the reſt is made gwd chéeſe. And furthermoꝛe
Not only ſtale and common gifts and pleaſures wherof ſtoꝛe
Is tw bée had at eche mannes hand, (as Leuerets, Kidds, and Does,
A payꝛe of pigeons, oꝛ a neſt of birds new found, oꝛ Roes,)
Shall vntw thée preſented bée. I found this twther day
A payꝛe of Bearewhelpes, eche ſo lyke the other as they lay
Vppon a hill, that ſcarce yée eche diſcerne from other may.
And when that I did fynd them I did take them vp, and ſay
Theis will I foꝛ my Lady kéepe foꝛ her therwith tw play.
Now put thou vp thy fayꝛe bꝛyght head gwd Galat I thée pꝛay
Abowe the gréenith waues: now come my Galat, come away.
And of my preſent take no ſcoꝛne. I know my ſelfe tw bée
A iollye fellow. Foꝛ euen now I dip behold and ſée
Myne image in the water théere, and ſure mée thought I twke
Delyght tw ſée my gwdly ſhape, and fauoꝛ in the bꝛwke.
Behold how big I am not Ioue in heauen (foꝛ ſo you men
Repoꝛt one Ioue tw reigne, of whom I paſſe not foꝛ tw ken)
Is howger than this doughty coꝛpe of myne. A buſh of heare
Doth ouerdꝛéepe my viſage grim, and ſhadowes as it were
A groue vppon my ſhoulders twayne. And think it not tw bée
A ſhame foꝛ that with bꝛiſtled heare my body rough yée ſée.

A fowle ſkauoged ſyght it is to ſée a leaueleſſe trée }
A lothely thing it is, a horſe without a mane to kéepe:
As fethers do become the birdes, and woll becommeth ſhéepe,
Euen ſo a beard and brizzled ſkin becommeth alſo men.
I haue but one eye, which doth ſtand amid my frunt. what then?
This one round eye of myne is lyke a myghty target. Why?
Vewes not the Sun all things from heauen? Yit but one only eye
Hath hée. moreouer in your Seas my father beares the ſway.
Him will I make thy fatherinlaw. Haue mercy I the pray,
And harken to myne humble ſute. For only vnto thée
Yéeld I. Euen I of whom bothe heauen and Ioue deſpyſed bée
And eeke the percing thunderbolt, do ſtand in awe and feare
Of thée O Nerye. Thyne ill will is greeuouſer to beare
Than is the deadly Thunderclappe. Yit could I better fynd
In hart to ſuffer this contempt of thyne with patient mynd
If thou didſt ſhonne all other folk as well as mée. But why
Reiecting Cyclops doſt thou loue diwarf Acis? why ſay I
Preferſt thou Acis vnto mée? well let him liked bée
Both of himſelf, and alſo (which I would be lothe) of thée.
And if I catch him he ſhall feele that in my body is
The force that ſhould bée. I ſhall paunch him quicke. Thoſe limbes of his
I will in péeces teare, and ſtrew them in the feeldes, and in
Thy waters, if he do thée haunt. For I do ſwelt within.
And being chaafte the flame doth burne more fierce to my vnreſt.
Yée thinks mount Aetna with his force is cloſed in my breſt.
And yit it nothing moueth thée. Aſſone as he had talkt
Thus much in vayne, (I ſawe well all) he roſe: and fuming ſtalkt
Among his woodes and wonted Lawndes, as doth a Bulchin, when
The Cow is from him tane. He could him no where reſt as then.
Anon the feend eſpyed mee and Acis where wee lay,
Before wee will or feared it: and crying out gan ſay
I ſée yée. and confounded myght I bée with endleſſe ſhame,
But if I make this day the laſt agreement of your game.
Theis wordes were ſpoke with ſuch a réere as verry well became
An angry Giant. Aetna ſhoke with lowdneſſe of the ſame.
I ſcaard therwith dopt vnderneathe the water, and the knyght
Simethus turning ſtreyght his backe, did giue himſelf to flyght,

And cryēd help mée Galate, help parents I you pray,
And in your kingdome mæ receyue whō perrish muſt ſtreyght way:
The roundeyd deuill made purſewt: and rending vp a ſtéece
Of Aetna Rocke, threw after him: of which a little péece
Did Acis ouertake. and yit as little as is was,
It ouerwhelmed Acis whole. I wretched wyght (alas)
Did that which deſtnyes would permit. Forthwith I brought to paſſe
That Acis ſhould receyue the force his father had before.
His ſcarlet blood did iſſue from the lump, and more and more
Within a whyle the redneſſe gan to vannish: and the hew
Reſembled at the firſt a broke with rayne diſtroubled new,
Which wereth eléere by length of tyme. Anon the lump did clyue,
And from the hollow cliffe therof hygh réedes ſprang vp alyue.
And at the hollow iſſue of the ſtone the bubling water
Came trickling out. And by and by (which is a wondrous matter)
The ſtripling with a wreath of réede about his horned head
Auaunſt his body to the walke. Whō (ſaue he was that ſtead
Much biggar than he erſt had bēne, and altogither gray)
Was Acis ſtill. and being turnd to water, at this day
In ſhape of riuer ſtill he beares his former name away.
The Lady Galat ceaſt her talk and ſtreyght the companye brake.
And Neryes daughters parting thence, ſwam in the gentle lake.
Dame Scylla home againe returnd. (Shée durſt not her betake
To open ſea) and eyther roamd vppon the ſandy ſhore
Stark naakt, or when for wærineſſe ſhée could not walk no more,
Shée then withdrew her out of ſyght and gate her to a pole,
And in the water of the ſame, her heated limbes did cole.
Behold the fortune. Glaucus (whō then being late before
Transformed in Euvboya Ile vppon Anthedon ſhore,
Was new becomne a dweller in the ſea) as he did ſwim
Along the coaſt was tane in lone at ſyght of Scylla trim,
And ſpake ſuch wordes as he did think myght make her tarry ſtill.
Yit fled ſhée ſtill, and ſwift for feare ſhée gate her to a hill
That butted on the Sea. ryght ſteépe and vpward sharp did shoote
A lofty toppe with trées, beneathe was hollowe at the foote.
Héere Scylla ſtayd and being ſauf by ſtrongneſſe of the place,
(Not knowing if he monſter were, or God, that did her chace,)

Shée

Shée loked backe. And wondring at his colour and his heare
With which his shoulders and his backe all wholly couered were,
Shée saw his neather parts were like a fish with tayle wrythde round
Who leaning to the nereſt Rocke, sayd thus with lowd créere sound.
Fayre mayd, I neyther monster am nor cruell sauage beast:
But of the sea a God, whose powre and fauour is not least.
For neyther Protevv in the sea nor Triton haue more myght
Nor yit the sonne of Athamas that now Palæmon hyght.
Yit once I was a mortall man. But you must know that I
Was giuen to sealworkes, and in them mée only did apply.
For sumtyme I did draw the drag in which the fishes were,
And sumtyme sitting on the cliffes I angled hære and there.
There butteth on a fayre græne mede a bank wherof tone halt
Is cloasd with sea, the reſt is clad with herbes which neuer calf,
Nor horned Or, nor sely shéepe, nor shakheard Goate did fede.
The bulye Bée did neuer there of flowres swéete smelling spéede.
No gladsum garlonds euer there were gathered for the head.
No hand those flowers euer yit with hoked sythe did shred.
I was the first that euer set my foote vppon that plot.
Now as I dryde my dropping netts, and layd abrode my lotte,
To tell how many fishes had bychaunce to net béene sent,
Or through theyr owne to lyght bélééke on bayted hoke béene hent:
(The matter seemeth like a lye, but what auayles to lye?)
Assone as that my pray had towcht the grasse, it by and by
Began to moue, and flask theyr finnes, and swim vppon the drye,
As in the Sea. And as I paused and wondred at the syght,
My draught of fishes euerychone to seaward toke theyr flyght,
And leaping from the shore, forsoke theyr newfound mayster quyght.
I was amazed at the thing: and standing long in dowt,
I sought the cause if any God had brought this same abowt,
Or else sum iewce of herb. And as I so did musing stand,
What herb (quoth I) hath such a powre? and gathering with my hand
The grasse, I bote it with my tothe. My throte had scarcely yit,
Well swallowed downe the vncouth iewce, when like an agew fit
I felt myne inwards sodeinly to shake, and with the same,
A loue of other nature in my brest with violence came.
And long I could it not resist: but sayd dære land adéew.

For neuer shall I haunt thée more. And with that word I threw
My bodye in the sea. The Goddes thereof receyuing mée,
Vouchsaued in theyr order mée installed for to bée.
Desyring old Oceänus and Thetis for theyr sake,
The rest of my mortalitie away from mée to take.
They hallowed mée, and hauing sayd nyne tymes the holy ryme
That purgeth all prophanednesse, they charged mée that tyme
To put my brestbulk vnderneathe a hundred streames. Anon
The brookes from sundry coastes and all the Seas did ryde vppon
My head. From whence as soone as I returned, by and by
I felt my self farre otherwyse through all my limbes, than I
Had béene before. and in my mynd I was another man.
Thus farre of all that mée befell make iust report I can.
Thus farre I beare in mynd. The rest my mynd perceyued not.
Then first of all this hory gréene gray grisild beard I got,
And this same bush of heare which all along the seas I swéepe,
And theis same myghty shoulders, and theis grayish armes, and féete
Confounded into finned fish. But what anayleth mée
This goodly shape, and of the Goddes of sea to loued bée?
Or for to be a God my self? if they delyght not thée?
As he was speaking this, and still about to vtter more,
Dame Scylla him forsoke: wherat he wexing angry sore.
And béeing quickened with repulse, in rage he toke his way
To Circes Titans daughters Court which full of monsters lay.

Finis Libri decimi tertij.

NOw had th'Evvboyan fisherman (whom lately was becomme
A God of sea to dwell in sea for ay,) already swomme
Past Aetna which vppon the face of Giant Typho lyes,
Together with the pasture of the Cyclops which defyes
Both Plough and harrowe, and by têmes of Oxen sets no store:
An Zancle, and crackt Rhegion which stands a tother shore:
And êke the rough and shipwrecke sea which being hemmed in
With twoo mayne landes on eyther syde, is as a bound betwin
The frutefull Realmes of Italy and Sicill. From that place
He cutting through the Tyrrhene sea with both his armes a pace,
Arryued at the grassye hilles and at the Palace hye
Of Circe Phœbus imp which full of sundry beastes did lye.
When Glaucus in her presence came, and had her grêeted, and
Receyued frendly welcomming and grêeting at her hand,
He sayd. O Goddesse pitie mée a God I thee desyre.
Thou only (if at least thou think mée worthy so great hyre)
Canst ease this loue of myne. No wyght doth better know than I
The powre of herbes, whom late ago transformed was therby.
And now to open vnto thee of this my grêef the ground,
Vppon th'Italyan shore ageinst Messene walls I found
Fayre Scylla. Shame it is to tell how scornfull shée did take
The gentle wordes and promises and sute that I did make.
But if that any powre at all consist in charmes, then let
That sacret mouth of thyne cast charmes: or if more force bée set
In herbes to compasse things withall, then vse the herbes that haue
Most strength in working. Neyther think, I hither come to craue
A medcine for to heale myself and cure my wounded hart:
I force no end. I would haue her bée partener of my smart.
But Circe (for no natures are more lyghtly set on fyre
Than such as shée is) (whither that the cause of this desyre
Were only in herself, or that Dame Venus bearing ay
In mynd her fathers déede in once disclosing of her play,
Did stirre her héere vnto) sayd thus. It were a better way
For thée to fancye such a one whose will and whole desyre

Is bent to thine, and who is kindled with selfsame kynd dot fyre.
Thou worthye art of sute to thée. and (credit mée) thou shouldst
Fée woode in déede, if any hope of spéeding giue thou wouldst.
And therefore doubt not. Only of thy beautye lyking haue.
Lo, I who am a Goddesse and the imp of Phœbus braue,
Who can so much by charmes, who can so much by herbes, do bow
My selfe to thée. If I disdeine, disdeine mée also thow.
And if I yéeld, yéeld thou likewyse: and in one only déede
Auenge thy self of twayne. To her intreating thus to spéede,
First trées shall grow (q Glaucus) in the sea, and réeke shall thryue
On toppes of hilles, ere I (as long as Scylla is alyue)
Do chaunge my loue. The Goddesse wext ryght wroth: & sith she could
Not hurt his persone béeing falne in loue with him, ne would:
Shée spyghted her that was preferd before her. And vppon
Displeasure tane of this repulse, shée went her way anon.
And wicked wéedes of grisly iewce togither shée did bray,
And in the braying, witching charmes shee ouer them did say.
And putting on a russet cloke, shée passed through the rowt
Of sauage beastes that in her court came fawning round about,
And going vnto Rhegion cliffe which standes against the shore
Of Zancle, entred by and by the waters that do rore
With violent tydes, vppon the which shée stood as on firme land,
And ran and neuer wet her féete awhit. There was at hand
A little plash that bowed like a bowe that standeth bent,
Where Scylla wonted was to rest herself, and thither went
From rage of sea and ayre, what tyme the sonne amid the skye
Is whotest making shadowes short by mounting vp on hye.
This plash did Circe then infect against that Scylla came,
And with her poysons which had power most mōstrous shapes to frame
Defyled it. Shée sprincled there the iewce of venymd wéedes.
And thryce nyne tymes w̄ witching mouth shée softly mumbling, réedes
A charme ryght darke of vncouth wordes. No sooner Scylla came
Within this plash, and to the waast had waded in the same,
But that shée sawe her hinderloynes with barking buggs atteint.
And at the first, not thinking with her body they were meynt
As parts therof, shée started back, and rated them. And sore
Shée was afrayd the eager curres should byght her. But the more

Shée

Shée ſhonned them, the ſurer ſtill ſhé was to haue them there.
In ſéeking where her loynes, and thyghes, and féete and ancles were,
Chappes like the chappes of Cerberus in ſtead of them ſhée found.
Nought elſe was there than cruell curres from belly downe to ground.
So vnderneathe millhapen loynes and womb remayning ſound,
Her manniſh maſtyes backes were ay within the water drowned.
Her louer Glaucus wept therat, and Circes bed refuſde
That had ſo paſſing cruelly her herbes on Scylla vſde.
But Scylla in that place abode. And for the hate ſhée boze
To Circeward, (aſſoone as méete occaſion ſerude therfoze)
Shée ſpoyld Vlyſſes of his mates. And ſhortly after, ſhée
Had alſo drowned the Troiane fléete, but that (as yit wée ſée)
Shée was tranſformd to rock of ſtone, which ſhipmen warely ſhonne.
When from this Rocke the Troiane fléete by force of Dzes had wonne,
And from Charybdis grédye gulf, and were in maner readye
To haue arryude in Italy, the wynd did ryſe ſo heady,
As that it drane them backe vppon the coaſt of Affricke. There
The Tyrian Quéene (whom afterward vnpaciently ſhould beare
The going of this Troiane prince away) did entertéine
Aenæas in her houſe, and was ryght glad of him and fayne.
Vppon a Pyle made vnderneathe pretence of ſacrifyſe
Shée goard herſelf vpon a ſword, and in moſt wofull wyſe
As ſhée herſelf had béene beguyld: ſo ſhée beguyled all.
Eftſoons Aenæas flying from the newly réered wall
Of Carthage in that ſandy land, retyred backe agen
To Sicill, where his faythfull frend Aceſtes reignd. And when
He there had donne his ſacrifyſe, and kept an Obit at
His fathers tumb, he out of hand did mend his Gallyes that
Dame Iris Iunos meſſenger had burned vp almoſt.
And ſayling thence he kept his courſe alwf along the coaſt
Of Aeolye and of Vulcanes Ylés the which of brimſton ſmoke.
And paſſing by the Weremayds rocks, (his Pilot by a ſtroke
Of tempeſt being drowned in ſea) he ſayld by Prochite, and
Inarime, and (which vppon a barreine hill doth ſtand)
The land of Apezie, which doth take that name of people flye
There dwelling. For the Dyze of Goddes abhorring vtterly
The leawdneſſe of the Cercops, and theyr wilfull periurye,

And

And eke theyr guyleſull dealing did tranſforme them euerychone
Into an euillfauored kynd of beaſt: that being none
They myght yit ſtill reſemble men. He knit in leſſer ſpace
Theyr members, and he beate me flat theyr noſes to theyr face,
The which he filled furrowlike with wrinckles euery where.
He clad theyr bodyes ouer all with fallow coulourd heare,
And put them into this ſame Ile to dwell for euer there.
But firſt he did bereaue them of the vſe of ſpeeche and tong,
Which they to curſed periurye did vſe bothe old and yong.
To chatter hoarcely, and to ſhryeke, to iabber, and to ſqueake,
He hath them left, and for to moppe and mowe, but not to ſpeake.
Aenæas hauing paſt this Ile, and on his ryght hand left
The towne of Naples, and the tumb of Myſen on his left,
Togither with the fenny grounds: at Cumye landed, and
Went vnto longlyude Cybills houſe, with whom he went in hand
That he to ſee his fathers ghoſte myght go by Auerne deepe.
She long vppon the earth in ſtowned her eyes did fixed keepe.
And at the length aſſone as that the ſpryght of prophesye
Was entred her, shee rayſing them did thus ageine reply.
O moſt renowmed wyght, of whom the godlyneſſe by fyre
And valeantneſſe is tryde by ſword, great things thou doſt requyre.
But feare not Troiane. for thou ſhalt bee lord of thy deſyre.
To ſee the reuerend image of thy deere beloued ſyre,
Among the fayre Elyſian fields where godly folke abyde,
And all the loweſt kingdomes of the world I will thee guyde.
No way to vertue is reſtreynd. This ſpoken, shee did showe
A golden bowgh that in the wood of Proſerpine did growe,
And willed him to pull it from the tree. He did obey:
And ſawe the powre of dreadfull hell, and where his graundſyres lay
And eke the aged Ghoſt of ſtowt Anchiſes. Furthermore
He lernd the cuſtomes of the land arryued at late before,
And what aduentures ſhould by warre betyde him in that place.
From thence retyring vp ageine a ſlow and weery pace,
He did allwage the tediouſneſſe by talking with his guyde.
For as he in the twylyght dim this dreadfull way did ryde,
He sayed: whither preſent thou thyſelf a Goddeſſe bee.
Or ſuch a one as God doth loue moſt deerly, I will thee

For

For euer as a Goddesse take, and will acknowledge mée
Thy seruant, for sauisguyding mée the place of death to sée,
And for thou from the place of death hast brought mée sauf and frée.
For which desert, what tyme I shall atteyne to open ayre,
I will a temple to thée build ryght sumptuous, large, and fayre,
And honour thée with frankincence. The prophetisse did cast
Her eye vppon Aenæas backe, and syghing sayd at last.
I am no Goddesse. Neyther think thou canst with conscience ryght,
With holy incence honour giue to any mortall wyght.
But to thentent through ignorance thou erre not, I had béene
Eternall and of worldly lyfe I should none end haue séene,
If that I would my maydenhod on Phebus haue bestowde.
Howbéeit whyle he stood in hope to haue the same, and trowde
To ouercome mée with his gifts, thou mayd of Cumes (qᵗ he)
Chose what thou wilt, and of thy wish the owner thou shalt bée.
I taking full my hand of dust, and shewing it him there,
Desyred like a fole to liue as many yéeres as were
Small graynes of cinder in that heape. I quight forgot to craue
Immediately, the race of all those yéeres in youth to haue.
Yit did he graunt mée also that, vppon condicion I
Would let him haue my maydenhod, which thing I did denye.
And so reiecting Phebus gift a single lyfe I led.
But now the blessefull tyme of youth is altogither fled,
And irksome age with trembling pace is stolne vppon my head.
Which long I must endure. For now already as you sée
Seuen hundred yeares are come and gone and that the number bée
Full matched of the graines of dust, three hundred haruests mo
I must three hundred vintages sée more before I go.
The day will come that length of tyme shall make my body small,
And little of my withered limbes shall leaue or naught at all.
And none shall think that euer God was tane in loue with mée.
Euen out of Phebus knowledge then perchaunce I growen shall bée.
Or at the least that euer he mée lovde he shall denye.
So sore I shall be altered. And then shall no mannes eye
Discerne mée. Only by my voyce I shall bée knowen. For why
The fates shall leaue mée still my voyce for folke to know mée by.
As Sybill in the vaulted way such talk as this did frame,

The

The Troiane knyght Aenæas vp at Cumes fro Limbo came.
And hauing done the sacrifyse accustomd for the same,
He toke his iourney to the coast which had not yit the name
Receyued of his nurce. In this same place he found a mate
Of wyse Vlysses Macare of Neritus who late
Before, had after all his long and tedious toyles, there stayd.
He spying Achemenides (whom late ago afrayd
They had among mount Aetnas Cliffs abandond when they fled
From Polypheme:)and wondring for to see he was not dead,
Sayd thus. O Achemenides, what chaunce, or rather what
God God hathe savde the lyfe of thée? What is the reason that
A barbrous shippe beares thée a Créke? or whither sayleft thou?
To him thus, Achemenides his owne man freely now
And not forgrowen as one forlorne, nor clad in bristled hyde,
Made answer. Yit ageine I would I should in perrill byde
Of Polypheme, and that I myght those chappes of his behold
Béesmeared with the blod of men, but if that I do hold
This shippe more déere than all the Realme of wyse Vlysses, or
If lesser of Aenæas I do make account than for
My father. neyther (though I did as much as done myght bee,)
I could ynough bée thankfull for his godnesse towards mée.
That I still speake and breathe: That I the Sun and heauen do sée:
Is his gift. Can I thankfull then or myndefull of him bée?
That downe the round eyed gyants throte this soule of myne went not?
And that from henceforth when to dye it euer be my lot
I may bée layd in graue, or sure not in the Gyants mawe?
What hart had I that tyme (at least if feare did not withdrawe
Both hart and sence) when left behynd, you taking shippe I sawe?
I would haue called after you but that I was afrayd
By making outcrye to my so myselfe to haue béewrayd.
For euen the noyse that you did make did put Vlysses shippe
In daunger. I did sée him from a cragged mountaine strippe
A myghty rocke, and into sea it throwe midway and more.
Ageine I sawe his giants pawe throwe hoyge big stones great store
As if it were a sling. And sore I feared least your shippe
Should drowned by the water bée that from the stones did skippe,
Or by the stones themselues, as if my self had béene therin.

But

But when that flyght had saued you from death, he did begin
On Aetna flyghing vp and downe to walke: and with his pawes
Went groping of the trées among the woodes. And forbycause
He could not sée, he knockt his shinnes against the rocks eche where.
And stretching out his grisly armes (which all begrymed were
With baken blood) to seaward, he the Grékish nation band,
And sayd. O if that sum good chaunce myght bring vnto my hand
Vlysses or sum mate of his, on whom to wreake myne ire.
Vppon whose bowells with my téeth I like a Wolfe myght tyre:
Whose liuing members myght with theis my talants teared bene.
Whose blood myght bubble down my throte: whose flesh myght pant be-
tw\u00e9ene
tween my iawes: how lyght or none at all this losing of myne eye
Would séeme: Theis wordes and many mo the cruell fiend did cry.
A shuddring horror perced mé to sée his smudged face,
And cruell handes, and in his frunt the fowle round eyeless place,
And monstruous members, and his beard besowbered with the blood
Of man. Before myne eyes then death the smallest sorrow stood.
I loked euery minute to bé seased in his pawe.
I loked euer when he should haue cramd mé in his mawe.
And in my mynd I of that tyme mé thought the image sawe
When hauing dingd a dozen of our fellowes to the grownd
And lying lyke a Lyon fierce or hunger sterued hownd
Vppon them, very eagerly he downe his grédy gut
Their bowwels and their limbes yit more than half aliue did put,
And with their flesh togither crasht the bones and marce whyght.
I trembling like an aspen leaf stood sad and bloodlesse quyght.
And in beholding how he fed and belked vp againe
His bloody victells at his mouth, and vttred out amayne
The clottred gobbets mixt with wyne, I thus surmyde: like lot
Hangs ouer my head now, and I must also go to pot.
And hyding mé for many dayes, and quaking horribly
At euery noyse, and dreading death, and wishing for to dye,
Appeasing hunger with the leaues of trées, and herbes and mast,
Alone, and poore, and comfortlesse, and to death and pennance cast,
A long tyme after I espyde this shippe a farre at last,
And ronning downeward to the sea by signes did succour séeke.
Where fynding grace, this Troianeshippe receyued mé a Greeke.

Fut

But now I pray thée gentle frend declare thou vnto mée
Thy Capteines and thy fellowes lucke that toke the sea with thée.
He told him how that Aeölus the sonne of Hippot, hea
That kepes the wyndes in pryson cloce did reigne in Tuskane sea,
And how Vlysses hauing at his hand a noble gift
The wynd enclosde in leather bagges, did sayle with prosperous drift
nyne dayes togither: insomuch they came within the syght
Of home: but on the tenth day when the morning gan giue lyght,
His fellowes being somewhat toucht with couetousenesse and spyght.
Supposing that it had béene gold, did let the wyndes out quyght.
The which returning whence they came, did driue them backe a mayns
That in the Realme of Aeölus they went a land agayne.
From thence (q he) we came vnto the auncient Lamyes towne
Of which the feerce Antiphates that season ware the crowne.
A cowple of my mates and I were sent vnto him: and
A mate of myne and I could scarce by flyght escape his hand.
The third of vs did with his blod embrew the wicked face
Of leawd Antiphate, who with sword vs flying thence did chace,
And following after with a rowt threw stones and loggs which drowned
Both men and shippes. Howbeit one by chaunce escaped sound,
Which bare Vlysses and my self. So hauing lost most part
Of all our deare companions, we with sad and sory hart
And much complayning, did arryue at yonder coast which yow
May ken farre hence. A great way hence (I say) wée sée it now
But trust mée truly ouer néere I saw it once. And thow
Aenæas Goddesse Venus sonne the iustest knight of all
The Troiane race (for sith the warre is done, I can not call
thée so) I warne thée get thée farre from Circes dwelling place.
For when our shippes arryued there, remembring eft the cace
Of cruell king Antiphates, and of that hellish wyght
The round eyed gyant Polypheme, wée had so small delyght
To visit vncouth places, that wée sayd wée would not go.
Then cast we lotts. The lot fell out vppon myself as tho,
And Polyte, and Eurylocus, and on Elpenor who
Delyghted twtomuch in wyne, and eyghténe other mo.
All wee did go to Circes house. Assone as wée came thither,
And in the portall of the hall had set our féete togither,

A thousand Lyons wolues and beares did put vs in a feare
By méeting vs. But none of them was to bée feared there.
For none of them could do vs harme: but with a gentle loke
And following vs with fawning féete theyr wanton tayles they shoke.
Anon did Damzells welcome vs and led vs through the hall
(The which was made of marble stone, flowre, arches, rof, and wall)
To Circe. Shée sate vnderneathe a trauerse in a chayre
Aloft ryght rich and stately, in a chamber large and fayre.
Shée ware a goodly long treynd gowne: and all her rest attyre
Was euery whit of goldsmithes worke. There sate mée also by her
The Seanymphes and her Ladyes whose fyne fingers neuer knew
What towing woll did méene, nor threde from whorled spindle drew.
They sorted herbes, and picking out the flowers that were mixt,
Did put them into mawnds, and with indifferent space betwixt,
Did lay the leaues and stalks on heapes according to theyr hew.
And shée herself the worke of them did ouersée and vew.
The vertue and the vse of them ryght perfectly shée knew,
And in what leaf it lay, and which in mixture would agrée.
And so perusing euery herb by good aduysement, shée
Did wey them out. Assone as shée vs entring in did sée,
And gréeting had bothe giuen and tane, shée loked chéerefully,
And graunting all that wée desyrde, commaunded by and by
A certeine potion to bée made of barly parched drye
And wyne and hony mixt with chéese, and with the same shée slye
Had meynt the iuice of certeine herbes which vnespyde did lye
By reason of the sweetenesse of the drink. Wée toke the cup
Deliuered by her wicked hand, and quaft it cléerely vp
With thirstye throtes. Which done, and that the cursed witch had smit
Our highest heare tippes with her wand, (it is a shame, but yit
I will declare the truth) I wext all rough with bristled heare,
And could not make complaint with wordes. In stead of speech I there
Did make a rawghtish grunting, and with groucling face gan beare
My visage downeward to the ground. I felt a hoked groyne
To weren hard vppon my mouth, and brawned neck to ioyne
My head and shoulders. And the handes with which I late ago
Had taken vp the charmed cup, were turnd to féete as tho.
Such force there is in Sorcerie. In fyne wyth other mo

But now I pray thée gentle frend declare thou vnto mée
Thy Capteines and thy fellowes lucke that tooke the sea with thée.
He told him how that Aeölus the sonne of Hippot, hea
That keepes the wyndes in pryson cloce did reigne in Tuskane sea.
And how Vlysses hauing at his hand a noble gift
The wynd enclosde in leather bagges, did saple with prosperous drift
nyne dayes togither: insomuch they came within the syght
Of home: but on the tenth day when the morning gan giue lyght,
His fellowes being somewhat toucht with couetousenesse and spyght.
Supposing that it had béene gold, did let the wyndes out quyght.
The which returning whence they came, did driue them backe a mayne
That in the Realme of Aeölus they went a land agayne.
From thence (quoth he) we came vnto the auncient Lamyes towne
Of which the feerce Antiphates that season ware the crowne.
A cowple of my mates and I were sent vnto him: and
A mate of myne and I could scarce by syght escape his hand.
The third of vs did with his blud embrew the wicked face
Of leawd Antiphate, who with sword vs flying thence did chace,
And following after with a rowt threw stones and loggs which drowned
Both men and shippes. Howbeit one by chaunce escaped sound,
Which bare Vlysses and my self. So hauing lost most part
Of all our deare companions, we with sad and sory hart
And much complayning, did arryue at yonder coast which yow
May ken farre hence. A great way hence (I say) wée sée it now
But trust mée truly ouer néere I saw it once. And thow
Aenæas Goddesse Venus sonne the tuskest knight of all
The Troiane race (for sith the warre is done, I can not call
thée so) I warne thée get thée farre from Circes dwelling place.
For when our shippes arryued there, remembring eft the cace
Of cruell king Antiphates, and of that hellish wyght
The round eyed gyant Polypheme, wée had so small delyght
To visit vncouth places, that wée sayd wée would not go.
Then cast we lotts. The lot fell out vppon myself as tho,
And Polyte, and Eurylocus, and on Elpenor who
Delyghted tootomuch in wyne, and eyghténe other mo.
All wee did go to Circes house. Assone as wée came thither,
And in the portall of the hall had set our féete togither,

A

A thousand Lyons wolues and beares did put vs in a feare
By méeting vs. But none of them was to bée feared there.
For none of them could do vs harme: but with a gentle loke
And following vs with fawning féete theyr wanton tayles they shoke.
Anon did Damzells welcome vs and led vs through the hall
(The which was made of marble stone, flowre, arches, rowf, and wall)
To Circe. Shée sate vnderneathe a trauerse in a chayre
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Did put them into mawnds, and with indifferent space betwixt,
Did lay the leaues and stalks on heapes according to theyr hew.
And shée herself the worke of them did ouersée and vew.
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And wyne and hony mixt with chéese, and with the same shée slye
Had meynt the iewce of certeine herbes which vnespyde did lye
By reason of the swéeteneesse of the drink. Wée toke the cup
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To weren hard vppon my mouth, and brawned neck to ioyne
My head and shoulders. And the handes with which I late ago
Had taken vp the charmed cup, were turnd to féete as tho.
Such force there is in Sorcerie. In fyne wyth other mo

That talked of the selfsame sawce, they shet mée in a Stye.
From this misshappe Furilochus alonly scapte. For why
He only would not taste the cup. which had he not fled fro,
He should haue béene a brissled beast as well as we. And so
Should none haue borne Vlysses woorde of our mischaunce, nor hée
Haue cõme to Circe to reuenge our harmes and set vs free.
The peaceprocurer Mercurie had giuen to him a whyght
Fayre flowre whose rote is black, and of the Goddes it Moly hyght
Allurde by this and heauenly heskes, he entred Circes bowre.
And béeing bidden for to drink the cup of balefull powre,
As Circe was about to stroke her wand vppon his heare,
He thrust her backe, and put her with his naked swoord in feare.
Then fell they to agrément streyght, and fayth in hand was plyght.
And béeing made her bedfellowe, he claymed as in ryght
Of dowrye, for to haue his men ageine in perfect plyght.
Shée sprincled vs with better iewce of vncouth herbes, and strake
The awk end of her charmed rod vppon our heades, and spake
Woordes to the former contrarie. The more shée charmd, the more
Arose wée vpward from the ground on which wée daarde before.
Our brissles fell away, the clift our cloucn clées forsoke.
Our shoulders did returne ageín: and next our elbowes toke
Our armes and handes theyr former place. Then weeping wée embrace
Our Lord, and hing about his necke who also wept apace.
And not a woord wée rather spake than such as myght apperre
From harts most thankfull to procéede. Wée tarryed theyr a yére
I in that whyle sawe many things, and many things did héere.
I marked also this one thing with store of other geere
Which one of Circes fowre chéef maydes (whose office was alway
Vppon such hallowes to attend) did secretly bewray
To mée. For in the whyle my Lord with Circe kept alone,
This mayd a youngmannes image sheawd of fayre whyght marble stone
Within a Chauncell. On the head therof were garlonds store
And éeke a woodspecke. And as I demaunded her wherfore
And who it was they honord so in holy Church, and why
He bare that bird vppon his head: Shée answéering by and by
Sayd: lerne hereby sir Macare to vnderstand the powre
Of Lady bathe, and marke thou well what I shall say this howre.

There

There reigned erewhyle in Italy one Picus Saturnes sonne
Whom loued warlike horse and had delyght to see them ronne.
He was of feature as yée see. And by this image héere
The verry beawtye of the man doth lyuelely appéere.
His courage matcht his personage. And scarcely had he well
Séene twentye yéeres. His countnance did allure the nymphes ỳ dwell
Among the Latian hilles. The nymphes of fountaines and of brookes,
As those that haunted * Albula were rauisht with his lookes
And so were they that Numicke beares, and Anio too, and Alme
That ronneth shorte, and heady Nar, and Farfar cole and calme.
And all the nymphes that vse too haunt Dianas shadye pole,
Or any lakes or méeres nére hand, or other waters cole.
But he disdeyning all the rest did set his loue vppon
A lady whom Venilia bare (so fame reporteth) on
The stately mountayne Palatine by Ianus that doth beare
The doowble face. Assone as that her yéeres for marryage were
Thought able, shée preferring him before all other men,
Was wedded too this Picus who was king of Lavvrents then.
Shée was in beawtye excellent. but yit in singing, much
More excellent: and therevppon they naamd her Singer. Such
The swéetenelle of her musicke was, that shée therwith delyghts
The sauage beastes, and caused birdes too cease theyr wandring flyghts,
And moued stones and trées, and made the ronning streames too stay.
Now whyle that shée in womans tune recordes her pleasant lay
At home, her husband rode abrode vppon a lustye horse
Too hunt the Boare, and bare in hand two hunting staues of force.
His cloke was crymzen butned with a golden button fast.
Into the selfsame forest éeke was Phebus daughter past
From those same feeldes that of herselfe the name of Circe beare,
Too gather vncouth herbes among the frutefull hillocks there.
Assone as lurking in the shrubbes shée did the king espye,
Shée was astrawght. Downe fell her herbes too ground. And by and by
Through all her bones the flame of loue the marée gan too frye.
And when shée from this forced heate had cald her witts agen,
Shée purposde too bewray her mynd. But vnto him as then
Shée could not come for swiftnelle of his horse and for his men
That garded him on euery syde. Yit shalt thou not (q shée)

* *Now called Tyber.*

So shift thée fro my handes although the wynd should carrye thée,
If I do knowe myselfe, if all the strength of herbes fayle not,
Or if I haue not quyght and cléene my charmes and spelles forgotte.
In saying thes same wordes, shée made the likenesse of a Boare
Without a body, causing it too swiftly passe before
King Picus eyes, and for too séeme too get him too the wode,
Where for the thickenesse of the trées a horse myght do no good.
Immediatly the king vnwares a whote pursute did make
Vppon the shadowe of his pray, and quikly did forsake
His foming horses sweating backe: and following vayne wan hope,
Did runne a foote among the wodes, and through the bushes crope.
Then Circe fell a mumbling spelles, and praying like a witch
Did honour straunge & vncowth Goddes wt vncowth charmes, by which
Shee vsde too make the moone loke dark, and wrappe her fathers head
In watry clowdes. And then likewyse the heauen was ouerspred
With darknesse, and a foggye mist steamd vpward from the ground.
And neare a man about the king too gard him could bée found,
But euery man in blynd by wayes ran scattring in the chace,
Through her inchauntments. At the length shée getting tyme & place,
Sayd. By those lyghtsum eyes of thyne which late haue rauisht myne,
And by that goodly personage and louely face of thyne,
The which compelleth mée that am a Goddesse too enclyne
Too make this humble suite too thée that art a mortall wyght,
Allwage my flame, and make this sonne (who by his heauenly syght
Foresées all things) thy fatherinlawe: and hardly hold not scorne
Of Circe who by long discent of Titans stocke am borne.
Thus much sayd Circe. He rycht fiérce reiecting her request,
And her, sayd: whoso ere thou art go set thy hart at rest.
I am not thyne, nor will not bée. Another holdes my hart:
And long God graunt shée may it hold, that I may neuer start
Too leawdnesse of a forreine lust from bond of lawfull bed,
As long as Ianus daughter my swéete singer is not dead.
Dame Circe hauing oft renewd her suite in vayne before,
Sayd: dearely shalt thou by thy scorne. For neuer shalt thou more
Returne too Singer. Thou shalt lerne by proof what one can do
That is prouoked, and in loue, yea and a woman too.
But Circe is bothe stird too wrath, and also tane in loue,

yea

Yea and a woman. Twyce her face to westward she did moue,
And twyce to Eastward. Thryce shée layd her rod vppon his head.
And therwithall thrée charmes shée cast. Away king Picus fled.
And wondring that he fled moze swift than earst he had béene wont,
He saw the fethers on his skin, and at the sodein brunt
Became a bird that haunts the woddes. wherat he taking spyght,
With angrye bill did tob vppon hard Okes with all his myght,
And in his mode made hollowe holes vppon they? boughes. The hew
Of Crimzen which was in his cloke, vppon his fethers grew.
The gold that was a clasp and did his cloke togither hold,
Is fethers, and about his necke goes circlewyse like gold.
His seruants luring in that whyle oft ouer all the ground
In vayne, and fynding no where of they? kyng no incling, found.
Dame Circe. (Foz by that tyme shée had made the ayér shéere,
And suffred both the sonne and wyndes the miftye steames to cléere)
And charging her with matter trew, demaunded foz they? kyng,
And offring foyce, began they? darts and Jauelings foz to fling.
Shée sprinckling noysom venim streyght and iewce of poysoning myght,
Did call togither Eribus and Chaos, and the nyght,
And all the fiendes of darknesse, and with howling out along
Made prayers vnto Hecate. Scarce ended was her song,
But that (a wondzous thing to tell) the woodes lept from they? place
The ground did grone: the trées néere hand lokt pale in all the chace:
The grasse besprent with dzoppes of blood lokt red: the stones did séeme
To roare and bellow hoarce: and doggs to howle and raze extréeme:
And all the ground to crawle w̄ snakes blacke scaald: & gastly sprygbts
Fly whisking vp and downe. The folke were flayghted at theis syghts.
And as they wondring stood amazed, shée strokte her witching wand
Vppon they? faces. At the touche wherof, there out of hand
Came wondzous shapes of sauage beastes vppon them all. Not one
Reteyned still his native shape. The setting sonne was gone
Beyond the vtmost coast of Spaine, and Singer longd in vayne
To sée her husband. Bothe her folke and people ran agayne
Thzough all the woodes. And euer as they went, they sent they? eyes
Befoze them foz to fynd him out, but no man him espyes.
Then Singer thought it not ynough to wépe and teare her heare,
And beat herself (all which shée did.) Shée gate abzode, and there

Raundgd ouer all the bzoade wyld fé̃lds like one beſyds her witts.
Sir nyghts and full as many dayes (as foztune led by fitts)
She ſtrayd mée ouer hilles and dales, and neuer taſted reſt,
Noz meate, noz dzink of all the whyle. The ſeuenth day, ſoze oppzeſt
And tyzed bothe with trauell and with ſozrowe, downe ſhé ſate
Vppon cold Tybers bank, and there with teares in mozning rate
Shé warbling on her greék in tune not ſhirle noz ouer hye,
Did make her moane, as doth the ſwan: whó ready foz to dye
Doth ſing his buriall ſong befoze. Her marée molt at laſt
With mozning, and ſhé ppnde away: and finally ſhé paſt
To lither ayze. But yit her fame remayned in the place.
Foz why the auncient huſbandmen accozding to the cace,
Did name it Singer of the nymph that dyed in the ſame.
Of ſuch as theſe are, many things that yéere by foztune came
Bothe to my héering and my ſight. Mée wering reſty then
And ſluggs by diſcontinuance, were commaunded yit agen
To go a bozd and hoyſe vp ſayles. And Circe told vs all
That long and dowtfull paſſage and rowgh ſeas ſhould vs befall.
I pzomis thée thoſe wozdes of hers mée throughly made afrayd;
And therfoze hither I mée gate, and héere I haue mée ſtayd.

This was the end of Macars tale. And ere long tyme was gone,
Aenæas Nurce was buryed in a tumb of marble ſtone,
And this shozt verſe was ſet theron. In this ſame berry place
Vy Nurcechyld whom the wozld doth know to bée a chyld of grace
Deliuering mée Caieta quicke from burning by the Grayes,
Hathe burnt mée dead with ſuch a fyze as iuſtly winnes him prayſe.
Theyz Cables from the graſſye ſtrond were lozde, and by and by
From Circes ſlaunderous houſe and from her treaſons farre they fly.
And making to the thickgrowen groues where through the yellow duſt
The ſhady Tyber into ſea his guilbing ſtreame doth thruſt,
Aenæas got the Realme of king Latinus Favvnus ſonne
And éeke his daughter, whom in feyght by foze of armes he wonne.
He enterpzyſed warre ageinſt a Nation fierce and ſtrong.
And Furne was wzothe foz holding of his wyfe away by wzong.
Ageinſt the Shyze of Latium met all Tyrrhene, and long
With buſys ears hawlt victozie by foze of armes was sought.
Eche partie to augment theyz foze by fozreine ſuccour wzought.

And

And many sent the Rutills help, and many came to ayd
The Troianes: neyther was the god Aenæas ill apayd
Of going to Euanders towne. But Venulus in vayne
To outcast Diomeds cittie went his succour to obteine.
This Diomed vnder Dauvnus king of Calabrye did found
A myghtye towne, and with his wyfe in dowrye hild the ground.
Now when from Turnus, Venulus his message had declaard,
Desyring help: Th'Aetolian knyght sayd none could well be spaard.
And in excuse, he told him how he neyther durst be bold
To pyck his fathers folk to warre of whom he had no hold,
Nor any of his countrymen had left as then alyue
To arme. And least yée think (quhée) I dea shift contryue,
Although by vppening of the thing my bitter greef reuyue
I will abyde to make a new rehersall. After that
The Grékes had burned Troy and on the ground had layd it flat,
And that the Prince of Narix by his rauishing the mayd
In Pallas temple, on vs all the pennance had displayd
Which he himself deserud alone: Then scattred héere and there
And harryed ouer all the seas, wée Grékes were fayne to beare
Myght, thunder, tempest, wrath of heauen and sea, and last of all
Our shipwrecke at mount Capharey to mend our harmes withall.
And least that mée to make to long a processe yée myght déeme
In setting forth our heauy happes, the Grékes myght that tyme séeme
Myght rewfull euen to Priamus. Howbéet Minerua shee
That weareth armour toke mée from the waues and saued mée.
But from my fathers Realme ageine by violence I was dryuen.
For Venus bearing still in mynd the wound I had her giuen
Long tyme before, did work reuendge. By meanes wherof such toyle
Did tosse mée on the sea, and on the land I found such broyle
By warres, that in my hart I thought them blist of God whom erst
The violence of the raging sea and hideous wynds had perst,
And whom the wrathfull Capharey by shipwrecke did confound:
Oft willhing also I had there among the rest béene drowned.
My company now hauing felt the worst that sea or warre
Could worke, did faynt, and wisht an end of straying out so farre.
But Agmon whot of nature and to feerce through slaughters made
Hayd. What remayneth sirs through which our pacience cannot wade?

What further spyght hath Venus yit to worke ageinst vs more?
When worse misfortunes may bée feard than haue béene felt before,
Then prayer may aduauntadge men, and bowwing may them bote.
But when the worst is past of things, then feare is vnder foote.
And when that bale is hyghest growne, then bote must next ensew.
Although shée héere mée, and dw hate vs all (which thing is trew)
That serue héere vnder Diomed: yit set wée lyght her hate.
And déerely it should stand vs on to purchase hygh estate.
With such stowt wordes did Agmon stirre dame Venus vnto ire
And rayse ageine her settled grudge. Not many had desyre
To héere him talk thus out of square. the moste of vs that are
His frendes rebukte him for his wordes. And as he did prepare
To answere, bothe his voyce and throte by which his voyce should go,
Were small: his heare to feathers turnd: his necke was clad as tho
With feathers: so was brist and backe. The greater fethers stacke
Vppon his armes: and into wings his elbowes bowwed backe.
The greatest portion of his féete was turned into toes.
A hardened bill of horne did growe vppon his mouth and noze,
And sharpened at the neather end. His fellowes Lycus, Ide,
Rethenor, Nyct, and Abas all stood wondring by his syde.
And as they wondred, they receyvd the selfsame shape and hew.
And finally the greater part of all my band vp slew,
And clapping with theyr newmade wings, about the ozes did gird.
And if yée dw demaund the shape of this same dowtfull bird,
Euen as they bée not verry Swannes: so drawe they verry nére
The shapé of Cygnets whyght. With much a dw I settled héere,
And with a little remnant of my people dw obtayne
The dzygrownds of my fathzinlaw king Davvnus whow did reigne
In Calabry. Thus much the sonne of Oenye sayd. Anon
Sir Venulus returning from the king of Calydon,
Forsoke the coast of Puteoll and the fields of Messapie,
In which hée saw a darksome denne forgrowne with bushes hye,
And watred with a little spring. The halfegoate Pan that howze
Possessed it: but héertofore it was the fayrys bowze.
A shepeherd of Appulia from that countrye scaard them furth.
But afterward recouering hart and hardyneste they durst
Despyse him when he chaced them, and with theyr nimble féete

*The Elk.*

Continewed on theyr dawncing still in tyme and measure méete
The shepeherd sownd mée fault with them: and with his lowtlike leapes
Did counterfette theyr minyon dawnce, and rapped out by heapes
A rabble of vnsauery taunts euen like a country cloyne,
To which, most leawd and filthy termes of purpose he did ioyne.
And after he had once begon, he could not hold his tong,
Untill that in the timber of a trée his throte was clong.
For now he is a trée, and by his lewce discerne yée may
His manners. For the Olyf wyld doth sensibly bewray
By berryes full of bitternesse his rayling tong. For ay
The harshnesse of his bitter wordes the berryes beare away.
Now when the kings Ambassadour returned home without
The succour of th'Aetolian prince, the Rutills being stout
Made luckelesse warre without theyr help: and much on eyther syde
Was shed of blood. Behold king Turne made burning brondes to glyde
Uppon theyr shippes, and they that had escaped water, stode
In feare of fyre. The flame had sindged the pitch, the war, and wood,
And other things that nourish fyre, and rowing vp the masse
Caught hold vppon the sayles, and all the takling gan to wasse,
The Rowers seates did also smoke: when calling to her mynd
That theis same shippes were pynetrées erst and shaken with the wynd
On Ida mount, the mother of the Goddes dame Cybel filld
The ayre with sound of belles, and noyse of shalmes. And as shée hilld
The reynes that rulde the Lyons tame which drew her charyot, Shée
Sayd thus. O Turnus all in vayne theis wicked hands of thée
Do cast this fyre. for by myself dispoynted it shall bée.
I wilnot let the wasting fyre consume theis shippes which are
A parcell of my forrest Ide of which I am most chare.
It thundred as the Goddesse spake, and with the thunder came
A storme of rayne and shipping hayle. and swdeyne with the same
The sonnes of Astrey méeting fierce and feyghting verry sore,
Did trouble bothe the sea and ayre and set them on a rore.
Dame Cybel vsing one of them to serue her turne that tyde,
Did breake the Cables at the which the Troiane shippes did ryde,
And bare them prone, and vndernéathe the water did them dryue
The Timber of them softning turnd to bodyes streyght alyue.
The stemmes were turnd to heades, the ores to swimming féete & toes,

The

The ſydes to ribbes, the keele that through the middle gally goes
Became the ridgebone of the backe, the ſayles and tackling, heare:
And into armes on eyther ſyde the ſayleyards turned were.
Their hew is duskye as before, and now in ſhape of mayd
They play among the wanes of which euen now they were afrayd.
And being Seanymphes, whereas they were bred in mountaynes hard,
They haunt for ay the water ſoft, and neuer afterward
Had mynd to ſee their natyue ſoyle. But yit forgetting not
How many perils they had felt on ſea by luckleſſe lot,
They often put their helping hand to ſhippes diſtreſt by wynd,
Onleſſe that any caryed Grekes. For bearing ſtill in mynd
The burning of the towne of Troy, they hate the Grekes by kynd.
And therfore of Vlyſſes ſhippes ryght glad they were to ſee
The ſhuers. and as glad they were as any glad myght bee,
To ſee Alcinous ſhippes wer hard and turned into ſtone.

Theis ſhippes thus hauing gotten lyfe and being turnd eche one
To nymphes, a body would haue thought the miracle ſo greate
Should into Turnus wicked hart ſum godly feare haue beate,
And made him ceaſe his wilfull warre. But he did ſtill perſiſt.
And eyther partye had their Goddes their quarrell to aſſiſt,
And courage alſo: which as good as Goddes myght well be thought.
In fyne they neyther for the Realme nor for the ſcepter ſought,
Nor for the Lady Lauine: but for conqueſt. And for ſhame
To ſeeme to ſhrinke in leauing warre, they ſtill prolongd the ſame.
At length dame Venus ſawe her ſonne obteyne the vpper hand
King Turnus fell, and eeke the towne of Ardea which did ſtand
Ryght ſtrong in hygh eſtate as long as Turnus lined. But
Aſſone as that Aeneas ſword to death had Turnus put,
The towne was ſet on fyre: and from amid the embers flew
A fowle which till that preſent tyme no perſone euer knew,
And beate the aſhes feercely vp with flapping of his wing.
The leaneneſſe, paleneſſe, dolefull ſound, and euery other thing
That may expreſſe a Citie lakt, yea and the Cities name
Remayned ſtill vnto the bird. And now the verrye ſame
With Hernelewes fethers doth bewayle the towne wherof it came.

And now Aeneas proweſſe had compelled all the Goddes
And Iuno alſo (who with him was moſt of all at oddes)

To

To ceasse theyr old displeasure quyght. And now he hauing layd
God ground wheron the growing welth of Iuly myght be stayd,
Was rype for heauen. And Venus had great sute already made
To all the Goddes. and clesping Ioue did thus with him perswade.
Deere father whom hast neuer beene vncurteous vnto mee,
Now shewe the greatest courtesse (I pray thee) that may bee.
And on my sonne Aeneas (whom a graundchyld vnto thee
Hath got of my blod) if thou wilt vouchsafe him awght at all)
Vouchsafe sum Godhead to bestowe, although it bee but small.
It is ynough that once he hathe already seene the Realme
Of Pluto vtter pleasureless, and passed Styxis streame.
The Goddes assented: neyther did Queene Iuno then appeere
In countnance straunge, but did consent with glad and merry cheere.
Then Ioue. Aeneas worthy is a sayntt in heauen to bee.
Thy wish for whom thou dost it wish I graunt thee frank and free.
This graunt of his made Venus glad. Shee thankt him for the same.
And glyding throngh the aire vppon her yoked doues, shee came
To Lavvrent shore, where clad with reede the riuer Numicke deepe
To seaward (which is neere at hand) with stealing pace doth creepe.
Shee bade this riuer wash away what euer mortall were
In god Aeneas body, and them vnder sea to beare.
The horned brooke fulfild her hest, and with his water cheere
Did purge and clense Aeneas from his mortall body cleere.
The better porcion of him did remayne vnto him sownd.
His mother hauing hallowed him with naynt his body rownd
With heauenly odours, and did touch his mouth with Ambrosie
The which was mixt with Nectar sweete, and made him by and by
A God to whom the Romanes giue the name of Indiges,
Endeuering with theyr temples and theyr altars him to please.
Ascanius with the dowble name from thence began to reigne,
In whom the rule of Alba and of Latium did remayne.
Next him succeeded Siluius, whose sonne Latinus hild
The auncient name and scepter which his graundsyre erst did weeld.
The famous Epit after this Latinus did succeede.
Then Capys and king Capetus. But Capys was indeede
The formest of the twoo. From this the scepter of the Realme
Descended vnto Tyberine, whom drowning in the streame

Of

Of Tyber left that name thereto. This Tyberine begat
Fierce Remulus and Acrota. By chaunce it hapned that
The elder brother Remulus for counterfetting oft
The thunder, with a thunderbolt was killed from aloft.
From Acrota whose stayëoncle did passe his brothers skill,
The crowne did cõme to Auentine, whom in the selfsame hill
In which he reygned buryed lyes, and left thereto his name.
The rule of nation Palatine at length to Proca came.
In this kings reigne * Pomona liued. There was not to bée found
Among the woodnymphes any one in all the Latian ground
That was so conning for to kepe an Orchyard as was shée,
Nor none so paynefull to preserue the frute of euery trée.
And therupon shée had her name. Shée past not for the woodes
Nor riuers, but the villages and boughes that bare bothe buddes
And plentuous frute. In sted of dart a shredding hooke shée bare,
With which the ouerlusty boughes shée eft away did pare
That spreaded out to farre, and eft did make therwith a rift
To greffe another imp vppon the stocke within the rift.
And least her trées should die through drought, with water of the springs
Shée moysteth of theyr sucking rots the little crumpled strings.
This was her loue and whole delyght. And as for Venus bédes,
Shée had no mynd at all of them. And forbycause shée dréades
Enforcement by the countrye folke, shée walld her yards about,
Not suffring any man at all to enter in or out.
What haue not those same nimble laddes so apt to frisk and daunce
The Satyrs done? or what the Pannes that wantonly do praunce,
With borned foreheads? and the old Silenus whom is ay
More youthfull than his yéares? and éke the fiend that scares away
The thæues and robbers with his hooke, or with his prump part?
To winne her loue? But yit than theis a farre more constant hart
Had ly * Vertumnus, though he sped no better than the rest.
O Lord, how often being in a moawers garment dresst,
Bare he in bundells sheaues of corne? and when he so was dyght,
He was the verry patterne of a harnesst moawer ryght.
Oft bynding newmade hay about his temples he myght séeme
A haymaker. Oft tymes in hand made hard with worke extréme
He bare a goade, that men would sweere he had but newly then

* It may be interpreted Applebee.

* Turner.

Vnyoak

Unyoakt his wéerye Oxen. Had he tane in hand agen
A shrédding hoke, yée would haue thought hée had a gardener béene,
Or prayner of sum vynes. Or had you him with ladder séene
Uppon his necke, a gatherer of frute yée would him déeme.
With sword a souldier, with his rod an Angler he did séeme.
And finally in many shapes he sought to fynd accesse
To ioy the beawty but by syght, that did his hart oppresse.
Moreouer, putting on his head a womans wimple gay,
And staying by a staffe, graye heares he forth to syght did lay
Uppon his forehead, and did feyne a beldame for to bée.
By meanes whereof he came within her goodly ortyards frée.
And wondring at the frute, sayd. Much more skill hast thou I sée
Than all the Nymphes of Albula. Hayle Lady myne, the flowre
Unspotted of pure maydenhod in all the world this howre.
And with that word he kissed her a little: but his kisse
Was such as trew old women would haue neuer giuen ywis.
Then sitting downe vppon a bank, he loked vpward at
The braunches bent with haruests weyght. Against him where he sat
A goodly Elme with glistring grapes did growe: which after hée
Had praysed, and the vyne, likewyse that ran vppon the trée,
But if (qd hée) this Elme without the vyne did single stand,
It should haue nothing (sauing leaues) to bée desyred: and
Ageine if that the vyne which ronnes vppon the Elme had nat
The trée to leane vnto, it should vppon the ground ly flat.
Yit art not thou admonisht by example of this trée
To take a husband, neyther dost thou passe to maryed bée.
But would to God thou wouldest. Sure Quéene Helen neuer had
So suters, nor the Lady that did cause the battell mad
Betwéene the halfbrute Centavvres and the Lapythes, nor the wyse
Of bold Vlysses whom was éeke ay fearefull of his lyfe,
Than thou shouldst haue. For thousands now (euē now most chéefly whē
Thou séemest suters to abhorre) desyre thée, both of men,
And Goddes and halfgoddes, yea and all the fayryes that dō dwell
In Albane hilles. But if thou wilt bée wyse, and myndest well
To match thy self, and wilt giue eare to this old woman héere,
(To whom thou more than to them all art (trust mée) déer and déere,
And more than thou thyself belæust) the common matches flée,

And

And chose Vertumnus to thy make. And take thou mée to bée
His pledge. For more he to himselfe not knowen is, than to mée.
He roues not like a ronnegate through all the world abrode,
This countrye hérabout (the which is large) is his abode.
He doth not (like a nomber of theis common wowers) cast
His loue to euery one he sées. Thou art the first and last
That euer he set mynd vppon. Alonly vnto thée
Hée vowes himselfe as long as lyfe doth last. Moreouer hée
Is youthfull, and with beawtye shéene endewd by natures gift,
And aptly into any shape his persone he can shift.
Thou canst not bid him bée the thing, (though al things ỹ shouldst name)
But that he fitly and with ease will streyght becomme the same.
Besydes all this, in all one thing bothe twayne of you delyght,
And of the frutes that you loue best the firstlings are his ryght:
And gladly he receyues thy gifts. But neyther couets hée
Thy Apples, Plommes, nor other frutes new gathered from the trée,
Nor yit the herbes of pleasant sent that in thy gardynes bée:
Nor any other kynd of thing in all the world, but thée.
Haue mercy on his feruent loue, and think himselfe to craue
Héere present by the mouth of mée, the thing that he would haue.
And feare the God that may reuenge: as Venus who doth hate
Hard harted folkes, and Rhamnuse who doth eyther sone or late
Eyrcelle her wrath with myndfull wreake. And to thentent thou may
The more beware, of many things which tyme by long delay
Hathe taught mée, I will shewe thée one which ouer all the land
Of Cyprus blazed is abrode, which being ryghtly skand
May easly bow thy hardned hart and make it for to yild.
One Iphis borne of lowe degrée by fortune had behild
The Ladye Anaxarete descended of the race
Of Tevvcer, and in bewiwing her the fyre of loue a pace
Did spred it selfe through all his bones. With which he stryuing long,
When reason could not conquer rage bycause it was to strong,
Came humbly to the Ladyes house: and one whyle laying ope
His wretched loue before her nurce, besought her by the hope
Of Lady Anaxarete her nurcechylds good successe,
Shée would not bee agein̄st him in that cace of his distresse.
Another whyle entreating fayre sum frend of hers, he prayd

Him

Him earnestly with carefull voyce, of furthrance and of ayd.
Oftymes he did preferre his sute by gentle letters sent.
Oft garlonds moysted with the deaw of teares that from him went
He hanged on her postes. Oft tymes his tender sydes he layd
Ageinst the threshold hard, and oft in sadnesse did vphrayd
The locke with much vngentlenesse. The Lady crueller
Than are the rysing narrowe seas, or falling kiddes, and farre
More hard than steele of Noricum, and than the stonny rocke
That in the quarrye hath his rote, did him despyse and mocke.
Besyde her doings mercylesse, of statelynesse and spyght
Shee adding prowd & skornefull wordes, destrauds the wretched wyght
Of verry hope. But Iphis now vnable any more
To beare the torment of his greef, still standing there before
Her gate, spake theis his latest wordes. well Anaxarete,
Thou hast the vpper hand. Henceforth thou shalt not neede to bee
Agreened any more with mee. Go tryumph hardely:
Go vaunt thy selfe with toy: go sing the song of victorye:
Go put a crowne of glittring bay vppon thy cruell head.
For why thou hast the vpper hand, and I am gladly dead.
Well steely harted well: reioyce. Compeld yit shalt thou bee
Of sumwhat in mee for to haue a lyking. Thou shalt see
A poynt wherein thou mayst mee deeme most thankfull vnto thee,
And in the end thou shalt confesse the great desert of mee.
But yit remember that as long as lyfe in mee doth last,
The care of thee shall never from this hart of myne be cast.
For bothe the lyfe that I do liue in hope of thee, and tother
Which nature giueth, shall haue end and passe away togither.
The tydings neyther of my death shall come to thee bee fame.
Myselfe (I do assure thee) will bee bringer of the same.
Myselfe (I say) will present bee that those same cruell eyen
Of thyne may feede themselues vppon this lifelesse corce of myne.
But yit O Goddes, (if you behold mennes deedes) remember mee.
(My tong will serue to pray no more) and cause that I may bee
Longtyme hereafter spoken of: and length the lyfe by fame
The which yee haue abridged in yeares. In saying of this same
He lifted vp his watrye eyes and armes that wexed wan
To those same scalpes which oft he had with garlondes deckt ere than,

And

And falkning on the topps therof a halter thus did say.
Thou cruell and vngodly wyght, theis are the wreathes that may
Most pleasure thée. And with that word he thrusting in his head,
Euen then did turne him towards her as god as being dead,
And wretchedly did totter on the posse with strangled throte.
The wicket which his fierefull feete in sprawling maynely smote,
Did make a noyse: and flying ope bewrayd his doing playne.
The seruants shrekt, and lifting vp his bodye, but in vayne,
Conueyd him to his mothers house, his father erst was slayne.
His mother layd him in her lappe, and cleping in her armes
Her sonnes cold bodye, after that shée had bewayld her harmes
With wordes and doings motherlyke, the corze with morning chéere
To buryall sadly through the towne was borne vppon a beere.
The house of Anaxarete by chaunce was nére the way
By which this piteous pomp did passe. and of the dolefull lay
The sound came to the eares of her, whom God alreadye gan
To strike. Yit let vs see (qd shée) the buryall of this man.
And vp the high wyde windowde house in saying so, shée ran.
Scarce had shée well on Iphis lokt that on the beere did lye,
But that her eyes wert stark: and from her limbes the blod gan flye.
In stead therof came paleneße in. And as shée backeward was
In mynd to go, her feete stacke fast and could not stirre. And as
Shée would haue cast her countnance backe, shée could not do it. And
The stonny hardneße which a late did in her stomacke stand,
Within a whyle did ouergrow her whole from sole to crowne.
And least you think this geere surmysde, euen yit in Salamin towne
Of Lady Anaxarete the image standeth playne.
The temple also in the which the image doth remayne,
Is vnto Venus consecrate by name of loker out.
And therfore weying well theis things, I prey thée loke about
Good Lady, and away with pryde: and be content to frame
Thy self to him that loueth thée and cannot quench his flame.
So neyther may the Lentons cold thy budding frutetrées kill
Nor yit the sharp and boyßous wyndes thy flowring Cardynes spill.
The God that can vppon him take what kynd of shape he liſt
Now hauing sayd thus much in vayne, omitted to perſiſt
In boldames shape, and shewde himself a lusty gentleman,

Appéring

Appéering tw her chéerefully, euen like as Phebus whan
Hé hauing ouercomme the clowdes that did withstand his myght,
Doth blaze his bzightsum beames agein with fuller heate and lyght.
He offred forze. but now no forze was néedfull in the cace.
For why shé béeing caught in loue with beawty of his face,
Was wounded then as well as hé, and gan tw yéeld a pace.
Nert Proca reignd Amulius in Avvsonye by wzong.
Till Numitor the ryghtfull heyze deposed verry long,
Was by his daughters sonnes restorde. And on the feastfull day
Of Pale, foundation of the walles of Rome they gan tw lay.
Sone after Tacye, and the Lordes of Sabine stird debate:
And Tarpey for her traytrous déede in opening of the gate
Of Tarpey towze was pzest tw death accozding tw desert
With armour heapt vppon her head. Then féerce and stowt of hart
The Sabines like tw tongleste wolues without all noyse of talke
Assayld the Romanes in theyz slépe, and tw the gates gan stalke
Which Ilias sonne had closed fast with lockes and barres. But yit
Dame Iuno had set open one, and as shé opened it
Had made no noyse of craking with the hindges, so that none
Perceyud the opening of the gate but Venus allalone.
And shé had shet it vp, but that it is not lawfull tw
One God tw vndw any thing another God hath dw.
The waternymphes of Avvsonie bild all the groundes about
The Church of Ianus where was stoze of spzings fresh slowing out.
Dame Venus pzayd theis nymphes of help. And they consit ering that
The Goddesse did requést no moze but ryght, denyde it nat.
They opened all theyz fountayns veynes and made them slowe apace.
Howbéet the passage was not yit tw Ianus open face
Forclosed: neyther had as yit the water stopt the way.
They put rank bzimstone vnderneathe the slowing spzing that day,
And ékke with smokye rozen set theyz veynes on fyze foz ay.
Through forze of theis and other things, the vapour perced lowe
Euen downe vnto the verry rotes on which the spzings did growe.
So that the waters which a late in coldnesse myght compare
Euen with the frozen Alpes, now whot as burning furnace are.
The two gate posts with sprinkling of the fyzy water smoakt.
Wherby the gate béehyghted tw the Sabines quyght was choakt

With ryſing of this fountaine ſtraunge, vntill that Marſis knyght
Had armed him. Then Romulus did boldly offer fyght.
The Romane ground with Sabines & with Romanes bothe were ſpred.
And with the blod of fatherinlawes which wicked ſword had shed
Flowde mixt the blod of sonneinlawes. Howbeit it ſéemed beſt
To bothe the partyes at the length from battell for to reſt,
And not to fyght to vttrance: And that Tacye ſhould become
Copartner with king Romulus of ſouereintye in Roome.
Within a whyle king Tacye dyde: And bothe the Sabines and
The Romanes vnder Romulus in equall ryght did ſtand.
The God of battell putting of his glittring helmet then,
With ſuch like wordes as theis beſpake the eyre of Goddes and men.
The tyme O father (in as much as now the Romane ſtate
Is weren ſtrong vppon the good foundation layd alate,
Depending on the ſtay of one) is comme for thee to make
Thy promis good which thou of mée and of thy graundchyld ſpake.
Which was to take him from the earth and in the heauen him ſtay.
Thou once (I markt thy gracious wordes and bare them well away)
Before a great aſſembly of the Goddes didſt to mee ſay.
There ſhalbe one whom thou ſhalt rayſe aboue the ſtarry ſkye.
Now let thy ſaying take effect. Ioue graunting by and by
The ayre was hid with darkſom cloudes, and thunder forth did fly,
And lyghtning made the world agaſt. Which Mars perceyuing to
Bée luckye tokens for himſelf his enterpryſe to do,
Did take his rift vppon his ſpeare and boldly lept into
His bloodye charyot. And he lent his horſes with his whippe
A yirking laſh, and through the ayre full ſmothely downe did ſlippe.
And ſtaying on the woody toppe of mountayne Palatine,
He toke away king Romulus whom there did then deſyne
The priuate cares of his folk vnſeemly for a king.
And as a leaden pellet broade enforced from a ſling
Is wont to dye amid the ſkye: euen ſo his mortall fleſh
Sank from him downe the ſuttle ayre. In ſted wherof a freſh
And goodly ſhape more ſtately and more méete for ſacred ſhryne.
Succéeded, like our Quirin that in ſtately robe doth shyne.
Herſilia for her fére as loſt, of mourning made none end,
Vntill Quéene Iuno did commaund dame Iris to diſcend

Vppon

Vppon the Raynebowe downe, and thus her meſſage for to do.
O of the Latian country and the Sabine nacion to
Thou pærleſſe perle of womanhod, moſt worthy for to bée
The wyfe of ſuch a noble prince as heertofore was hée,
And ſtill to bée the wyfe of him canonized by name,
Of Quirin: ceaſe thy teares. And if thou haue deſyre the ſame
Thy holy huſband for to ſée, enſew mée to the queache
That groweth grene on Quirins hill, whoſe ſhadowes ouerreache
The temple of the Romane King. Dame Iris did obey.
And flyding by her paynted bowe, in former wordes did ſay
Her errand to Herſilia. Shée ſcarce lifting vp her eyes,
With ſober countnance anſword. O thou Goddeſſe (for ſurmyſe
I cannot who thou art, but yit I well may vnderſtand
Thou art a Goddeſſe) leede mée O déere Goddeſſe leede mée, and
My huſband to mée ſhewe. Whom if the fatall ſiſters thrée
Will of theyr gracious goodneſſe graunt mée leaue but once to ſée,
I ſhall account mée into heauen receyued for to bée.
Immediatly with Thavvmants imp to Quirins hill ſhée went.
Where glyding from the ſky a ſtarre ſtreyght downe to grouñd was ſent,
The ſparkes of whoſe bryght blazing beames did burne Herſilias heare.
And with the ſtarre the ayre did vher heare to heauenward beare.
The buylder of the towne of Roome receyuing ſtreyght the ſame
Betweene his old acquaynted handes, did alter both her name
And eeke her bodye, calling her dame Ora. And by this
Shée ioyntly with her huſband for a Goddeſſe worſhipt is.

Finis Libri decimi quarti.

# ¶ THE. XV. BOOKE OF *Ouids Metamorphosis.*

No perſone in the whyle was ſought ſufficient to ſuſteine
The burthen of ſo great a charge, and woꝛthy foꝛ to reigne
In ſtead of ſuch a mighty pꝛince. The noble Nume by fame
(Who harped then vppon the truthe befoꝛe to paſſe it came)
Appoynted to the Empyꝛe was. This Numa thought it not
Inough that he the knowledge of the Sabine rites had got.
The deepeneſſe of the noble wit to greater things was bent,
To ſerch of things the natures out. The care of this intent
Did cauſe that he from Curie and his native Countrye went
With peynfull trauell, to the towne where Hercules did hoſte.
And aſking who it was of Greece that in th'Italian coaſt
Had buylt that towne, an aged man well ſeene in ſtoꝛyes old,
To ſatiſfye his mynd therin the pꝛoceſſe thus him told.
As Hercules enriched with the Spannish kyne did hold
His voyage from the Ocean ſea, men ſay with lucky ent
He came a land on Lacine coaſt. And whyle he there did put
His beaſt to grazing, he himſelf in Crotons houſe did reſt
The greateſt man in all thoſe parts and vnto ſtraungers beſt:
And that he there refreſht him of his tedious trauell, and
That when he ſhould depart, he ſayd. where now thy houſe doth ſtand,
Shall in thy childers childzens tyme a Citie buylded bee.
Which woꝛdes of his haue pꝛoued trew as playnly now wee ſee.
Foꝛ why there was one Myſcelus a Greeke, Alemons ſonne,
A perſone moꝛe in fauour of the Goddes than any one
In thoſe dayes was. The * God that beares the boyſtous club did ſtay
Vppon him being faſt a ſleepe, and ſayd: go ſeeke ſtreyght way
The ſtonny ſtreame of Aeſerie. Thy native ſoyle foꝛ ay
Foꝛſake. And ſoꝛe he threatned him onleſſe he did obey.
The God and ſleepe departed both togither. Vp did ryſe
Alemons ſonne, and in himſelf did ſecretly deuyſe
Vppon this viſion. Long his mynd ſtroue dowtfull to and fro.
The God bad go. His country lawes did ſay he ſhould not go,
And death was made the penaltie foꝛ him that would doo ſo.
Cleere Titan in the Ocean ſea had hid his lyghtſomme head,

* *Hercules.*

And

And duſkye nyght had put vp hers moſt thick with ſtarres beſpred.
The ſelfſame God by Myſcelus did ſeeme to ſtand eftſone,
Commaunding him the ſelfſame thing that he before had done,
And threatning mo and greater plages onleſſe he did obey.
Then being ſtricken ſore in feare he went about ſtreyghtway
His houſehold from his natyue land to forreine to conuey.
A rumor hereyppon did ryſe through all the towne of Arge
And diſobedience of the lawe was layed to his charge.
Aſſone as that the cace had firſt beene pleaded and the deede
Apparantly perceyued, ſo that witneſſe did not neede,
Arreyned and forlorne to heauen he caſt his handes and eyes,
And ſayd: O God whoſe labours twelue haue purchaſte thee the ſkyes,
Aſſiſt mee I the pray. For thou art author of my cryme.
When iudgement ſhould bee giuen it was the guyſe in auncient tyme
With whyght ſtones to acquit the cleere, and eeke with blacke to caſt
The giltye. That tyme alſo ſo the heauy ſentence paſt.
The ſtones were caſt vnmercifull all blacke into the pot.
But when the ſtones were powred out to number, there was not
A blacke among them. All were whyght. And ſo through Hercles powre
A gentle iudgement did proceede, and he was quit that howre.
Then gaue he thankes to Hercules, and hauing proſprous blaſt,
Cut ouer the Ionian ſea, and ſo by Tarent paſt
Which Spartanes buylt, and Cybaris, and Neæth ſalentine,
And Thurine bay, and Emeſe, and eeke the paſtures fyne
Of Calabrye. And hauing ſcarce well fought the coaſtes that lye
Vppon the ſea, he found the mouth of fatall Aeſerye.
Not farre from thence, he alſo found the tumb in which the ground
Did kiuer Crotons holy bones, and in that place did found
The Citie that was willed him, and gaue thereto the name
Of him that there lay buryed. Such originall as this ſame
This Citie in th'Italian coaſt is ſayd to haue by fame.
Heere dwelt a man of Samos Ile, who for the hate he had
To Lordlyneſſe and Tyranny, though vnconſtreynd was glad
To make himſelf a banniſht man. And though this perſone weere
Farre diſtant from the Goddes by ſite of heauen: yit came he neere
To them in mynd. And he by ſyght of ſoule and reaſon cleere
Behild the things which nature doth to fleſhly eyes denye.

And when with care moſt vigilant he had aſſuredly
Imprinted all things in his hart, he ſet them openly
Abroade for other folk to lerne. He taught his ſilent ſort
(Which wondred at the heavenly wordes theyr mayſter did report)
The firſt foundation of the world: the cauſe of euery thing:
What nature was: & what was God: whence ſnow & lyghtning ſpring:
And whither loue or elſe the wynds in breaking clowdes do thunder:
What ſhakes ẏ earth: what law ẏ ſtarres do kéepe theyr courſes vnder:
And what ſocuer other thing is hid from common ſence.
He alſo is the firſt that did inioyne an abſtinence
To fæde of any lyuing thing. He alſo firſt of all
Spake thus: although ryght lernedly, yit to effect but ſmall.
Yée mortall men forbeare to frank your fleſh with wicked fode.
Yée haue both corne & frutes of trées and grapes & herbes right good.
And though that ſum bée harſh and hard: yit fyre may make them well
Both ſoft and ſwéete. Yée may haue milk, and honny which doth ſmell
Of flowres of tyme. The lauas earth doth yéld you plentiouſly
Moſt gentle fode, and riches to content bothe mynd and eye.
There needes no ſlaughter nor no blod to get your liuing by.
The beaſtes do breake theyr faſt with fleſh: & yit not all beaſtes neyther.
For horſes, ſhéepe, and Kotherbeaſtes to liue by graſſe had leuer.
The nature of the beaſt that doth delyght in bloody fode,
Is cruell and vnmercifull. As Lyons fierce of mode,
Armenian Tigers, Beares, and Wolues. Oh what a wickednes
It is to cram the mawe with mawe, and frank vp fleſh with fleſh,
And for one liuing thing to liue by killing of another:
As who ſhould ſay, that of ſo great abundance which our mother
The earth doth yéld moſt bountuouſly, none other myght delyght
Thy cruell téethe to chawe vppon, than griſly woundes that myght.
Erycelle the Cyclops guyſe: or elſe as if thou could not ſtawnche
The hunger of thy grædye gut and euill mannerd pawnche,
Onleſſe thou ſtroyd ſum other wyght. But that ſame auncient age
Which wée haue naamd the golden world, cléene voyd of all ſuch rage,
Liud bleſſedly by frute of trées and herbes that grow on ground,
And ſtayned not their mouthes w̄ blod. Then birds might ſafe & ſound
Fly where they liſted in the ayre. The hare vnſcaard of hound
Went pricking ouer all the feldes. No angling hoke with bayt

Did

Did hang the ſéely fiſh that bote miſtruſting no deceyt.
All things were voyd of guyleſulneſſe: no treaſon was in truſt:
But all was freendſhippe loue and peace. But after that the luſt
Of one (what God ſo ere he was) diſdeyning former fare,
To cram that cruell croppe of his with fleſhmeate did not ſpare,
He made a way for wickedneſſe. And firſt of all the knyſe
Was ſtaynd with blood of lauage beaſtes in ridding them of lyſe.
And that had nothing béene amiſſe, if there had béene the ſtay.
For why wée graunt, without the breach of godlyneſſe wée may
By death confound the things that ſéeke to take our lyues away.
But as to kill them reaſon was: euen ſo agein they? was
No reaſon why to eate they? fleſh. This leawdneſſe thence did paſſe
On further ſtill. Whereas there was no ſacrifyſe before,
The Swyne (bycauſe with hoked groyne he wrooted vp the corne,
And did deceyue the tillmen of they? hope next yéere thereby)
Was déemed worthy by deſert in ſacrifyſe to dye.
The Goate for byghting vynes was ſlayne at Bacchus altar who
Wreakes ſuch miſdéedes. They? owne offence was hurtful to theis twoo.
But what haue you poore ſheepe miſdone a cattell méeke and meeld,
Created for to mayntetne man, whoſe fulſomme duggs do yéeld
Sweéte Nectar, who doth clothe vs with your woll in ſoft aray?
Whoſe lyfe doth more vs benefite than doth your death farreway?
What treſpaſſe haue the Oxen done? a beaſt without all guyle
Or craft, vnhurtfull, ſimple, borne to labour euery whyle?
In ſayth he is vnmyndfull and vnworthy of increace
Of corne, that in his hart can fynd his tilman to releace
From plowgh, to cut his throte: that in his hart can fynde (I ſay)
Thoſe neckes with hatchets of to ſtrike, whoſe ſkinne is worne away
With labring ay for him: who turnd ſo oft his land moſt tough,
Who brought ſo many harueſtes home. yit is it not ynough
That ſuch a great outrageouſeneſſe committed is. They father
They? wickednelle vppon the Goddes. And falſly they do gather
That in the death of peynfull Or the byghelt doth delyght.
A ſacrifyſe vnblemiſhed and fayreſt vnto ſyght,
(For beawtye worketh them they? bane) adorned with garlonds, and
With glittring gold, is cyted at the altar for to ſtand.
There héere he wordes (he wotes not what) ? which ? préeſt doth pray,?

And on his forehead suffereth him betwéne his hornes tw lay
The eares of corne that he himselfe hath wrought for in the clay,
And stayneth with his blood the knyfe that he himselfe perchaunce
Hathe in the water shéere ere then behild by fodein glaunce.
Immediatly they haling out his hartstrings still aliue,
And poring on them, séeke therein Goddes secrets tw retrjue.
Whence commes so gréedy appetyte in men, of wicked meate?
And dare yée O yée mortall men aduenture thus tw eate?
Nay dw not (I beséeche yée) so. But giue good care and héede
Tw that that I shall warne you of, and truste it as your créede,
That whensoeuer you dw eate your Oxen, you deuowre
Your husbandmen. And forasmuch as God this instant howre
Doth moue my tong tw speake, I will obey his heauenly powre.
By God Apollos temple I will set you open, and
Disclose the wondrous heauens themselues, and make you understand
The Oracles and secrets of the Godly maiestye.
Greate things, and such as wit of man could neuer yit espye,
And such as haue béene hidden long, I purpose tw declrye.
I mynd tw leaue the earth, and vp among the starres tw flye.
I mynd tw leaue this grosser place, and in the clowdes tw flye,
And on stowt Atlas shoulders strong tw rest my self on hye,
And loking downe from heauen on men that wander héere and there
In dreadfull feare of death as though they voyd of reason were,
Tw giue them exhortation thus: and playnely tw vnwynd
The whole discourse of destinie as nature hath assignd.
O men amazd with dread of death, why feare yée Limbo Styx,
And other names of vanitie, which are but Poets tricks?
And perrills of another world all false surmysed géere?
For whither fyre or length of tyme consume the bodyes héere,
Yée well may thinke that further harmes they cannot suffer more.
For soules are frée from death. Howbéet, they liuing euermore
Theyr former dwellings are receyud and liue ageine in new.
For I myself (rvght well in mynd I beare it tw be trew)
Was in the tyme of Trojan warre Euphorbus Panthevves sonne
Ruyght through whose hart the deathfull speare of Menelay did ronne.
I late ago in Iunos Church at Argos did behold

And

And knew the target which I in my left hand there did hold.
Al things do chaũge. But nothing sure doth perrish. This same spright
Doth flẽte, and filking hẽre and there doth swiftly take his flyght
From one place to another place, and entreth euery wyght,
Remouing out of man to beast, and out of beast to man.
But yit it neuer perrisheth nor neuer perrish can.
And euen as supple wax with ease receyueth fygures straunge,
And kẽpes not ay one shape, ne bydes assured ay from chaunge,
And yit continueth alwayes wax in substaunce: So I say
The soule is ay the selfsame thing it was and yit astray
It flẽteth into sundry shapes. Therfore least Godlynesse
Bẽ banquisht by outragious lust of belly beastlynesse,
Forbeare (I speake by prophesie) your kinsfolkes ghostes to chace
By slaughter: neyther nourish blod with blod in any cace.
And sith on open sea the wynds do blow my sayles apace,
In all the world there is not that that standeth at a stay.
Things eb and flow: and euery shape is made to passe away.
The tyme itself continually is flẽeting like a brooke.
For neyther brooke nor lyghtsomme tyme can tarrye still. But looke
As euery waue dryues other forth, and that that commes behynd
Bothe thrusteth and is thrust itself: Euen so the tymes by kynd
Do fly and follow bothe at once, and euermore renew.
For that that was before is left, and streyght there doth ensew
Another that was neuer erst. Eche twincling of an eye
Doth chaunge. Wẽ se that after day commes nyght and darks the sky,
And after nyght the lyghtsum Sunne succẽdeth orderly.
Like colour is not in the heauen when all things wẽry lye
At midnyght sound a slẽpe, as when the dayskarre clẽre and bryght
Commes forth vppon his milkwhyght stede. Ageine in other plyght
The morning Pallants daughter fayre the messenger of lyght
Deliuereth into Phebus handes the world of clẽrer hew.
The circle also of the sonne what tyme it ryseth new
And when it setteth, looketh red. but when it mounts most hye,
Then lookes it whyght, bycause that there the nature of the skye
Is better, and from filthye drosse of earth doth further flye
The image also of the Mone that shyneth ay by nyght,
Is neuer of one quantitie. For that that giueth lyght

To

To day, is lesser than the next that followeth, till the full.
And then contrarywyse eche day her lyght away doth pull.
What? sest thou not how that the yére as representing playne
The age of man, departes itselfe in quarters fowre? first bayne
And tender in the spring it is, euen like a sucking babe.
Then grééne, and voyd of strength, and lush, and foggye, is the blade,
And chæres the husbandman with hope. Then all things flourish gay.
The earth with flowres of sundry hew then seemeth for to play,
And vertue small or none to herbes there doth as yit belong.
The yere from springtyde passing forth to summer, wereth strong,
Becommeth lyke a lusty youth. For in our lyfe through out
There is no tyme more plentifull, more lusty whote and stout.
Then followeth Harueft when the heate of youth growes sumwhat cold,
Ripe, méld, disposed meane betwixt a yongman and an old,
And sumwhat spent with grayish heare. Then vgly winter last
Like age steales on with trembling steppes, all bald, or ouercast
With shirle thinne heare as whyght as snowe. Our bodies also ay
Do alter still from tyme to tyme, and neuer stand at stay.
Wée shall not bée the same wée were to day or yisterday.
The day hath béene wée were but séede and only hope of men,
And in our mothers womb wée had our dwelling place as then,
Dame Nature put to conning hand and suffred not that wée
Within our mothers streyned womb should ay distressed bée,
But brought vs out to aire, and from our prison set vs frée.
The chyld newborne lyes voyd of strength. Within a season tho
He wexing fowerfooted lernes like sauage beastes to go.
Then sumwhat foltring, and as yit not firme of foote, he standes
By getting sumwhat for to helpe his sinewes in his handes.
From that tyme growing strong and swift, he passeth forth the space
Of youth: and also wearing out his middle age a pace,
Through drooping ages steppe path he ronneth out his race
This age doth vndermyne the strength of former yeares, and throwes
It downe. which thing old Milo by example playnely showes.
For when he sawe those armes of his (which héeretofore had béene
As strong as euer Hercules in working deadly téene
Of biggest beastes) hang flapping downe, and nought but empty skin,
He wept, And Helen when shée saw her aged wrincles in

A glasse wept also: musing in herselfe what men had séene,
That by two noble princes sonnes shée twyce had rauisht béene.
Thou tyme the eater vp of things, and age of spyghtfull téene.
Destroy all things. And when that long continuance hath them bit,
You leysurely by lingring death consume them euery whit.
And theis that wée call Elements do neuer stand at stay.
The enterchaunging course of them I will before yée lay.
Giue héede therto. This endlesse world conteynes therin I say
Fowre substances of which all things are gendred. Of theis fower
The Earth and Water for theyr masse and weyght are sunken lower.
The other cowple Aire, and Fyre the purer of the twayne
Mount vp, & nought can kéepe thē downe. And though there do remayne
A space betwéene eche one of them: yit euery thing is made
Of themsame fowre, and into them at length ageine do fade.
The earth resoluing leysurely doth melt to water shére.
The water fyned turnes to aire. The aire éke purged clére
From grossenesse, spyreth vp aloft, and there becommeth fyre.
From thence in order contrary they backe ageine retyre.
Fyre thickening palleth into Aire, and Ayér wexing grosse,
Returnes to water: Water éke congealing into drosse,
Becommeth earth. No kind of thing kéepes ay his shape and hew.
For nature louing euer chaunge repayres one shape a new
Vppon another. neyther doth there perrish aught (trust mée)
In all the world, but altring takes new shape. For that which wée
Do terme by name of being borne, is for to gin to bée
Another thing than that it was: And likewise for to dye,
To cease to bée the thing it was. And though that varyably
Things passe perchaunce from place to place: yit all from whence they came
Returning, do vnperrished continew still the same.
But as for in one shape, bée sure that nothing long can last.
Euen so the ages of the world from gold to Iron past.
Euen so haue places oftentymes exchaunged theyr estate.
For I haue séene it sea which was substanciall ground alate,
Ageine where sea was, I haue séene the same become dry lond,
And shelles and scales of Seafish farre haue lyen from any strond.
And in the toppes of mountaynes high old Anchors haue béene found.
Déepe valleyes haue by waterfluxe béene made of leuell ground,

And

And hilles by force of gulling oft haue into sea béene worne.
Hard grauell ground is sumtyme séene where marris was before,
And that that erst did suffer drowght, becommeth standing lakes.
Héere nature sendeth new springs out, and there the old in takes.
Full many riuers in the world through earthquakes heretofore
Haue eyther chaunged theyr former course, or dryde and ronne no more.
So Lycus béeing swallowed vp by gaping of the ground,
A great way of fro thence is in another channell found.
Euen so the riuer Erasine among the fældes of Arge
Sinkes onewhyle, and another whyle ronnes greate ageine at large.
Caycus also of the land of Mysia (as men say)
Misliking of his former head, ronnes now another way.
In Sicill also Amasene ronnes sumtyme full and hye,
And sumtyme stopping vp his spring, he makes his chanell drye.
Men drank the waters of the broke Anigrus heretofore,
Which now is such that men abhorre to towche them any more.
Which commes to passe, (onelesse wée will discredit Poets quyght)
Bycause the Centaures banquilshed by Hercules in fyght
Did wash theyr woundes in that same broke. But doth not Hypanis
That springeth in the Scythian hilles, which at his fountaine is
Fyght pleasant, afterward becomme of brackish bitter taste?
Antilla, and Phenycian Tyre, and Pharos in tyme past
Were compast all about with waues: but none of all theis thrée
Is now an Ile. Ageine the towne of Leucas once was frée
From sea, and in the auncient tyme was ioyned to the land.
But now enuirond round about with water it doth stand.
Men say that Sicill also hath béene ioynd to Italy
Untill the sea consumde the bounds betweene, and did supply
The rome with water. If yée go to séeke for Helicee
And Burye which were Cities of Achaia, you shall sée
Them hidden vnder water, and the shipmen yit do showe
The walles and steeples of the townes drowned vnder as they rowe.
Not farre from Pitthey Troyzen is a certeine high ground found
All voyd of trées, which heretofore was playne and leuell ground,
But now a mountayne. for the wyndes a (wondrous thing to say)
Inclosed in the hollow caues of ground, and seeking way
To passe therefro, in struggling long to get the open skye

In

In bayne, (bycause in all the caue there was no vent wherby
To issue out,) did stretch the ground and make it swell on hye,
As doth a bladder that is blowen by mouth, or as the skinne
Of horned Goate in bottlewyse when wynd is gotten in.
The swelling of the foresayd place remaynes at this day still,
And by continuance waxing hard is growen a prety hill.
Of many things that come to mynd by heersay, and by skill
Of good experience, I a fewe will vtter to you mo.
What? doth not water in his shapes chaunge straungely to and fro:
The well of horned Hammon is at nonetyde passing cold.
At morne and euen it wareth warme. At midnyght none can hold
His hand therin for passing heate. The well of Athamane,
Is sayd to kindle wode what tyme the mone is in the wane.
The Cicons haue a certeine streame which being dronk doth bring
Vennes bolwelles into Marble hard: and whatsoeuer thing
Is tolcht therwith, it turnes to stone. And by your bounds behold
The riuers Crathe and Sybaris make yellow heare like gold
And Amber. There are also springs (which thing is farre more straunge)
Which not the bodye only, but the mynd do also chaunge.
Who hath not hard of Salmacis that fowle and filthye sink?
Or of the lake of Aethyop, which if a man do drink,
He eyther ronneth mad, or else with wondrous drowzinesse
Forgoeth quyght his memorie. Who euer doth represse
His thirst with drawght of Clitor well, hates wyne, and doth delyght
In only water: eyther for bycause there is a myght
Contrary vnto warming wyne by nature in the well,
Or else bycause (for so the folk of Arcadye do tell)
Melampus Amythaöns sonne (when he deliuered had
King Prætus daughters by his charmes and herbes from being mad,)
Cast into that same water all the baggage wherewithall
He purged the madnesse of theyr myndes. And so it did befall,
That lothsomnesse of wyne did in those waters ay remayne.
Ageine in Lyncest contrarie effect to this doth reigne.
For who so drinkes to much therof, he reeleth heere and there
As if by quaffing wyne no wyght alayd he dronken were.
There is a Lake in Arcadye which Pheney men did name
In auncient tyme, whose dowtfulnesse deserueth iustly blame.

A nyght tymes take thou héede of it, for if thou taste the same }
A nyght tymes, it will hurt. but if thou drink it in the day
It hurteth not. Thus lakes and streames (as well perceyue yée may)
Haue diuers powres and diuerslye. Euen so the tyme hathe béene
That Delos which stands stedfast now, on wawes was floting séene.
And Galyes haue béene fore afrayd of crushing by the Iles
Symplegads which togither dasht vppon the sea erewhyles,
But now do stand vnmouable ageinst bothe wynde and tyde.
Mount Aetna with his burning Downs of brimstone shall not byde
Ay fyre: neyther was it so for euer erst. For whither
The earth a liuing creature bée, and that to breathe out hither
And thither flame, great store of vents it haue in sundry places,
And that it haue the powre to shift those vents in diuers cases,
Now damming theis, now opening those, in mouing to and fro:
Or that the whisking wynds restreynd within the earth bylowe,
Do beate the stones ageinst the stones, and other kynd of stuffe
Of fyrye nature, which do fall on fyre with euery puffe:
Assone as those same wynds do cease, the caues shall streight bé cold.
Or if it bée a Rosen mowld that sone of fyre takes hold,
Or brimstone mixt with clayish soyle on fyre doth lyghtly fall:
Vndowtedly assone as that same soyle consumed shall
No longer yéeld the fatty fode to fréde the fyre withall,
And rauening nature shall forgo her wonted nourishment,
Then being able to abyde no longer famishment,
For want of sustenance it shall cease his burning. I do kynd
Fy fame, that vnder Charlsis wayne in Pallene are a kynd
Of people which by dyuing thryce three tymes in Triton lake
Becomme all fethred, and the shape of birdes vppon them take.
The Scythian witches also are reported for to do
The selfsame thing (but hardly I giue credit therevnto)
By smearing poyson ouer all theyr bodyes. But (and if
A man to masters tryde by prowf may saufly giue beléef,)
Wée sée how flesh by lying still a whyle and ketching heate
Doth turne to little liuing beastes. And yit a further feate,
Go kill an Or and burye him, (the thing by prowf man sées)
And of his rotten flesh will bréede the flower gathering Bées,
Which as theyr father did before, loue fieldes excédingly,

And

And vnto worke in hope of gayne theyr buſye limbes apply.
The Hornet is engendred of a luſtye buryed ſteede.
Go pull away the eleas from Crabbes that in the ſea do breede,
And burye all the reſt in moiſt, and of the ſame will ſpring
A Scorpion which with writhen tayle will threaten for to ſting.
The Caterpillers of the feelde the which are wont to weaue
Their ſlimes vppon the leaues of trées, theyr former nature leaue,
(Which thing is knowen to huſbandmen) and turne to Butterflyes.
The mud hath in it certeine ſéede wherof gréene roſſhes ryſe.
And firſt it brings them footeleſſe forth. Then after, it doth frame
Legges apt to ſwim: and furthermore of purpoſe that the ſame
May ſerue them for to leape a farre, theyr hinder part is mych
More longer than theyr forepart is. The Bearwhelp alſo which
The Beare hath newly littred, is no whelp immediatly.
But like an euill fauored lump of fleſh alyue doth lye.
The dam by licking ſhapeth out his members orderly
Of ſuch a ſyſe, as ſuch a péere is able to conceyue.
Or marke yée not the Bées of whom our hony wée receyue,
How that theyr young ones which do lye within the ſirſquare war
Are limbleſſe bodyes at the firſt, and after as they wer
In proceſſe take bothe féete and wings? What man would think it trew
That Ladye Venus ſimple birdes the Downes of ſiluer hew,
Or Iunos bird that in his tayle beares ſtarres, or Ioues ſtowt knyght
The Earne, and euery other fowle of whatſoeuer flyght,
Could all bée hatched out of egges, onleſſe he did it knowe?
Sum folk do hold opinion when the backebone which doth growe
In man, is rotten in the graue, the pith becommes a ſnake.
Howbéete of other things all theis theyr firſt beginning take.
One bird there is that doth renew itſelf and as it were
Beget it ſelf continually. The Syrians name it there
A Phœnix. Neyther corne nor herbes this Phœnix liueth by.
But by the iewce of frankincence and gum of Amomye.
And when that of his lyfe well full fyue hundred yéres are paſt,
Vppon a Holmetrée or vppon a Date trée at the laſt
He makes him with his talants and his hardened bill a neſt.
Which when that he with Caſia ſwéete and Nardus ſoft hathe dreſt,
And ſtrowed it with Cynnamom and Myrrha of the beſt,

He

He rucketh downe vppon the same, and in the spyces dyes.
Sone after, of the fathers corze men say there doth aryse
Another little Phœnix which as many yéeres must liue
As did his father. He (assone as age doth strength him giue
To beare the burthen) from the tré the weyghty nest doth lift,
And godlyly his cradle thence and fathers herce doth shift.
And flying through the suttle aire he gettes to Phebus towne,
And there before the temple doze doth lay his burthen downe.
But if that any noueltye worth wondring bée in theis,
Much rather may we wonder at the Hyën if we please.
To sée how interchaungeably it one whyle doth remayne
A female, and another whyle becommeth male againe.
The creature also which doth liue by only aire and wynd,
All colours that it leaneth to doth counterfet by kynd.
The Grapegod Bacchus, when he had subdewd the land of Inde,
Did fynd a spotted beast cald Lynx, whose vrine (by repozt)
By towching of the open aire congealeth in such sozt,
As that it doth becomme a stone. So Cozall (which as long
As water bydes it is a shzub and soft) becommeth strong
And hard assone as it doth towch the ayze. The day would end,
And Phebus panting stéedes should in the Ocean déepe descend,
Before all alterations I in wozdes could compzehend.
So sée wé all things chaungeable. One nation gathereth strength:
Another wareth weake: and bothe do make exchaunge at length.
So Troy which once was great and strong as well in welth as men,
And able tenne yéeres space to spare such stoze of blood as then,
Now béeing bace hath nothing left of all her welth to showe,
Saue ruins of the auncient wozkes which grasse doth ouergrowe,
And tumbes wherin theyr auncetours lye buryed on a rowe.
Once Sparta was a famous towne: Great Mycene stozicht trim:
Bothe Athens and Amphions towzes in honoz once did swim.
A pelting plot is Sparta now: great Mycene lyes on ground.
Of Theab the towne of Oedipus what haue we mozе than sound?
Of Athens king Pandions towne what reckеth mozе than name?
Now also of the race of Troy ispryng (so sayth fame)
The Citie Roome, which at the bank of Tyber that doth ronne
Downe from the hill of Appennyne) already hath begonne

With

With great aduysement for to lay foundation of her state.
This towne then chaunged by increase the forme it had alate,
And of the vniuersall world in tyme to comme shall hold
The souereintye so prophesies and lotts (men say) haue told.
And as (I do remember mée) what tyme that Troy decayd,
The prophet Helen Priams sonne theis wordes enstewing sayd
Before Æneas dolwing of his lyfe in weping plyght:
O Goddesse sonne, beleeue mée (if thou think I haue foresyght
Of things to comme) Troy shalnot quyght decay whyle thou dost liue.
Bothe fyre and sword shall vnto thee thy passage freely giue.
Thou must from hence: and Troy with thée conuey away in haste,
Untill that bothe thyself and Troy in forreine land bée plaast
More freendly than thy natiue soyle. Moreouer I foresée,
A Citie by the offspring of the Troians buylt shall bée,
So great as neuer in the world the lyke was séene before
Nor is this present, neyther shall be séene for euermore.
A number of most noble péeres for many yeeres afore
Shall make it strong and puyssant: But hée that shall it make
The souereine Ladye of the world, by ryght descent shall take
His first beginning from thy sonne the little Iule. And when
The earth hathe had her tyme of him, the sky and welkin then
Shall haue him vp for euermore, and heauen shall bée his end.
Thus farre I (well remember mée) did Helens wordes extend
To good Aeneas. And it is a pleasure vnto mée
The Citie of my countrymen increasing thus to sée:
And that the Grecians victorie becommes the Troians weale.
But least forgetting quyght themselues our horses happe to steale
Beyond the mark: the heauen and all that vnder heauen is found,
Doth alter shape, so doth the ground and all that is in ground.
And wée that of the world are part (considring howe wee bée
Not only flesh, but also fowles, which may with passage frée
Remoue them into euery kynd of beast both tame and wylde)
Let liue in sautry honestly with slaughter vnderfylde,
The bodyes which perchaunce may haue the spirits of our brothers,
Our sisters, or our parents, or the spirits of sum others
Alyed to vs eyther by sum frendshippe or sum kin,
Or at the least the soules of men abyding them within.

And let vs not Thyesteslyke thus furnish vp our bordes
With bloodye bowells. Oh how leawd example he ausordes?
How wickedly prepareth he himself to murther man?
That with a cruell knyfe doth cut the throte of Calf, and can
Unmouably giue héering to the lowing of the dam?
Or sticke the kid that wayleth lyke the little babe? or eats
The fowle that he himself before had often fed with meate?
What wants of vtter wickednesse in worlking such a feate?
What may be after passe to dow? well eyther let your shares
Weare out themselues with worlk, or else impute they? death to yéres.
Ageinst the wynd and weather cold let Wethers péeld yée cotes.
And bodders full of barling milk receyue yée of the Goates.
Away with springes, snares, and grinnes, away with Risp and net.
Away with guylefull feates: for fowles no lymetwiggs see yée set.
No seared fethers pitche yée vp to keepe the Reddéere in,
Ne with deceytfull bayted hooke séeke fishes for to win.
If aught do harme, destroy it. but destroyt and do no more.
Forbeare the flesh: and séede your mouthes with fitter foode therfore.
Men say that Numa furnished with such philosophye.
As this and like, returned to his native soyle, and by
Entreatance was content of Roome to take the souereintye.
Right happy in his wyfe which was a nymph, right happy in
His guydes which were the Muses nyne, this Numa did begin
To teach Religion. by the meanes whereof hée shortly drew
That people vnto peace whom erst of nought but battell knew.
And when through age he ended had his reigne and eke his lyfe,
Through Latium he was mourned for of man and chyld and wyfe
As well of hygh as low degrée. His wyfe forsaking quyght
The Citie, in vale Aricine did hyde her out of syght,
Among the thickest grones, and there with syghes and playnts did let
The sacrifyse of Diane whom Orestes erst had set
From Taurica in Chersonese, and in that place had set.
How oft ah did the woodnymphes and the waternymphes perswade
Egeria for to cease her mone? what meanes of comfort made
They? Ah trew often Theseus sonne her weeping thus bespake?
O Nymph, thy mourning moderate: thy sorrow somwhat slake:
Not only thou hast cause to hart thy fortune for to take.

Behold

Behold like happes of other folkes, and this miſchaunce of thyne
Shall greéue thée leſſe. would God examples (ſo they were not myne)
Myght comfort thée. But myne perchaunce may comfort thée. If thou
In talk by hap haſte heard of one Hippolytus ere now,
That through his fathers lyght beleefe, and ſtepdames craft was ſlayne,
It will a wonder ſéeme to thée, and I ſhall haue much payne
To make thée to beléeue the thing. But I am very hée.
The daughter of Paſyphae in vayne oft tempting mée
My fathers chamber to defyle, ſurmyſde mée to haue ſought
The thing that thée with al her hart would fayne I ſhould haue wrought.
And whither it were for feare I ſhould her wickednelle bewray,
Or elſe for ſpyght becauſe I had ſo often layd her nay,
Shée chardgd mée with hir owne offence. My father by and by
Condemning mée, did baniſh mée his Realme without cauſe whye.
And at my going like a fo did ban me bitterly.
To Pitthey Troyzen outlawelike my chariot ſtreight take I
My way lay hard vppon the ſhore of Corinth. Sodeinly
The ſea did ryſe, and like a mount the waue did ſwell on hye,
And ſéemed howger for to growe in drawing euer nye,
And roring clymed in the toppe. Up ſtarts immediatly
A horned bullocke from amid the broken waue, and by
The breſt did rayſe him in the ayre, And at his noſethrills and
His platter mouth did puffe out part of ſea vppon the land.
My ſeruants harts were ſore afrayd. But my hart muſing ay
Vppon my wrongfull baniſhment, did nought at all diſmay.
My horſes ſetting vp theyr eares and ſnoring wered thye,
And béeing greatly flayghted with the monſter in theyr eye,
Turnd downe to ſea: and on the rockes my wagon drew. In vayne
I ſtryuing for to hold them backe, layd hand vppon the reyne
All wbyght with ſome, and haling backe lay almoſt bolt vpryght.
And ſure the feerceneſſe of the ſtéedes had yéelded to my might,
But that the wheele that ronneth ay about the Extrée round,
Did breake by daſhing on a ſtub, and ouerthrew to ground.
Then from the Charyot I was ſnatcht the brydles béeing caſt
About my limbes. Yée myght haue ſéene my ſinewes ſticking faſt
Vppon the ſtub: my gutts drawen out alyue: my members, part
Stil left vppon the ſtump, and part forth harryed with the cart:

The crashing of my broken bones: and with what passing peyne
I breathed out my weery ghosse. There did not whole remayne
One peece of all my corce by which yée myght discerne as tho
What lump or part it was. For all was wound from toppe to to.
Now canst thou nymph, or darest thou compare thy harmes with mynes
Wherever I the lightlesse Realme behild with theis same eyne,
And bathde my tattred bodye in the riuer Phlegeton.
And had not bright Apollos sonne his cunning shewde vppon
My bodye by his surgery, my lyfe had quyght bée gone.
Which after I by force of herbes and léechecraft had ageine
Recoured by Aesculapius meanes, though Pluto did disdeine,
Then Cynthia (least this gift of hers myght worke mée greater spyght)
Thicke clowds did round about mée cast. And to thentent I myght
Bée sauke myselfe, and harmelesselp appéere to others syght:
Shée made mee old. And for my face, shée left it in such plyght,
That none can knowe mée by my looke. And long shee doubted whither
To giue mée Dele or Crete. At length refusing bothe togither,
Shée plaast mée héere. And therwithall shée bade me giue by quyght
The name that of my horses in remembrance put mée myght,
*Horsslaine. For whereas erst * Hippolytus hath béene thy name (q shée)
*Twyce man. I will that * Virbie afterward thy name for euer bée.
From that tyme forth within this wood I kéepe my residence,
As of the meaner Goddes, a God of small magnificence
And héere I hyde mée vnderneathe my souereine Ladyes wing
Obeying humbly to her hest in euery kynd of thing.
But yit the harmes of other folk could nothing help nor bote
Aegerias sorrowes to asswage. Downe at a mountaines foote
Shée lying melted into teares, till Phebus sister sheene
For pitie of her greate distresse in which she had her séene,
Did turne her to a fountaine cléere, and melted quyght away
Her members into water thinne that neuer should decay.
The straungenesse of the thing did make the nymphes astonyed; and
The Ladye of Amazons sonne amazed therat did stand,
As when the Tyrrhene Tilman saiwe in earing of his land
The fatall clod first stirre alone without the help of hand,
And by and by forgoing quyght the earthly shape of clod,
To take the séemely shape of man, and shortly like a God

To

To tell of things as then to comme. The Tyrrhenes did him call
By name of Tages. He did teach the Tuskanes first of all
To gesse by searching bulks of beastes what after should befall.
Or like as did king Romulus when sodeinly he found
His lawnce on mountayne Palatine fall rooted in the ground,
And bearing leaues, no longer now a weapon but a tree,
Which shadowed such as wondringly came thither for to see.
Or else as Cippus when he in the ronning broke had seene
His hornes. For why he saw them, and supposing there had beene
No credit to be giuen vnto the glauncing image, hee
Put oft his fingers to his head, and felt it so to bee.
And blaming now no more his eyes, in comming from the chase
With conquest of his foes, he sayd. And lifting vp his face
And with his face, his hornes to heauen, he sayd: what euer thing
Is by this wonder meant O Goddes, If ioyfull newes it bring
I pray yée let it ioyfull to my folk and countrye bée:
But if it threaten euill, let the euill light on mée.
In saying so, an altar greene of clowers he did frame,
And offred fuming frankincence in fyre vppon the same,
And powred boawles of wyne theron, and searched therwithall
The quiuering inwards of a sheepe to know what should befall.
A Tyrrhene wizard hauing sought the bowelles, saw therin
Great chaunges and attempts of things then readye to begin,
Which were not playnly manifest. But when that he at last
His eyes from inwardes of the beast on Cippus hornes had cast,
Hayle king (he sayd.) For vnto thée O Cippus, vnto thée,
And to thy hornes shall this same place and Roome obedyent bée.
Abridge delay: and make thou haste to enter at the gates
Which tarrye open for thée. Do commaund the sothfast fates.
Thou shalt bée king alloone as thou hast entred once the towne,
And thou and thyne for euermore shalt weare the royall crowne.
With that he stepping back his foote, did turne his frowning face
From Roomeward, saying. Farre, O farre, ỳ Goddes such handsel chace.
Nor right it were. For all my lyfe a banisht man should bée,
Than that the holy Capitoll mée reigning there should sée
Thus muttred he sayd: and by and by together he did call
The people and the Senators. But yit he first of all

Did hyde his hornes with Lawrell leaues: and then without the wall:
He standing on a mount the which his men had made of sodes,
And hauing after auncient guyse made prayer to the Gods
Sayd: here is one that shall (onelesse yée bannish him your towne
Immediatly) bée king of Roome and weare a royall crowne.
What man it is, I will by signe, but not by name bewray.
He hath vppon his brow two hornes. The wizard here doth say,
That if he enter Roome, you shall lyke seruants him obey.
He myght haue entred at your gates which open for him lay,
But I did stay him thence. And yit there is not vnto mée
A nérer frend in all the world. Howbéit forbid him yée
O Romanes that he comme not once within your walles. Or if
He haue deserued, bynd him fast in fetters like a théef.
Or in this fatall Tyrants death, of feare dispatch your mynd.
Such noyse as Pyrenées make what tyme the heady easterne wynde
Doth whiz amongst them, or as from the sea doth farre rebound
Euen such among the folk of Roome that present was the sound.
Howbéit in that confused roare of fearefull folk, did fall
Out one voyce asking, who is hée? And staring therewithall.
Vppon theyr foreheads, they did séeke the foresayd hornes. Agen
(sy Cippus) lo, yée haue the man for whom yée séeke. And then
He pulld (against his peoples will) his garlond from his head,
And shewed them the twin fayre hornes that on his browes were bred.
At that the people dasheth downe theyr lookes and sygbing, is
Myght sorye (who would think it trew?) to sée that head of his
Most famous for his good deserts. Yit did they not forget
The honour of his personage, but willingly did set
The Lawrell garlond on his head ageine. And by and by
The Senate sayd. Well Cippus, sith vntill the tyme thou dye
Thou mayst not cúme within theis walles, wée giue thée as much ground
In honour of thée, as a téeme of steeres can plough this round,
Betweene the dawning of the day, and shetting in of myght.
Moreouer on the brazen gate at which this Cippus myght
Haue entred Roome, a payre of hornes were graude to represent
His wondrous shape, as of his déede an endlesse monument.
Yée Muses who to Poets are the present syrings of grace,
Now shewe (for you knowe, neyther are you dulld by tyme or space)

How Aesculapius in the Ile that is in Tyber déepe
Among the sacred saynts of Roome had fortune for to crépe.
A cruell plage did heertofore infect the Latian aire,
And peoples bodyes pyning pale the murreine did appayre.
When tyred with the buriall of theyr frends, they did perceyue
Themselues no helpe at mannes hand nor by Phisicke to receyue.
Then séeking help from heauen, they sent to Delphos (which doth stand
Amid the world) for counsell to bée had at Phebus hand.
Beséeching him with heithfull ayd to succour theyr distresse,
And of the myghtye Citie Roome the mischéef to redresse.
The quiuers which Apollo hymself was wont to beare,
The Baytrées, and the place itself togither shaken were.
And by and by the table from the furthest part of all
The Chancell spake theis words, which did theyr harts with feare appal.
The thing yée Romanes séeke for héere, yée should haue sought more ny
Your countrye. Yea and nérer home go séeke it now. Not I
Apollo, but Apollos sonne is hée that must redresse
Your sorrowes. Take your iourney with good handsell of successe,
And fetch my sonne among you. When Apollos hest was told
Among the prudent Senators, they sercht what towne did hold
His sonne, and vnto Epidavvre a Cullye for him sent.
Assone as that th'Ambassadour arryued there they went
Vnto the counsell and the Lordes of Grékland: whom they pray
To haue the God the present plages of Romanes for to stay,
And for themselues the Oracle of Phebus sayth they lay.
The Counsell were of sundry mynds and could not well agrée.
Sum thought that succour in such néede denyed should not bée.
And diuers did perswade to kepe theyr helpe, & not to send
Theyr Goddes away sith they themselues myght néede them in the end.
Whyle doubtfully they of and on debate this curious cace,
The euening twylyght vtterly the day away did chace,
And on the world the shadowe of the earth had darknesse brought.
That myght the Lord Ambassadour as slépe vppon him wrought,
Did dreame he saw before him stand the God whose help he sought,
In shape as in his chappell he was wonted for to stand,
With ryght hand stroking downe his berd, and staffe in tother hand,
And méekely saying: feare not, I will comme and leane my shryne.

This serpent which doth wreath with knottes about this staffe of mine
Mark well, and take good heede therof: that when thou shalt it see,
Thou mayst it knowe. For into it transformed will I bee.
But bigger I will bée. for I will seeme of such a syse,
As may celestiall bodyes well to turne into suttise.
Streyght with the voyce, the God: and with the voyce and God, away
Went sléepe: and after sléepe was gone ensewed chéerfull day.
Next morning hauing cléerely put the fyrye starres to flyght,
The Lordes not knowing what to do, assembled all forthryght
Within the sumptuous temple of the God that was requyred,
And of his mynd by heauenly signe sum knowledge they desyred.
They scarce had done theyr prayers, when the God in shape of snake
With loftye crest of gold, began a hissing for to make,
Which was a warning giuen. And with his presence he did shake
The Altar, shryne, dores, marble floore, and rose all layd with gold,
And raunsing vp his brest he stayd ryght stately to behold
Amid the Church, and round about his fyrye eyes he rold.
The syght did fray the people. But the wyse elder préest (whose heare
Was trussed in a fayre whyght Call) did know the God was there.
And sayd, behold tis God, tis God. As many as bée héere
Pray both with mouth and mynd. O thou our glorious God, appéere
To our béehoofe, and helpe thy folke that keepe thy hallowes ryght.
The people present worshipped his Godhead there in syght,
Repeating dowble that the préest did say. the Romaynes éke
Deuoutly did with Godly voyce and hart his fauour séeke.
The God by nodding did consent, and gaue assured signe
By shaking of his golden crest that on his head did shyne,
And hissed twyce with spirting tong. Then trayld he downe the tyme
And glistring greeces of his church. And turning backe his eyen,
He loked to his altarward and to his former shryne
And temple, as to take his leaue and bid them all fare well.
From thence ryght bowge vppon the ground (which sweete of flowres did smell
That people strewed in his way,) he passed stately downe,
And bending into bowghts went through the hart of all the towne,
Untill that hée the bowwing wharf besyde the hauen towne.
Where staying, when he had (as séemd) stilnesse with gentle looke
His trayne of Chapleynes and the folke that wayted on him thither,

Hée

Hée layd him in the Romane shippe to sayle away togither.
The shippe did féele the burthen of his Godhed to the full,
And for the heauye weyght of him did after passe more dull.
The Romanes being glad of him, and hauing kild a stéere
Vppon the shore, vntyde theyr ropes and cables from the péere.
The lyghtsum wynd did dryue the shippe. The God auauncing hye,
And leaning with his necke vppon the Gallyes syde, did lye
And loke vppon the grénish waues, and cutting easily through
Th'Iönian sea with little gales of westerne wynd not rough,
The first day morning came vppon the coast of Italy.
And passing forth by Iunos Church that mustreth to the eye
Vppon the head of Lacine he was caryed also by
The rocke of Scylley, then he left the land of Calabrye
And rowing softly by the rocke Zephyrion, he did drawe
To Celen cliffs the which vppon the ryghtsyde haue a sawe.
By Romeche and by Cavvlon, and by Narice thence he pass,
And from the shreyghtes of Sicily gate quyght and cléere at last.
Then ran he by th'Aeölian Iles and by the metall myne
Of Tempsa, and by Levvcosye, and tempyate Pest where syne
And pleasant Roses flourish ay. From thence by Capreas
And Atheney the headlond of Minerua he did passe
To Surrent, where with gentle vynes the hilles bée ouerclad,
And by the towne of Hercules and Stabye ill bestad
And Naples borne to Idlenesse, and Cumes where Sybell had
Hir temples, and the scalding bathes, and Linterne where growes store
Of mastickе trées, and Vulturne which beares sand apace from shore,
And Sinuesse where as Adders are as whyght as any snowe,
And Minturne of infested ayre bycause it stands so lowe,
And Caiete where Aeneas did his nurse in tumbe bestowe,
And Formy where Antiphates the Lestrigon did harpe,
And Trache enuyron with a fen, and Circes mountayne sharpe:
To Ancon with the boystous shore. Assone as that the shippe
Arryued héere, (for now the sea was rough,) the God let slippe
His circles, and in bending boughts and wallowing waues did glyde
Into his fathers temple which was bwylded there besyde
Vppon the shore, and when the sea was calme and pacifyde,
The louelayd God of Epidavvre, his fathers Church forsoke,

The

(The lodging of his nereſt frēnd which for a tyme hē take,)
And with his crackling ſcales did in the ſand a furrowe cut,
And taking hold vppon the ſterne did in the Galy put
his head, and reſted till he came paſt Camp and Lauine ſands,
And entred Tybers mouth at which the Citie Oſtia ſtands.
The folke of Roome came hither all by heapes bothe men and wyues
And eke the Nunnes that kepe the fyre of Veſta as theyr lyues,
To meete the God, and welcomd him with toyfull noyſe. And as
The Gally rowed vp the ſtreame, greate ſtore of incence was
On altars burnt on bothe the banks, ſo that on eyther ſyde
The fuming of the frankincence the very aire did hyde,
And alſo ſlaine in ſacrifyſe full many cattell dyde.
Anon he came to Roome the head of all the worlde: and there
The ſerpent lifting vp himſelf, began his head to beare
Ryght vp along the maaſt, vppon the toppe whereof on hye
He loked round about, a meete abyding place to eſpye
The Tyber doth deuyde itſelf in twaine, and doth embrace
A little pretye Iland (ſo the people terme the place)
From eyther ſyde whereof the bankes are diſtant equall ſpace.
Apollos Snake deſcending from the maaſt conueyd him thither,
And taking eft his heauenly ſhape, as one repayring hither
To bring our Citie healthfulneſſe, did end our ſorrowes quyght.
Although to bee a God with vs admitted were this wyght.
Yit was he borne a ſouereiner. But Cæſar hathe obteynd.
His Godhead in his native ſoyle and Citie where he reignd.
Whom perelleſſe both in peace and warre, not more his warres vp knit
With triumph, nor his great exployts atchéeued by his wit,
Nor yit the great renowme that he obteynd ſo ſpédely,
Haue turned to a blazing ſtarre, than did his progenie.
For of the actes of Cæſar, none is greater than that hée
Left ſuch a ſonne behynd him as Auguſtus is, to bée
His heyre. For are they things more hard to ouercomme thy Realme
Of Britaine ſtanding in the ſea? or vp the ſeuenfold ſtreame
Of Nyle that beareth Paperréde deuotious ſhippes to ſaue?
Or to rebellioufe Numidye to giue an ouerthrowe?
Or Iuba king of Moores, and Pons (which proudely did it beare

Vppon the name of Mythridate) to fyre by sworde and speare
To yéld them subiects vnto Roome: or by his mist deserte
To merit many triumphes, and of sum to haue his parte:
Than such an heyre to leaue behynde, in whom the Goddes do showe
Exceding fauour vnto men for that they do beholde
So great a prince vppon the worlde: Now to thentent that hée
Should not bée borne of mortall seede, the other was to bée
Canonyzed for a God. Which thing when golden Venus sée,
(Shée also sawe how dreadfull death was for the bishop then
Prepaard, and how conspiracye was wrought by wicked men)
Shée lokéd pale. And as the Goddes came any in her way,
Shée sayd vnto them one by one. Behold and see I pray,
With how exceding eagernesse they séeke me to betray,
And with what wondrous craft they fryne to take my lyfe away,
I méene the thing that only now remayneth vnto mée
Of Iule the Troians race. Must I then only euer bée
Thus vext with vnderserued cares: How seemeth now the payne
Of Diomeds speare of Calydon to wounde my hand agayne:
How séemes it mée that Troy ageine is lost through ill defence:
How séemes my sonne Aeneas like a bannisht man, from thence
To wander farre ageine, and on the sea to tossed bee,
And warre with Turnus for to make: or rather (truth to say)
With Iuno: what méene I about hermes passed many a day
Ageinst myne offspring, thus to stand: This present feare and woe
Permit mée not to think on things now past so long ago.
Yée see how wicked slowndes ageinst my head are inherted. I
Beseeche yée kéepe them from my throte, and set the trayters by
Their purpose. neyther suffer you dame Vestaas fyre to dye
By murthering of her bishop. Thus wepte Venus woefully
Complayning ouer all the heauen, and moued the Goddes thereby.
And for they could not breake the strong decrees of destinye,
They shewed signes most manifest of sorrowe to ensiew.
For battells fyghting in the clowdes with crashing armour fierce
And dreadfull trumpets sownded in the aire, and hornes like blew,
As warning men before hand of the mischefe that did ensew.
And Phebus also looking dim did cast a drowsy light.

Vppon

Vpon the earth, which seemd lyke wyfe to bée in sorye plyght.
From vnderneathe amid the starres brands oft seemd burning bryght
It often rayned droppes of blod. The morning starre lokt blew,
And was bespotted héere and there with specks of rusty hew.
The mone had also spottes of blod. The Scrèeche owle sent from hell
Did with her tune vnfortunate in euery corner yell.
Salt teares from Ioozy images in sundry places fell.
And in the Chappells of the Goddes was singing heard, and wayles
Of threatning. Yea a sacrifyce one signe of good awardes.
But greate turmoyle to bée at hand theyr harrtstrings do declare.
And when the beast is ripped vp the inwards headlesse are.
About the Court, and euery house, and Churches in the nyght
The doggs did bowle, and euery where appeered gastly spryghtes.
And with an earthquake shaken was the towne. Yit could not all
Theis warnings of the Goddes dispoynt the treason that should fall,
Nor ouercomme the destinies. The naked sworddes were brought
Into the temple. For no place in all the towne was thought
So méete to wreak the mischeef in, or for them to commit
The heynous murder, as the Court in which they bide to sit
In counsell. Venus then with both her hands her stomache smote,
And was about to hyde him with the clowd in which shée hid
Aeneas, when shée from the sword of Diomed did him eld.
Or Paris, when from Menelay shée did him saufe conuey.
But lone her father staying her did thus vnto hir say.
Why daughter myne, wilt thou alone bée styruing to preuent
Vnmanquishable destinie? In sayth and if thou went
Thy self into the house in which the fatall suffers thée
Do dwell, thou shouldest there of brasse and stéele substantiall sée
The regesters of thinges to strong and mastye made to bée,
That fast and euerlasting, they do neyther stand in feare
Of thunder, nor of lyghtning, nor of any ruine there.
The destinyes of thyne offspring thou shalt there fynd grauen deepe
In Adamant. I red them: and in mynd I do them keepe.
And forbycause thou shalt not bé quyght ignorant of all,
I will declare what thinges I marke hereafter to befall.
The man for whom thou makest sute, Italy lined full his hyre

And.

And hauing ronne his race on earth must now to heauen by clyme.
Where thou shalt make a God of him ay honord for to bée
With temples and with Altars on the earth. Moreouer hée
That is his heyre and beares his name, shall allalone susteyne
The burthen layd vppon his backe, and shall our help obteyne
His fathers murther to reuenge. The towne of Mutinye
Beseedged by his powre, shall yéld. The féelds of Pharsaly
Shall féele him, and Philippos in the Realme of Macedonne
Shall once ageine bée staynd with blud. The greate Pompeius sonne
Shall vanquisht be by him vppon the sea of Sicilye.
The Romane Capteynes wyfe the Quéene of Aegypt through her dye
Presumption trusting to her match to much, shall threate in vayne
To make her Canop ouer our high Capitoll to reigne.
What should I tell thee of the wyld and barbrous nacions that
At bothe the Oceans dwelling bée? The vniuersall plat
Of all the earth inhabited, shall all be his. The sea
Shall vnto him obedient bée likewyse. And when that he
Hathe stablisht peace in all the world, then shall he set his mynd
To ciuill matters, bryght lawes by iustice for to fynd,
And by example of himselfe all others he shall bynd.
Then hauing care of tyme to counne, and of posteritye,
A holy wyfe shall beare to him a sonne that may supply
His carefull charge and beare his name. And lastly in the end
He shall to heauen among the starres his auncetors ascend,
But not before his lyfe by length to drooping age do tend.
And therfore from the murthred corze of Iulius Cæsar take
His sowle with spéede, and of the same a burning crested make,
That from our heauenly pallace he may euermore loke downe
Vppon our royall Capitoll and Court within Roome towne.
He scarcely ended had theis wordes, but Venus out of hand
Amid the Senate house of Roome inuisible did stand,
And from her Cæsars bodye take his new expulsed spryght
The which shée not permitting to resolue to ayer quyght,
Did place it in the skye among the starres that glister bryght
And as shée bare it, shée did féele it gather heauenly myght,
And for to weren fyre. Shée no sooner let it flye,

But

But that a goodly shyning starre it vp a loft did sye
And drew a greate way after it bryght beames like burning heare.
Whom loking on his sonnes good déedes confessed that they were
Farre greater than his owne, and glad he was to sée that hée
Excelled him. Although his sonne in no wyse would agrée
To haue his déedes preferd before his fathers: yit doth fame,
(Whom ay is frée, and bound to no commaund) witchstand the same
And stryuing in that one behalf against his best and will,
Procéedeth to preferre his déedes before his fathers still.
Euen so to Agamemnons great renowme giues Atreus place
Euen so Achilles déedes, the déedes of Peleus do abace.
Euen so beyond Aegæus farre doth Theseyes prowesse go.
And (that I may examples vse full matching theis) euen so
Is Saturne lesse in fame than Ioue. Ioue rules the heauenly spheres,
And all the tryple shaped world. And our Augustus beares
Dominion ouer all the earth. They bothe are fathers: They
Are rulers both. Yée Goddes to whom both fyre and sword gaue way,
What tyme yée with Aenæas came from Troy: yée Goddes that were
Of mortall men canonyzed: Thou Quirin whom dust réere
The walles of Roome: and Mars whom wart the valeant Quirins fyre
And Vesta of the household Goddes of Cæsar with thy fyre
Most holy: and thou Phebus whom with Vesta also art
Of household: and thou Iupiter whom in the byghest part
Of mountayne Tarpey haste thy Church: and all yee Goddes that may
With conscience sauf by Poëts bée appealed to: I pray
Let that same day bée slowe to comme and after I am dead,
In which Augustus (whom as now of all the world is head)
Ouyght giuing vp the care therof ascend to heauen for ay
There (absent hence,) to fauour such as vnto him shall pray.
Now haue I brought a worck to end which neither Ioues fierce wrath,
Nor sword, nor fyre, nor freating age with all the force it hath
Are able to abolish quyght. Let comme that fatall howre
Which (sauing of this brittle flesh) hath ouer mée no powre,
And at his pleasure make an end of myne vncerteyne tyme.
Yit shall the better part of mée assured bée to clyme
Aloft aboue the starry skye. And all the world shall neuer
Be able for to quench my name. For loke how farre so euer

The

The Romane Empyre by the ryght of conquest shall extend,
So farre shall all folke reade this worke. And tyme without all end
(If Poets as by prophesie about the truth may ame)
My lyfe shall euerlastingly bée lengthened still by fame.

Finis Libri decimi quinti.

*Laus & honor soli Deo.*

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